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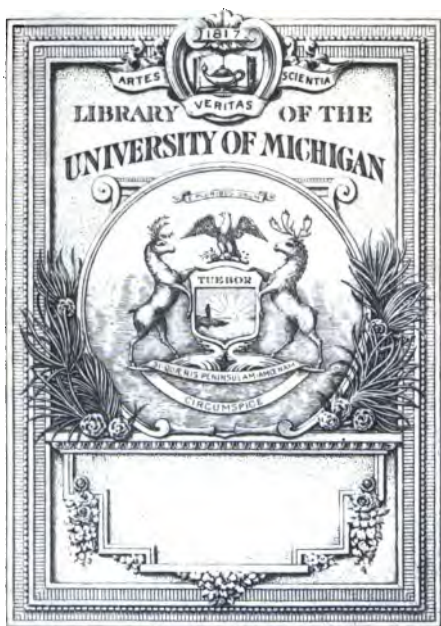
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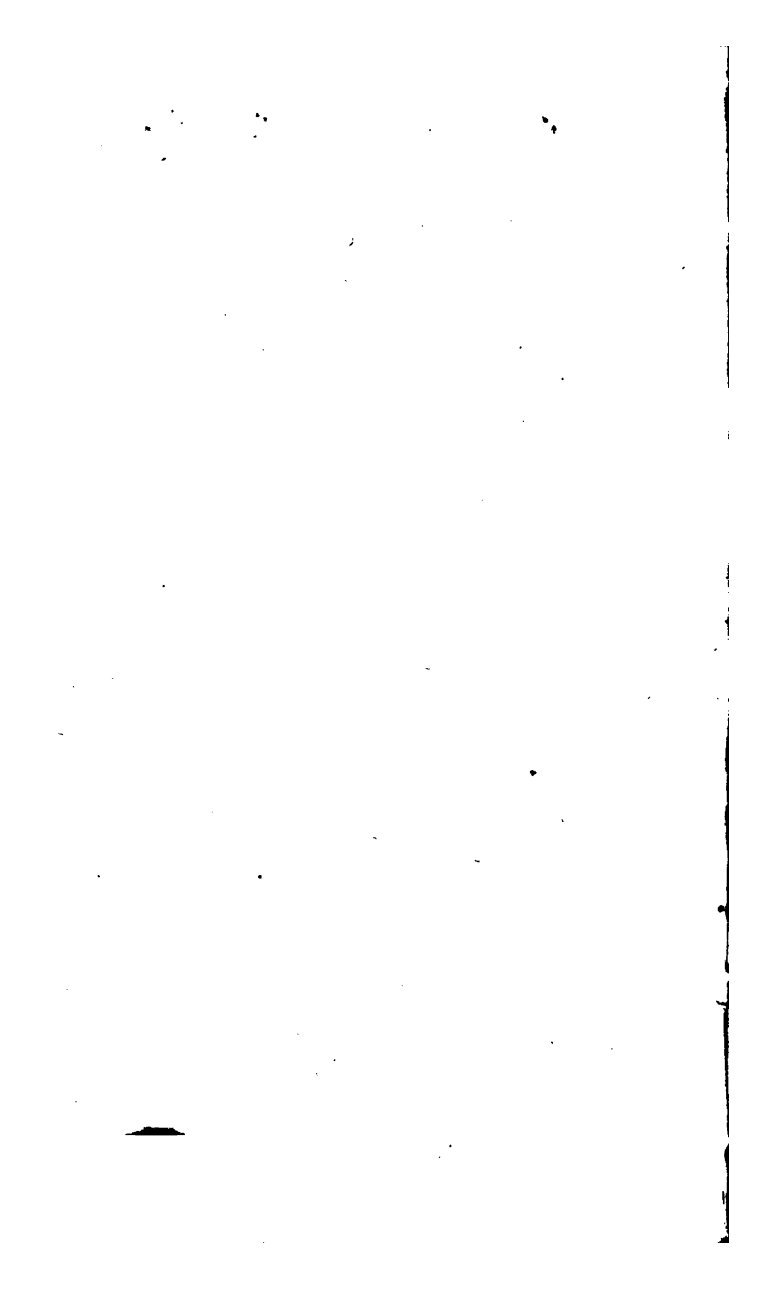
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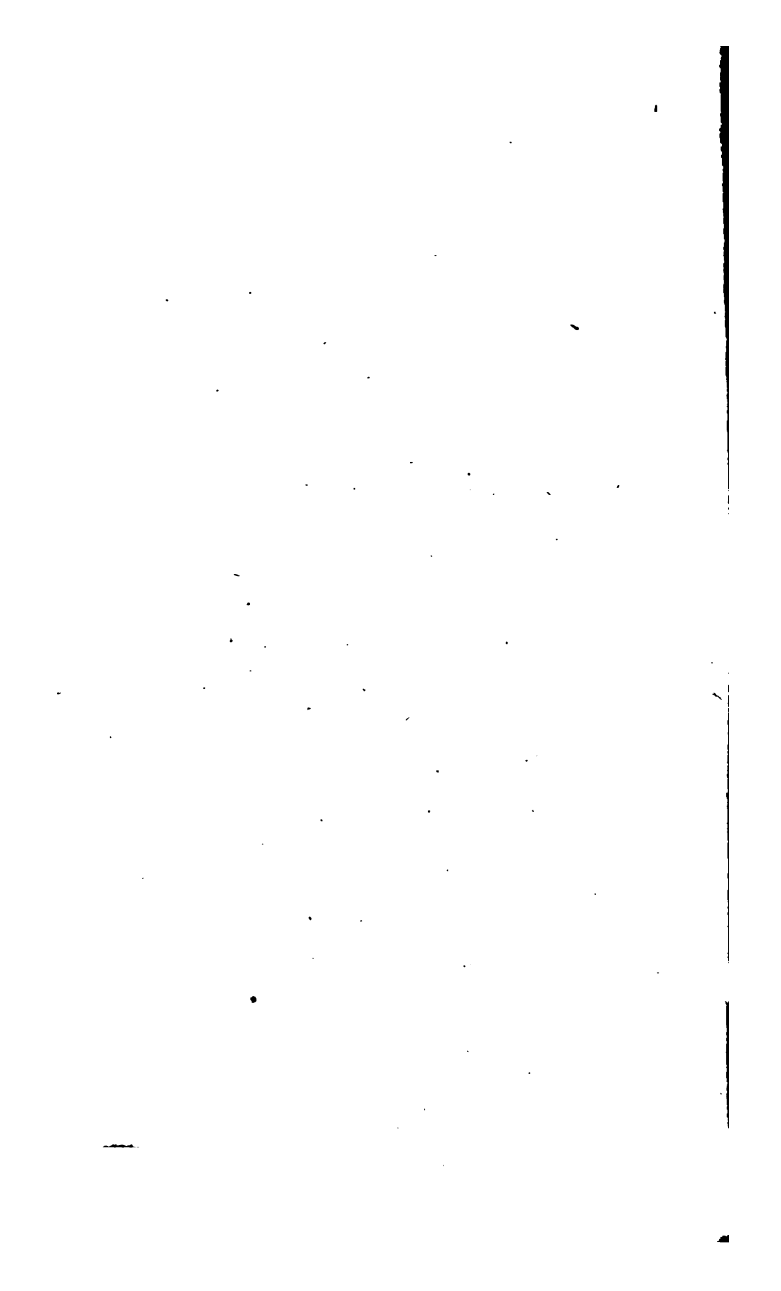


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1732



A CENTURY OF NEW FABLES,

By the Celebrated
Antoine-Houdar de
Monsieur DE LA MOTTE.

Representing,

A thorough Knowledge of the World, in the
several Scenes of the COURT, the CAMP, and
the CITY.

To which is prefix'd,

A Discourse on Fable.	Of the Stile of Fable.
Of the Nature of Fable.	Of Imitation.
Of the Truth of Fable.	Character of <i>Æsop</i> .
Of the Morality of Fable.	————— <i>Phædrus</i> .
Of Images.	————— <i>Pilpay</i> .
Of the Actors of Fable.	————— <i>La Fontaine</i> .

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by J. WILFORD, behind
the Chapter-House, near St. Paul's. 1732.

(Price 3 s. 6 d.)

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T O

Anthony Hammond, Esq;

S I R,

I BEG leave to make You
a small Present of the *Court*
Fables of Monsieur DE LA
MOTTE, which with a great
deal of Pleasure, and some Care, I
have taught to speak *English*; a Work
(small as it is) I am perswaded I need
not be any wise ashamed of. To no
one can they more properly belong,
than to a Gentleman who has seen
all the principal Courts of *Europe*,
and is thoroughly acquainted with
Mankind.

I shall not presume to draw our Author's Character; few Persons who undertake that Province acquit themselves with that Impartiality and Unprejudice (if I may use the Term) the Subject necessarily requires: It is a nice Point, and ought to be tenderly handled. However, if one may form any Notion or Idea of him from this Work, for I have seen no other of his, it is certain he is a great Humourist, very Satyrical, but with a great deal of Wit and Pleasantry, on all Conditions of Life, but most of all on those of his own Trade. In what Esteem he held Imitators of other Mens Works, the Fable of the *Apes * turned Sailors* will more than sufficiently evince.

He is a rigorous and most excellent Moralist, and as diverting as instructive; and has that Art and Address (perhaps of all Fabulists peculiar to himself) to surprize you with such a Moral at the end of every one of his Fables, you least could have expected

* Page 161.

from the Narration, and yet which one plainly sees principally, and most naturally must result from it.

He is admirably Sententious, and his Discourse on Fable is an excellent Piece; but in that, as well as throughout his Fables, he lets us know his Sentiments on the Antients, of whom he is no great Admirer, and cannot forbear reflecting even on his dear LA FONTAINE, as being too much prejudiced in Favour of QUINTILIAN †.

This Aversion he handsomely excuses, by saying, That “ his Adversaries at present do him the Honour
“ to be his Friends, and believes without breaking of the publick Peace,
“ *One should always speak plainly what one thinks.* He doubts not but his
“ illustrious Criticks will be the first
“ to pass by his *Gaieties* * (as he calls them) on HOMER. They know
“ very well, says he, that Diversity
“ of Sentiment is the Soul of Life,
“ and the very (Salt or) Seasoning of

† Page 69. l. ult.

* Page 73.

[vi]

" Friendship, as he mentions it in his
" Fables || "

A Specimen of these *Gaieties* of his (which how specious soever an Outside they may wear, are, in reality, the most terrible and most poignant Satyre in the World, in as much as One cannot help laughing at them.) We have in the Fable of HOMER † and the *Deaf Man*, where he calls that venerable Bard, What? — why, an old *Ballad Maker*, that's all.

And are not those Gentlemen, who have taken so much Pains to translate the Divine HOMER * (as our Author calls him) into their respective Languages, very much obliged to him for this Compliment, which, in reality, is only telling them that they have been racking their Brains about nothing but translating an old *Ballad Maker*?

But it may be he did not understand *Greek* ; perhaps so, it has been many

|| He alludes to the Fable of, The Friends too much of a Mind.

† Page 356.

* Fable of the Sheep and the Bush, Page 247

an excellent Author's Case. But what then, might not a Doctor of *Sorbonne* translate the *Iliad* into *French* for him? And that's full as well.

But all this Freedom of censuring Antiquity, it must be remember'd, our Author has before-hand excus'd on account of Variety of Sentiment (the Salt of Friendship) and that, *One should always speak plainly what One thinks.*

And in reality, if LA MORTE followed this Maxim, no one ever *thought* (since no one ever *spoke*) with greater Liberty than himself. With what Freedom does he address himself to the King and the great Men of his Court? In this certainly he discovers a Magnanimity of Soul, and Uprightness of Heart. Princes and great Men, all love to be flatter'd, than which nothing can be more pernicious. He is a true Friend who dares tell them the Truth, tho' never so disagreeable; but it is the Interest of those who are about them, to keep these at a distance: However, it is an eternal Truth, that such a Retinue who thus bar Access to their Lord,
are

are his greatest Enemies in the World.

CÆSAR LOST HIS LIFE BY IT.

But I cannot help smiling, when I read how frankly he addresses himself to the Duke Regent in the Fable of *the * Eagle and the Eaglet*: He bids that Prince remember, That these Fables were for LEWIS (for so he calls his own King) that he thinks, to make them more agreeable, there should be a hundred Copper Plates, for which he plainly tells the Regent, he must have two Thousand Crowns, a very slender Reward, he says, for not praising him. This was fair Warning to those that were to come after, who, no doubt, gave him suitable Encouragement; for indeed no Book of this Kind ever yet appeared with so many illustrious Patrons; and undoubtedly they were much in the right to encourage Men of Letters, whose Business it is to transmit down to Po-

sterity the virtuous Actions of the Great, which Envy (for its Object is Excellence) would otherwise detract from and vilify.

I am afraid, Sir, I grow tedious in my Remarks on Monsieur LA MOTTE; indeed I have run greater Lengths than at first I intended; I shall therefore only beg leave to observe cursorily one or two Things more, and then conclude.

This Gentleman seems to have the utmost Aversion to Arbitrary Government, and *dares* say so. Through all his Fables may be discovered a Spirit of Liberty. Liberty! The greatest Blessing Mankind can enjoy. With what Boldness dares he discourse of the Duty of Kings? He says plainly they were *Made* only for their Subjects Good, that they should not crush nor oppress them, but love them as their Children *, and exercise Justice, mixed with the greatest Clemency. And, certainly no one who has ever been ac-

* See the Fable of the Pelican and the Spider, Page 80.

quainted with the Sweets of Life, can think otherwise, for in reality, none but Fools can be in love with an unbounded, arbitrary Sway, who merit Scourges.

Stripes are for the Backs of Fools.

Another Thing that I observe of this Author is Candor; for as much an Original as he is, he has made bold with some Fables (Ideas he calls them) which had been treated of by others: This he frankly confesses; and in this he does both himself and the World Justice. It is evident that the Fable of the Turnip he took from *Erasmus*; the rest are as easily accounted for, but of this enough.

LA MOTTE is very severe upon the Criticks, and in this, perhaps, no more than they deserve; for certainly, a Critick *reduplicative sumptus* (*n'est pas grand Chose*, as one said of a Doctor of SORBONNE, but) is indeed the oddest, and most disagreeable *Compositum* in the World, a very slender Portion of Sense, and a great deal of Ill-nature,

nature, are the Paste out of which this Dough-baked Animal is raised, whose true Pourtrait we can no better have than in *DENNIS*, that pedantick Tyrant of *Sicily*, of critical Memory.

Thus much for our Author, whom I own I cannot but highly value; his Method is intirely new, and surprizingly engaging, and whom for that Reason I design speedily to correspond with. Others may think otherwise, for as he himself well observes, There will ever be *Variety of Sentiment*, and every one will speak as they please. For Example, and I'll speak my Mind, I know but One of my Country-men that could be peculiarly successful in Writings of the same Kind; and, in shadowing to us such fabulous Pictures full of the same solid Instruction; and this is the Author of most of our *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and *Guardians*, the incomparable Sir RICHARD STEELE, who has gained as great an Applause in the *French* Language, as (was I, as a Translator, never so covetous of Fame)

I could wish *DE LA MOTTE* should have in the *English*.

These Fables were first printed at *Paris*, in a beautiful Edition in Quarto, with fine Cuts to each Fable, which presently went off, and was succeeded soon after by a Third Edition in Twelves, and is now printed, I understand, at *Amsterdam*. The Original is in Verse, but can by no means be translated into *English* Verse with any Beauty, our Poesy not allowing those Liberties the *French* cannot help making use of (nor is it fit it should) where they do not much stand upon Number, and where two Lines shall rhyme with the same Word, as is too often the Case of our Author in these Fables. I have therefore made Choice of the Dress in which they now appear, and without Vanity I may say, they have lost nothing of their Beauty by changing their native Climate.

Be pleased then, Sir, to accept them as a small Mark of the great Value and Esteem I have for You, and of my Acknowledgment of Your last Favours.

But

But — You delight in doing Good. This God-like Principle You were born with, and are never so happy as when You have Opportunities to display it. I know, Sir, You are an Enemy to Encomium; and so far are You from being willing I should act, like common Scriblers, who say those fine Things which neither they nor their Patrons themselves believe, that You would be even unwilling to hear what all Mankind knows is Your due. In this I am very happy, for Panegyrick is out of my Sphere, and I always speak what I think. A Sweetness of Temper, with all the agreeable Turns of Wit, exclusive of its malignant Poignancy, is peculiar to *Mr. Hammond*. This, Sir, renders Your Conversation so amiable, which the longer One enjoys (quite the reverse from that of others) the more taking it is and engaging. *I speak by Experience.* This, with a perpetual Readiness of doing good Offices, has made You the Delight of Mankind. In short, Sir, the fine Gentleman, and the best of Friends, is Your

a

Cha-

Character. These rich Endowments of the Mind the Wise will ever value and esteem, the rest is nothing but meer Pageantry, Decoration and Outside, which some others mistaking, have, when they imagined they addressed themselves to a Great Man, only bowed to a fine Suit of Cloaths.

I know the Person whom I now address my self to is the most Modest in the World, but at the same Time I know I have said nothing can offend that Modesty; nor can I better take my leave of You, Sir, than in Monsieur LA MOTTE's Words to the Regent, tho' with some small Variation, *viz. That when One knows how to do well, One must let the World say so. In short, Sir, no one can be a great and good Man with Impunity.*

I am, Sir,
*Your most obedient, and
 most humble Servant,*

ROBERT SAMBER.

New Inn, Aug. 1. 1720.

Mon-



Monfieur LE CLERC'S

JUDGMENT of this WORK

THE poetical Works of Monsieur De LA MOTTE are fo generally efteem-
ed, that they ftand not in need of any
Recommendation. I fhall therefore
only obferve, That thofe who have a mind to
read his *New Fables*, would do well to perufe
before-hand; the *Discourfe* prefix'd, *Upon the*
Art of writing Fable after *Aefop's* Manner.

The Author here gives us, not only a ju-
dicious Epitome of the History of the prin-
cipal *Mythologifts*, but alfo his own Senti-
ments of the Manner they took to chalk out;
as it were, the *Out-lines*, and then to finifh
the *Plan* of their *Fables*. He not only men-
tions the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers of that
kind, but alfo the Moderns, from the *French*
even to the *Indians*; and whilft he is thus
talking of *Aefop* and *Phedrus*, of *Fontaine*
and *Pilpay*, he never invidioufly takes away
from their good Qualities, but gently re-
prehends the Errors they have fallen into.
However, he ftates the Rules by which they
fuccesfully went, and always keeps clofe to
them himfelf; where they are confiftent with
the Beauty of his Matter; but judiciously
takes leave to depart from them, where, if

too strictly observed, they would weaken and straiten his Sense: Preferring always (as a good Writer ought) *fine and solid Sentiments*, before the arbitrary Restriction imposed by Rules. The End of Fable is to instruct agreeably; and what imports it, which Way a Man takes, provided that Way brings him to that End?

Whether a Man follows the Simplicity of *Æsop*, destitute of all kind of Ornaments whatsoever, or, whether running into the Taste of *La Fontaine*; he employs all the Force of that kind of Pleasantry and Drollery, which seldom rises above the Stile of free and easy Conversation; or whether he moralizes in a Manner more refined, and interweaves with the Fable the Beauties and the Charms of Poesy, 'tis all one and the same Thing, provided he has the Felicity to hit the Mark he aims at, he has sufficiently gain'd the Point; and there is no Room for Censuring an Author who instructs, and who pleases, about the Manner which he takes to do it.

I could here speak, by the bye, of the first Inventors of Fable, who are the Orientalists, as it appears even by Scripture it self, and show, that this Art subsisted many Ages before *Æsop*. I could likewise enlarge on that Species of Fables that are stiled Parables, of which we find many Examples in holy Writ, where, that they were in Use in the most
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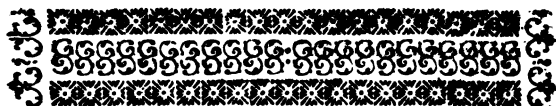
antient of Times, appears plainly by *that one*, which *Nathan* very artificially made use of, in order to draw out of *David's* own Mouth, the Acknowledgment and Confession of his Fault, in the Affairs which he had with *Uriah* and *Bathsheba*. Our Saviour himself has long since consecrated this Manner of conveying Instruction into the Minds of Men, by condescending to make use of it with so much Weight and Gravity, and at the same Time, with such a winning Power of *Address* (if in this Place, where *HE* is spoken of, *such a Word* may be allowed) that there never was any Thing in Nature written which comes near it; but to throw all this into a clearer Light would require a large and elaborate Treatise, and to give it the Graces which *Monfieur DE LA MOTTE* has beautifully given to his own; or indeed, to aim at the Imitation of them, would demand much more Leisure than I have, and require an Imagination less fatigued than mine must necessarily be, by reason of the Subjects so vastly different, which I am obliged to imploy my Mind about for carrying on this Work. All his Periods are *really* and *indeed* Sentences, expressed in a manner so delicate, that no Body can imagine, that it is in the Power of a Man to produce the like, in a Work sent forth in a hurry, with that which he composed with the utmost Serenity.



T H E C O N T E N T S.

A <i>Discourse on Fable</i>	Page 6
<i>Of the Nature of Fable</i>	13
<i>Of the Truth which Fable ought to lock up</i>	17
<i>Of the Morality of Fables</i>	22
<i>Of Images</i>	27
<i>Of the Actors of Fable</i>	33
<i>Of the Style of Fable</i>	40
<i>Of Imitation</i>	53
<i>The Character of Æsop</i>	57
————— <i>Phædrus</i>	60
————— <i>Pilpay</i>	63
————— <i>La Fontaine</i>	68





AN ALPHABETICAL
TABLE
OF THE
FABLES.



A.	
A <i>Chiltes and Chiron. To</i>	} Page 218
<i>Monfieur the Mar- shal De Villeroi</i>	
<i>The Apes</i>	108
<i>The Apes turned Sailors</i>	161
<i>Apollo, Mercury, and the Shepherd</i>	175
<i>Apollo and Minerva turned Phisi- cians. To Monsieur Fontenelle</i>	313
<i>The Asfs</i>	98
<i>The Asfs and the Hare</i>	207
<i>The Astrological Doctor</i>	92
B.	

[XX]

B.

The <i>Bags of Fortune</i>	Page 112
The <i>Beaver</i> and the <i>Ox</i>	233
The <i>Bees</i>	368
The <i>Birds</i>	133
The <i>Two Books</i>	305
The <i>Bonnet</i>	393
The <i>Boy</i> and the <i>Nuts</i>	150
The <i>Brier</i> and the <i>Gardiner</i>	104
<i>Brutes</i> turned <i>Players</i> . To Mon- sieur <i>Gillot</i> .	331

C.

The <i>Camel</i>	320
The <i>Camelion</i>	173
The <i>Cat</i> and the <i>Bat</i>	100
The <i>Cat</i> and the <i>Mouse</i>	303
The <i>Caterpillar</i> and the <i>Ant</i>	239
The <i>Cheese</i>	180
The <i>Child</i> of neither <i>Sex</i>	373
The <i>Clock</i> and the <i>Sun Dial</i>	223
The <i>Conqueror</i> and the <i>poor Woman</i>	268
The <i>Covetous Man</i> and <i>Minos</i>	138
The <i>Cray-Fish</i>	192
The <i>Crickets</i>	210
The <i>Crow</i> and the <i>Falcon</i>	200

D.

The <i>Dogs</i>	290
The <i>Two Dogs</i> . To Madame the Marchioness <i>De Lambers</i>	265
The	

[xxi.]

The <i>Dog</i> and the <i>Cat</i>	Page 354
The <i>Two Dreams</i> ———	155

E.

The <i>Eagle</i> and the <i>Eaglet</i> . To Monfieur the Duke of Or- leans, Regent of the Kingdom. }	75
The <i>Eclipse</i> ———	183
The <i>Elm</i> and the <i>Nut-Tree</i>	170

F.

The <i>Fine Lady</i> and the <i>Looking</i> <i>Glass</i> . To the King }	1
The <i>Fishes</i> and the <i>Fire-Works</i>	384
The <i>Footman</i> and the <i>Scholar</i>	386
The <i>Fox</i> and the <i>Cat</i> ———	87
The <i>Fox</i> and the <i>Lion</i> ———	363
The <i>Fox</i> turned <i>Preacher</i>	350
The <i>Friends</i> too much of a <i>Mind</i> .	322
The <i>Frogs</i> and the <i>Children</i>	230

G.

The <i>Gods</i> of <i>Egypt</i> ———	136
The <i>Graces</i> ———	361

H.

<i>Homer</i> and the <i>Deaf Man</i>	356
The <i>Horoscope</i> of the <i>Lion</i>	376
The <i>Horse</i> and the <i>Lion</i> ———	328
The <i>Hunter</i> and the <i>Elephants</i>	389
I.	

[xxii]

I.

<i>Jupiter's Lottery</i>	—	Page 122
<i>Judgment, Memory, and Imagination</i>		256

K.

<i>The King of the Beasts. To</i>	}	281
<i>Monfiegneur the Bishop of</i>		
<i>Frejus</i>		

L.

<i>The Lion's Feast</i>	—	347
<i>The Lion, the Fox, and the Rat</i>		249
<i>The Linx and the Mole</i>	—	152
<i>The Two Lizards</i>	—	116
<i>Love and Death</i>	—	277

M.

<i>The Magpie</i>	—	148
<i>The Man and Destiny</i>	—	308
<i>The Man and the Mermaid</i>		203
<i>Mercury and the Shades</i>	—	188
<i>The Mockers</i>	— —	95

N.

<i>The Two Ninnies</i>	—	272
------------------------	---	-----

O.

<i>The Ox and the Maggot</i>	—	119
<i>Opinion</i>	— —	287
<i>The</i>		

[xxiii]

The Two Oracles. To his most }
 Serene Highness Monfieg- } Page 143
 neur the Duke }

The Oyster ——— 197

P.

Pandora ——— 299

The Parrot ——— 85

Peace ——— 324

*The Peach Tree and the Mulber- }
 ry Tree* ——— } 285

The Pelican and the Spider 80

The Phenix and the Owl. To }
 the Queen of Prussia } 343

The Picture ——— 294

The Two Pigeons ——— 227

The Plough-Share and the Sword 261

Pluto and Proserpine ——— 252

The Present and the Future 380

R.

The Rat keeping Open House 371

The Rose and the Butter-Flie 165

S.

The Sheep and the Bush ——— 247

The Shepherd and the Ecchoes 382

The Sparrows ——— 340

The Spectacles ——— 225

The Two Springs ——— 236

The

[xxiv]

The Two Statues	_____	Page 125
The Stomach	_____	275

T.

The Treasure	_____	317
The Trees	_____	310
The Turnip	_____	391
The Tyrant become Good	_____	335

V.

The Victim	_____	338
Virtue, Money, and Reputation		359

W.

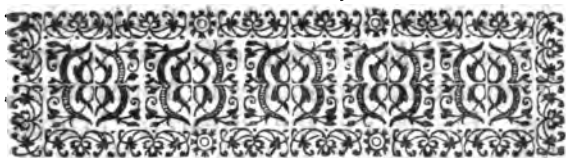
The Wasps and the Elephants		243
The Whale and the American		365
The Wine-Connors	_____	297
The Witch. To Monsieur Coppel,	}	128
the Son		



E R R A T A.

PAGE 1. for dearest Hope? 1. dearest Hope, p. 29.
 l. 10. for Slave 1. Slave. p. 92. l. 4. for Apology 1.
 Apologue. p. 281. for leading-through 1. leading him
 through. p. 305. l. 13. for are this Fable 1. are this Table.
 p. 381. l. 5 & 6. for Name it. Tell me, 1. Name it, tell
 me. p. 304. l. 14. for she set her Paws, 1. he set his
 Paws. p. 395. l. 23. for impertinent 1. importunate.
 p. 110. l. 15. for some Authors 1. some Authors again.
 p. 272. l. 8. shut up the Parenthesis after Son).


T O



TO THE
K I N G.
 The *Fine* L A D Y and the
Looking Glass.

A F A B L E.

Great Prince !


 H O are the Peoples Love,
 and dearest Hope ? A rising
 Sun, whose early Dawn,
 and orient Glories, make
France already taste the sweet Pre-
 sages of most happy Times : To You I
 B offer

offer (and my Zeal entirely reposes in Your Goodness) these diverting Tales *Apollo* himself dictated to me. They are indeed Fables in Appearance, but in reality the greatest Truths. They are the Philosophy of Your innocent Age. Should Morality approach You, Sir, with serious Looks, Language severe, and grave Deportment, she might offend You. It is therefore but reasonable she should deck her self in Smiles, and gain You with a Thousand little Pleasantries.

In the following Work I've made her Gay and Airy. Another may, perhaps, do better, but till then, Great Prince, accept this sincere and loyal Offering of my poor Endeavours; if they produce the Fruit I wish, I shall esteem my self most Happy, and give Heaven all the Glory. The Duties of Kings are here traced out, under somewhat more than beautiful and smiling Images. Nay, I'll go farther, if this be not enough, one Day Your Example shall speak it more. However, do not neglect the other Points

Points I have directed to all Men in general: Nothing relating to Mankind should You be a Stranger to. Great Kings are formed out of great Men. Strive then to make Your self a Man, and when that is done, the King with ease will come to meet him. To make a Man is an Object truly great; to make a King far less. But to bring to Perfection this important Work in You, what Men are chosen to give You all Assistance! Truth offers her self to You, let it be Your constant Care to look upon her, admire and love her, and on her faithful Testimony lay the Foundation of all solid Virtues in Your Royal Heart. For when the Age of Instruction shall disappear, perhaps this same Truth may shew it self no more. This is a dreadful Word, but 'tis only what is usual. All Kings are flattered O mighty Prince! now is the Time; think now to fence Your self secure against all future Accidents.

ONCE upon a Time there was a certain beautiful Lady (for I expressly make Choice of Beauty, which goes Hand in Hand with Majesty) This Lady sitting at her Toilet, her faithful Looking Glass, like a Friend, told her more Truths than One. You are charmingly beautiful (says the Looking Glass) and I only do you Justice in telling you so. Nay, were one to examine Features you might almost vie with *Venus* her self. I say almost, but you must correct (and a little Care will do it) some Faults I see in you, they are but small, I own, mere *Bage-telles*; but they are notwithstanding of the highest Importance to all fine Ladies to amend. To what Use is all that Red? Ask me why you alter those Graces Nature has bestowed on you? Soften a little those Looks; that Smile, were it less studied, would be much more agreeable. All this Advice the Lady approved of, and was resolved to follow just at the Instant when a great Crowd

Crowd of Visitors came to see her. She strives to receive them; and leaves her Looking-Glass. The Apartments echo with her Praises, all soothe and flatter her; her false Complexion is most ravishing, so are her Looks, her Smiles, such Charms, and so many Graces, and nothing is wanting to form a perfect Beauty. In short, so much was said that the poor Lady quite forgot the Advice of her faithful Mirror.

YOU plainly see, Great Prince, that the fine Lady Your self, and the Looking-Glass more than a common Counsellor, who by happy Instructions is so indefatigably careful to form for us a perfect King. Heaven bless the Work. Whenever Flatterers approach You, only remember the kind Advice of the Looking-Glass.

by this and the other means, the King will be able to govern his Kingdom with wisdom and justice, and to be a blessing to his People.



A
DISCOURSE
O N
FABLE.

TH E Publick, in my Opini-
on, do not understand their
own Interest in Relation to
Works of Wit and Inge-
nuity. When an Author has arrived
to a certain Point in any kind of Wri-
ting, the Publick will be sure to load
him with Praises, and in that indeed
they do him but Justice; such an Au-
thor

ther is not otherwise well paid. But they do not stop at bare Applause, and especially after the Death of an Author (for great Reputations are always Posthumous) they are not contented to raise him above all Writers that went before him, but they exclude before hand all those who shall come after him from the Honours which are their due. They loudly declare that no one will ever be able to arrive at his Perfection; and that those who shall attempt it must be looked upon as full of Rashness and Vanity, and are sure to receive a large Portion of Contempt for an Emulation which however sometimes might be happy in the Event.

This Disposition of the Publick is indeed but too proper to terrify a happy Genius called by Nature to pursue the self same Cause: But who being discouraged by this imprudent Exclusion, desists from running that Race at the Goal of which he is sure to receive no Laurel; he is forced to open new Ways where he cannot travel so happily, and it is the Publick, by thus frightening

ther deter me than his Reputation: Infomuch, that I should not have ventur'd to write Fables, had I believed a Person ought to be absolutely so excellent as himself to be suffered after him; but I thought that there were very honourable Stations, tho' lower than his; and I should be too happy could I obtain this moderate Approbation, which excusing me for wanting the Beauties of LA FONTAINE, might do me the Honour of owning what I have been so happy in, in relation to Original.

Not, at the same Time, would it be any Thing more than Justice, in recompence of the Beauties I want, to allow me at least the Merit of Invention, which my Predecessor did not propose to himself.

It is true he has given the Fables of the Antients such delicate and agreeable Turns; and so New withal, that most commonly we do not know to whom we are most obliged, either the Inventor or Imitator. For the most part the Embellishments are so exquisitely

sitely beautiful, that they entirely engage our Attention from regarding the Symetry and Proportion of the Body he so finely dresses up. But for all that, the Body is none of his. His Wit had only (if I may say so) but one single Thing to act on, and being of Consequence quite disengaged from the Care and Trouble of the chief and principal Invention, he entirely exhausted his fine Genius upon Ornament and Decoration, which in reality are no more than accessory Invention.

For my part, (and that should intitle me to some Favour and Indulgence) I have proposed nothing but Truths entirely new. To Eight or Ten Ideas, which only are mine by Additions, or the moral Use I make of them, it was necessary for me to invent Fables to express the Truths I made choice of, in short, to be either entirely an *Æsop* or a *LA FONTAINE*; but as undoubtedly this was too much for me, so would it not be just to expect I should equal either of them; and the Publick ought to rest well satisfied, in my Opinion,

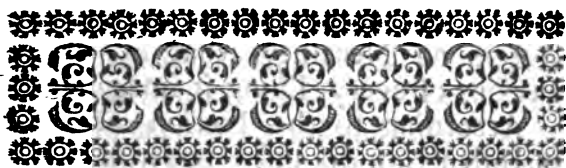
if

if I don't stray too far from either.


Now as in this Work I necessarily make a great many Reflections on Fable; and since those Authors who have gained Reputation in this kind of writing, have however neglected to treat of it, I am perswaded I shall be thought to have some Inclination of communicating my Notions thereupon, which though they may not perhaps be exact, or profound enough, will at least give the Readers an Opportunity of thinking of them; and there are some People who need no other Master than Attention.

I shall therefore say something of Fable, as well in relation to the Invention of Facts and Images, as the Execution of the Design, and the Ornaments which may be made use of. And to this I shall add some Judgments that have been made on the most celebrated Authors in this kind.





OF THE
NATURE
OF
FABLE.

 A B L E is nothing but Instruction disguised under the Allegory of an Action. It is a small Epic Poem, which is no way inferior to a great one, but only in its smallness of Extent, and which being less constrained in the Choice of its Persons, may, according to its Humour, chuse in Nature,
C what

what it pleases to have acted and spoken for its Design; and may even make Actors on Necessity, that is, make Persons of every Thing it imagines.

According to this Notion, or Idea of Instruction disguised under the Allegory of an Action, Fable ought to please in all Times and Countries, as in effect it really has; for which there are Two natural Reasons, 1. Self Love is managed by Instruction; (this Reason regards at least those Fables which are addressed to particular Persons :) And, 2^{dly}, The Mind is exercised and employed by Allegory: This Reason is absolutely general. A Treatise could not better be recommended to Men than by these Two Titles. They do not love Precepts that point directly to them. Too proud to be instructed by those Philosophers who seem to command what they teach, they are willing one should instruct them with Humility, and they would not be corrected at all, if they thought that to suffer Correction implied Obedience: Tho' otherwise the
Mind

Mind has a certain Activity which must be satisfied. It loves to see a great many Things at once, and to distinguish between the Relations they have to each other; it pleases it self in this ready Penetration, which knows how to discover more than was represented at first View; and thus by perceiving what was hidden under a Veil, it fancies in some manner to have, as it were, formed and created what was thus concealed from it.

The Life we have of *Æsop* passes for fabulous, but for all that it is a good Fable in all Respects, and admirably proves what I have been advancing.

It will be ever looked upon to be the Effects of a happy Fancy and Imagination, in making the Inventer of Fable a Slave, and his Master a Philosopher. The Slave was to manage the Master's Pride; he dared not speak to him of some certain Truths but with Precaution; and the good *Æsop* had no other way to joyn Sincerity with his Design, and the Respect he owed his

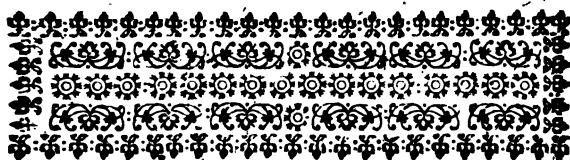
his Master, but by Apologue and Fable.

On the other Hand, his Master would not have acted like a Man, had he looked no farther than the Surface; he was from the Fictions of his Slave to extract those Instructions he had so ingeniously covered. He was to be pleased with the respectful Artifice of *Æsop*, and forgive him the Lesson for the sake of his Address and Genius.

By this may plainly be seen what we Fabulists *, and our Readers, are in Relation to each other. We are the Slaves, who are willing to instruct them without making them Angry; they are our intelligent Masters, who willingly receive the Truth, since we partly leave them the Honour of finding it out.


* *This Word, tho' it may seem new, was yet coined by LA FONTAINE.*





OF THE
 T R U T H
 W H I C H
 F A B L E

Ought to lock up.

 N the first Place, some cer-
 tain Truth must be propo-
 sed which we design should
 be perfectly understood;
 and this is an Advantage,
 peculiar to Fable; to force (if I may
 use the Expression) its Author in this
 Respect. In a great many other

Works a Man may determine himself, the Facts being either agreeable or moving, and may only treat of them because there is a Necessity of doing so, without any View of covering over any useful Instruction. But it would be a Thing entirely monstrous and unnatural in Fable, to imagine it could subsist without a Design to instruct and improve. Its very Essence is symbolical, and consequently is to signify somewhat more than what it literally imports.

This Truth ought to be most commonly a moral one; that is, useful and subservient to the Conduct of Human Life. Fable is nothing else but Philosophy in Disguise, which only makes it self Gay and Airy that it may instruct, and in reality, always so much the more is instructive, the more it is diverting and amusing.

A Train of Fictions conceived and ranged in such a Light, would compose a Treatise of Morality more preferable, perhaps, than a Discourse the most methodical and direct. The
De-

Definition of Virtues and Vices is nothing more than a plain and simple Speculation which no way moves the Passions. We only dryly learn, that Liberality, for Example, keeps the middle Rank between Prodigality and Avarice, and we ardently imagine our selves Philosophers, because we know how to define Good and Evil.

Now Fable does not encumber it self with this dogmatical Retinue; but in painting Vice and Virtue in their true and natural Colours, inspires in us an Aversion for the one, and an Inclination for the other, and makes us be sensible of our Duties, which undoubtedly is ever the best manner of knowing them.

Socrates had likewise a Design to present the World with a Course of Morality, enlivened with gay Examples, which were so many Precepts, the Beauties of which supported (if I may say so) their Solidity. And this Design was well worthy a Philosopher, which was called the *Midwife* of the Thoughts of others. For my Part, I should

should very willingly give the same Name to Fable, which is indeed the Midwife of our Sentiments and Reflections, since by those ingenious Images it presents us with, it expands in us that seminal Mass of Right and Justice which Nature has sown in us, and which we too often stifle by our Passions.

A Fabulist should disdain those trifling Truths which escape not the Vulgar and the most Stupid. It would be a Thing very ridiculous indeed, to invent a Fable to prove that we are all mortal: But it would be a very sensible one that should tell us, that Death is almost always sudden, and unprovided to Persons of all Ages whatsoever. And the Old Man that lived a Hundred Years, and complained that Death seized him unawares, is to us a seasonable *Memento*, and tells us how imprudent we always act, as if we were never to submit to it.

I might range amongst these trifling Truths those which have been dressed up in Fable, were they not happily represented

mented under beautiful Images; it is true, this might be a Reason to touch them over again, and place them in their true Light; as for others, they by no means deserve our Consideration.


But there is no middle Road for an Author to travel in, he must either invent or improve: For to what Purpose would it be under the vain Pretence of some small Differences, to say over again what others have said before.

Those Heaps of Writings which only multiply Words, and not Things, are a Shame and Reproach to Learning, and the Publick will always pay with as just Contempt those empty Authors, who only rob them of their Time under the false and chimerical Notion of something entirely new.





OF THE
MORALITY
OF
FABLE.

FTER one has made choice of a Truth, it is necessary to cover it over with Allegory, and that to its utmost Rigour, which should by no means be displayed either at the end or beginning of the Fable.

It is the very Business of Fable to beget Truth in the Mind of those who hear it; without this, Instruction would be

be direct and open, contrary to the very Intention of Allegory, which is to veil and cover it. For Example, when Æsop told the People (who were rejoicing at the Wedding of a Tyrant) the Fable of the Frogs, that were struck with the utmost Consternation when they heard that the Sun was going to be married; if one Sun, said they, scorches us so much now, how shall we be able to suffer the Heat of Ten or a Dozen Suns, his Children? This was without more ado, at once, to make the People sensible of the wise Judgment of the Frogs, and to correct a ridiculous Joy, founded on an Event which rather should have alarmed them with Apprehensions most frightful and amazing: But as for us who propose our Fables to Men of all Ranks and Conditions, we must make use of them after a quite different manner.

For as we have to do with all Sorts of Readers, we might be too high for some, whilst we are too plain for others, and of Consequence must find it a Thing impossible to proportion
 one's

one's self all at once to every Body. We shall therefore act the most just Part in marking out the Fruits and Productions of Fable, and that enough too for those who are less penetrating, tho' at the Danger of doing too much for those who are more, and who for that very Reason will pardon such Superfluity.

But otherwise, as our Readers, for the generality, are not in the Circumstances pointed out by the Fables they read, their Interest does not sufficiently awaken their Attention, they are not enough determined to make an Application of the Image to themselves, and therefore there is undoubtedly a Necessity, by a clear and distinct Reflexion, to supply that which had escaped them by their Indifference.

All this, I think, more than enough proves, That the Moral is much better placed at the end than at the beginning of the Fable. If you put it at the Front, you ravish from your Readers the Pleasure of the Allegory; I can in that Case only judge of its Justice, but
can

can by no means have the Honour of penetrating its Sense, and I am vexed that you did not imagine I had Capacity to do so.

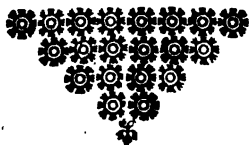
But on the contrary, if you reserve it for the Close, my Mind through the whole Fable has all the Exercise and Employment it is capable of, and I am pleased at the End of it to meet you where I shall think my self obliged to you in making me apprehend better than I thought I could.

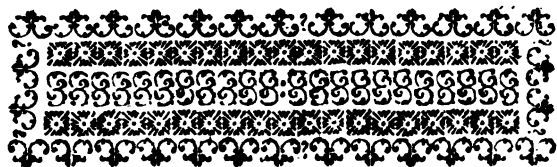
LA FONTAINE begins the Fable of the Husbandman, the Lark and her young ones, with this Proverb, *Mind no Bodies Business but your own*: This Maxim was what ÆSOP designed to prove by this very Fable: Now after this Preparation, when the young Ones told their Dam, That the Husbandman had given Order to his Son to get their Friends or Relations to cut down all the Corn next Day, I see before hand, without any difficulty, what Answer the Lark will make to her young; and the Preliminary Maxim has already advertised me, That nei-

D

ther

ther the Friends nor Relations of the Husbandman will come ; whereas, had he referred it to the opening of the Fable, I should have had till then the pleasing Amusement of Suspension, or what is more agreeable, the Merit of foreseeing what must happen. The Wit of Man is jealous of all the Proofs it may give it self of its Penetration, and it cannot, without some Uneasiness, see it self deprived of such Occasions that may do it Honour. The grand Art is to manage it as much as possible; and then we may depend on its grateful Acknowledgments; it will esteem us sprightly and ingenious proportionably as it receives from us an Opportunity of being so it self.





O F

IMAGES

THE Choice of an Image, under which one would cover a Truth, requires several Conditions. It must be Just, that is, without Equivocation, to signify what we designed should be understood by it. It must be one, that is, the whole ought entirely to tend to one principal End. It must be natural, that is, founded on Nature, or at least upon Opinion.

These Conditions are taken from
the very Nature of our Mind, which
cannot endure to be embarrassed, de-
D 2 ceived,

ceived, or led out of the Way : Tho' I cannot hinder my self, at the Peril of a Digression, from making one general Reflexion on this Subject.

It is the Nature of our Mind to expect we should find out Rules ; and these were not the Effect of Caprice or Chance, but were founded at first on the Experience of what had pleased, in expecting one should discover why the Things which had pleased should do so ; a Discovery which confirms and establishes Rules with much greater Certainty than Experience ; for Experience is faulty and defective, and as one does not sufficiently separate such particular Circumstances which have an Influence on the principal Effect, we are for that Reason too subject to be deceived in Relation to the Cause, whether it be that we do not entirely comprehend it, or not prizing it according to its Value, or often taking one for another ; whereas, the general Reason of the Agreement of Things, taken from the Relation they have to our Understanding, is a Principle as
inva-

invariable as the very Nature of our Mind; and which puts us in a Condition of using ever with Ability particular Circumstances to the Advantage of the Design we propose to our selves.

An Image offends against Justice when it does not distinctly enough present us with a Truth. *Æsop* tells us that a Lion tore an Ox in pieces: A Robber comes and asks for his Slave, which was refused him. A Traveller, on the contrary, dared not come near him, and the Lion threw him half. Who would ever imagine that this is the Image of Moderation; and the Recompense it deserves? Does this Idea well agree with the Fright of the Traveller? I believe those who tack'd the Moral to this Fable, were not well pleased either with it or the Inventor, who gave them so much trouble to find out his Sense, and which has induced them, for want of a better, to give a Moral so ill represented by that Image.

An Image offends against Unity, when all the Lines do not reunite

themselves at one certain Point of the Sight. Two Pidgeons loved one another like Brothers. One had a mind to travel, contrary to the Inclination and Advice of the other; he really did so, he met with a Thousand Dangers on the Road; the solitary Pidgeon, tho' at home, suffered all the Danger he was afraid his dear Friend might undergo. At last our Traveller returns, after having escaped Death Twenty Times at least, and now behold both our Pidgeons entirely happy.

Now I cannot tell which is predominant in this Image, either the Danger of the Voyage, or the Restlessness occasioned by a Friend's Absence, or the Pleasure of his Return after so long and tedious a Separation, and I remain unsettled in the midst of such abundance of Ideas which I cannot reduce into one. If, on the contrary, the travelling Pidgeon had met with no Dangers, but foolish and insipid Pleasures at that distance from his Friend, and that he returned to him only through the anxious Desire he had

to see him, all would have terminated in this one Idea, That the Presence of a Friend is the sweetest, and most delightful Pleasure in the World.

An Image offends against Nature, when it bears no Conformity with the Ideas we have of Things. The Lion was travelling in Company with the Heifer, the Goat, and the Sheep. They agreed to divide the Booty amongst themselves. They took a Harr, which the Lion divided in four Parts, and of which he took three Parts on the different Prerogatives he alledged, and threatned him who should dare to touch the Fourth. This Society is not natural. The Lion made an ill Choice of his Fellow Hunters. His three Companions could not be any wise serviceable to him, and they were of too fearful a Nature to join themselves with a Hunter, whose Prey they themselves were.

But the following Image is yet much more faulty. A Lion falls in Love with a young Woman, he desires her in Marriage, and to obtain her, consents his

his Paws should be pared, and his Teeth pulled out; an Imprudence which cost him his Life. The Supposition of this Amour is so much the more ridiculous, because the Inventor lay under no manner of necessity of making it; for it is certain, that Necessity might justify in some sort, a rash Attempt, but here in this Case, far from being reduced to a Necessity of feigning so absurd a Prodigy to point out the Folly and Imprudence of Lovers, he might have made Choice of a Thousand other Symbols that would as well have represented such Truth without contradicting of Nature. Nature will ever furnish us with a sufficient Number of just Allegories for the different Occasions of Morality, without being obliged to do her any Violence on that Account; and Art consists in measuring its Fictions with Wit and Ingenuity.

I shall now, on the contrary, propose an Image which fully satisfies these three Conditions which I believe are absolutely necessary.

A

A young Mouse takes his Leave of his Mother to travel, and see the World. He does not go very far before a sudden Fright makes him return home. He tells his Mother, That he had met a Creature whose threatening Air had almost frightened him out of his Wits, and hindred him from becoming acquainted with another between whom and the Mice there seemed to be a strong Sympathy.

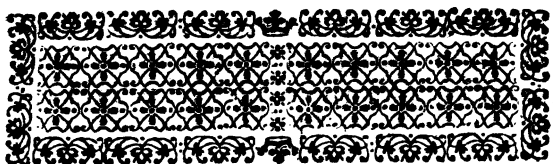
After this Picture which he drew of the Cock and Cat, his Mother disabuses him, and lets him know, That the Creature which had struck him with such panick Fear would never do any hurt to any Mouse alive, whereas, that other which he was so much delighted with, was their inveterate and irreconcilable Enemy.

This Image is just; for what else can it signify but that one must not judge People by their outside? It has Unity, for all the Circumstances are subordinate to the false Judgment of the young Mouse. It is natural; the Characters of every Animal being exactly

actly drawn. In short, it is in all respects the Model of a true Fable, and its very Simplicity gives it new Merit and Advantage.

I have hinted above, That it was sufficient that an Image was founded on Opinion; and I must here add, that it must be on such Opinions as have been received. The Fabulous in this Respect has all the Advantages of Truth. A Fabulist will be never reproached with the melodious Airs of the dying Swan; provided he knows how to make a good Use of them. There is no body believes the Fact, but every body knows it was once believed; and it is another Species of Fact which pleases the Learned; as long as in relation to them, and others, the celebrated Reputation of such Opinion supplies the Place of Reality, and acquires it self all the Privileges of the Truth of Symbol, and pure Comparison.





OF THE
ACTORS
OF
FABLE.

IN relation to the Actors of Fable, it is certain, Animals at first present themselves to our View: They even appear to some People to be the only Personages essential to it, or at least sufficiently qualified for it, and the only Word, Fable, awakens in them the Idea of Animals endowed with Speech.

It

It is true, Animals are very good Actors in this kind of Allegory; they act in a Species so near our own, that to make them like us would require scarce any Thing else but to furnish them with the Power of Talking. Every Thing they do carries with it such an Air of Understanding, that it has in all Times been judged that they had Knowledge. Nothing but bold intrepid *Cartesianism* could make it a Matter of Dispute; but it is, perhaps, a depraved Way of Reasoning that could dare to make them meer Machines, or pieces of Clock Work.

Esop therefore did very well to take the Resemblance, and make Morality be played by such Actors that were so proper for that Purpose. As for our part, we own we have a great Disposition of making use of Fiction on this Subject.

When the Actions of Animals are very true, the Sentiments and Discourse we give them appears to us so too. We think, almost, we have nothing else to do but translate their Language,

guage, and that we only want to understand it to verify every Day what they are made to say.

But I must beg leave here to prevent a *Chicane* made hereupon, and which perhaps is designed only for me.

When *Æsop* published the Fable of the Crab, which reprimanded her Daughter for not going strait, and to whom her Daughter made this Answer, *Go Strait your self and I'll imitate you*: People did not tell him that the Fable was ill-chosen of counselling a Mother to give her Daughter a good Example; and that the Comparison was not just, since a Mother of our Species could change her Conduct, whereas the Mother Crab could not move strait. People did not then press the Comparison after this manner, they contented themselves with the first Aspect of the Resemblance they saw of the two Mothers.

However, some People have been pleased to make as frivolous Objections against me; but they ought to know, that we give the Proprieties of Animals,

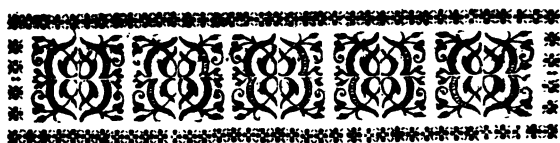
mals, though necessary and unchangeable; for the Image and Representation of our Inclinations the most free; and that they have no manner of Right to reproach us with the Comparison, provided we only make it on that side where there is a Similitude or Resemblance.

But though Animals may be Actors never so proper and convenient in Fable, they are, however, not the only ones that have Right thereto. Let us without the least scruple, make use of those which Æsop has transmitted to us. Let us introduce, if we like them, Gods, Genii, and Men; make Plants and Animals speak; make Persons of Vices and Virtues; and animate, as we have Occasion for them, every Species of Beings. So that, if there is a Necessity for it, the Spring may complain against its Stream; the File laugh at the Serpent; the Earthen and Iron Pot discourse with each other, and swim in one another's Company.

Those

Those Actors that are least made use of, and the most extravagant, become natural, and ever deserve the Preference of others, since they are the most proper, either through Justice, or their Analogy to represent the Truth we would discover. Besides this, Diversity gives us Room and Opportunity to vary our Images, and to lead the Imagination from Objects to Objects while the Mind proceeds from one Truth to another.





OF THE
S T I L E
O F
F A B L E.

W H E N an Author has once
imagined his Fable, has
furnished himself with his
Truth, his Images and his
Actors, he has then no-
thing more to do but in its Execution
to bestow upon it all the Graces it is
capable of, and to enrich and embellish
it with all the Particulars and Senti-
ments the Foundation can bear: For
there

there is not any Foundation but may be ruined in the Hands of those who do not understand how to manage it, or neglect to give it its best and most advantageous Figure.

The same Justice which Necessity required should preside over the principal Invention, must with a curious Attention take an uncommon Care to range every Part in proper Order, that the whole may become entirely new, in that Measure and Proportion we would render it. It is not enough that every Part be in its place, it must be with that Proportion and Beauty as are agreeable to it, in relation to the whole; and nothing else but this continued Care of Particulars can give any Work a constant Merit and Reputation; or, if one may use the Expression, an ever blooming Beauty.

The predominant Thought borrows almost always its Effect from the necessary Thoughts which accompany it, and will altogether compose that fine Set of Furniture which we call, Force, Beauty, Elegance, and which

by an ill Choice are likewise the Source and Fountain of contrary Faults and Blemishes.

The *Familiar* is the general Tone, Style, or Language of Fable. As Animals were the first Actors, it was believed they had sufficient Education for that Employ, by having bestowed on them our Language tho' the most ordinary; and People thought themselves obliged to make them speak as simply as they acted. When other Persons accidentally came in, the manner of Speech was already taken; People were willing to keep it up, and even the Gods themselves, in spite of their Majesty, were forced to follow in this Case the general Rule.

And in reality there was a great deal of Reason for maintaining Fable after this manner. The familiar Style is much more proper for Insinuation than the elevated: The latter is the Language of Meditation and Study, the former the natural Language of the Thoughts. We stand upon our Guard against the one; we never think of de-
fending

fending our selves against the other ;
 and Instruction will always exercise her
 Power on us with so much the more
 Certainty the less jealous she appears.
 A composed and formal Garb and Air
 does greater Prejudice than Service to
 her Regal Government and Authority.

But this familiar Language required
 in Fable does by no means exclude its
 proper Elegance, and notwithstanding
 the easy Air which gives it its Cha-
 racter, its Beauties are perhaps more
 difficult to find out than those of the
 elevated : This by a great deal is not
 so liable to offend as the other.

We perceive Things much better in
 a Language remote from the vulgar
 Language, than we do in it, if one
 has made a happy Choice for the Oc-
 casion one uses it in ; and yet it is on
 this happy Choice all the Charms of
 the Familiar likewise depend. Elevated
 Expressions impose upon and seduce us,
 tho' they are not the best chosen, where-
 as the Familiar cannot gain any Re-
 spect but through Justice and a happy
 Application.

Let

Let therefore the Author of Fables be very attentive to the Choice of his Expressions and his Turns; that under the pretence of Familiarity he never suffer any Thing careless or insipid; let him propose to himself through the whole a plain and simple Elegance, and let him work after that manner as if what he says might seem to have cost him nothing.

And thus the familiar Stile of Fable has different Degrees, according to the Subjects it treats of, and the Persons it employs. It may even happen that the Subject may absolutely resist such Stile, and in that Case one must be a little Rich and Magnificent in Expression: For after all, every Thing must be decided by Convenience and Agreeableness, to which Art, as to their proper Judges, submits her Rules.

Together with this constant Choice of an ingenious familiar Stile, let us carefully endeavour to animate and enliven our Tales with what is most merry and agreeable, and to find out the Art of engaging the Mind to the lowest
Ob-

Objects, not by rich and stately Ornaments, but only by pleasant and amusing Representations.

One Species of the merry Stile in Fable, is to transfer to Animals those extrinſical Denominations we make uſe of one to another, as Goffip Crow, Goodwife Hawk, his roaring Majeſty, &c. this playing with Words finely managed is very fertile and extenſive.

And as I apply to Animals theſe Human Denominations, ſo in like manner do I give them all that belongs thereto. Their Species is a Commonwealth, an Aſſembly of many, a Diet, a Convention, a Senate, having their different Inſtincts, Regulations, Laws, Decrees. An ingenious Maſquerade which does not tend to conceal them from our Knowledge, but only in them, the better to repreſent and ſhew us to our ſelves, and which preſents all at once to the Imagination, both the Animal and the Man played under the ſame Character.

Ano-

Another Species of the *Merry* is sometimes to apply the greatest Comparisons to the smallest Things. Besides, that kind of Burlesque, or Travestie, under which may be couched the *pretended Sublime*, there is yet a certain kind of philosophical Gaiety in reproaching that which we most admire with that which appears the most contemptible; and in making us perceive at one View the strictest Analogy between the *Little* and the *Great*. As for Example.

*Deux Coqs vivoient en Paix
Une Poule survint
Et voila la guerre allumee
Amour, tu perdis Troy !*

Two Cocks, both Friends, together
liv'd in Peace;
Came by a Pullet with a charming Air,
Friendship no more, a bloody Fray
ensues.
O Love, thou ruin'st Troy !

The

The Author seems to look on these two Events with the same Eye; I see, with him, the essential Parity of the two Facts; and I laugh at the false Grandeur I before applied to one of them.

Many Occasions of the agreeable Style will likewise offer themselves; and Descriptions especially are its ordinary Employ. One should never be wanting to throw out these in Fables as much as the Subject can allow of them, but always with this Caution, not to let one's self be so much carried away with the pleasure of describing, as to make the Description run into a perfect Digression. That which is the finest of this kind is, when the Description is the very Fact it self, as in the Fables of the Bramble and the Oak, and that of *Boreas* and the Sun.

But it is not enough to make use of the common and reigning Descriptions which less able Authors have been no Strangers to; a Genius ought to have recourse to others which he may inter-
perse

perfe through the whole; he may, as he goes along, pourtray every Thing that offers it self to him, and very frequently one single Epithet well chosen is a short Description, the Beauties of which are so much the more lively and engaging the less they are attended; and which without delaying us in the least, keeps us (if I may say so) Company in the Action we are willing to follow.

If I have not confounded the *Merry* with the *Agreeable*, which very often are taken one for the other, it is because (as I think) one should make some difference between them: The *Merry* receives its Character by its Opposition to the *serious* and *sorrowful*; whereas the *Agreeable* opposes it self to that which is disagreeable and shocking.

Reflexions are likewise very great Ornaments to Fable; but they ought by no means to take an imperious Tone, but be as natural in their Expressions, as brought in naturally by the Subject.

LA FONTAINE says,

Cer-

*Certaine Fille, un peu trop fiere,
Pretendoit avoir un Mari.
Jeune, bien fait & beau, d'agreable
Manier,
Point froid & point jaloux notez ces deux
points ci.*

A certain Girl somewhat too haughty
grown,
Would have a Husband of her own.
Young, beautiful, well shap'd, agree-
able :
Not Cold nor Jealous : These Two
Points mark well.

This Reflexion, for it is one, tho' it
be not displayed at its full length, and
the Author only made it in telling us
we should make it one ; this Reflexion,
I say, pleases by its natural Turn,
for far from being forced, entirely
ingenious as it is, it almost necessarily
arises out of the Fact ; and those Two
Conditions the Girl required, present
of themselves to ones Mind the Oppo-
sition they have to each other.

Add to this, that such rapid Reflexions, resembling (if I may dare to speak poetically) those Nymphs who ran over the Ears of Corn without bending of them, gives no Torture in the Narration; and one might say, that instead of being interrupted thereby, it rather becomes more easy and lively; these kinds of Touches throw Sense and Solidity into a Fable; and without doing any manner of Prejudice or Injury to the whole and essential Truth, display other supernumerary Truths which the Reader is very well pleased to gather up by the way; an Acquisition so much the more agreeable the less it was expected.

I would wish an Author of Fable no more, unless it be this, *viz.* That he be faithful to his Sentiment, and point it out with that Plainness and Simplicity that gives it its Character. For I dare make a Distinction between the *Natural* and the *Simple*. The *Natural* includes an Idea more undeterminate, and in general is opposite to what is forced and far fetched; whereas the
Sim-

Simple is peculiar to Reflexion, and belongs only to Sentiment.

The *Sublime*, according to this Idea, may be simple. The Answer of old *Horatius* to the Question put to him in relation to the Conduct of his Son; What would you have had him done against Three? *Have died*. This Answer, I say, is simple, for it is a plain down-right naked Expression of the Sentiment of that *Roman* who preferred the Death of his Son to Shame and Ignominy. He does not precisely answer what was asked him; he only spoke what he thought.

But in the following Verse, Reflexion succeeds Simplicity.

Ou q'un beau d'esperoir alors le secourût.

Or that a fine Despair then gave him Aid.

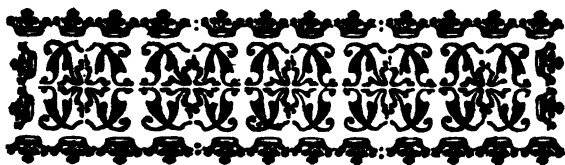
In these Words he reasons, in the former he only gives his Sentiment.

The Occasions of the Simple are perhaps most frequent in Fable, and

one of the chief Encomiums of LA FONTAINE is, that he never wanted them.


In the Fable of the Milk Pot, the Discourse he puts into the Mouth of the Milk Maid, is a Master Piece of Plainness and Simplicity, and is the more singularly and remarkably so, because under the Appearance of the most common way of Reasoning, the Sentiments shew themselves with all their Force and Energy, or to speak better, in all its Luxuriancy.





O F

IMITATION.


AS to what remains, it is most certain, that it is not by a too close and servile Imitation of a Writer one shall be able to arrive to the Perfection of orderly ranging these Beauties. One must only be careful to imitate Nature; an Imitation which only makes Originals, but is quite different from that which most Authors lay upon themselves. When an Author is resolved to write on any Subject, he studies those who have excelled therein, and that which

F 3

he

he unhappily calls studying, is nothing but observing, and imprinting in his Memory, their Phrases, their Expressions, and their Turns; this is to give a Style an Attention purely grammatical, without considering that this Style is a certain Choice, and a certain Order of Ideas, a necessary Consequence of the manner in which the Writer perceived and thought of Things.

He would have done much better to have thought on the Character of the Mind that produced this Choice, and this Ranging of Words, than on the very Choice and Ranging of them, which offer'd themselves, on the like Occasions, to any one who thought as the Author did, who makes use of them.

A good Taste is not acquired by these servile Remarks, and mere Trifles, it must be formed by reading the best Writers, as Politeness is learn'd by conversing with Persons of Rank and Quality. No body in this Case proposes precisely to imitate the Carriage of any particular Person;
those

those who have done so never arrived at any Thing but a ridiculous and clownish Affectation: But by the Force of beholding with Satisfaction and Pleasure with what nice Behaviour and Deportment polite and well bred Men approach each other, one may arrive at that general Politeness, which is nothing but a quick and ready Sentiment of Civilities, and which every one differently makes use of, according to his Humour and personal Character.

There is nothing more dangerous than to desire to be what one is not, and it very often happens, that in such a Case a Man is neither he that he would be, nor himself. He strips himself of his proper Character, which being judiciously managed, might perhaps have had its Beauties, and he does not know how to put on the strange Character which he has looked upon, and is not made for him.

My Sentiment then is this, That when any one desires to write in any kind, he must form to himself a just
Idea

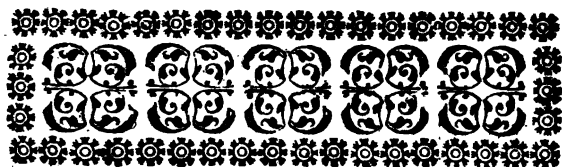
Idea of the different Beauties it necessarily requires, to habituate himself to think on them, and be perfectly acquainted with them, to exercise the Bent or Inclination of his Genius therein, and then without any View of particular Imitation let himself be drawn on to his Subject; in a Word, to write copiously with good Taste and Thought without captivating his Genius to any body.

This in general is what I have said relating to Fable. I could descend to be more particular, but it is fit to leave the Reader somewhat to do; to make this Treatise a complete one must be owing to his Reflexion.


It only remains now, that I speak something of the most celebrated Writers of Fables (Fabulists) and I shall begin with the Inventor of it.



ÆSOP.



Æ S O P.


S O P is in Possession of this Title, and without examining whether there were others before him, it is sufficient to know, that he made of this Art a very ingenious Use, insomuch, that he had the good Fortune to have every Thing of his Predecessors forgot, and that the best Things that ever were penned in this kind go under his Name.

Those who have transmitted down to us his Life, are pleased to exaggerate the Form of his Body. We learn the Spirit of Fable from what these Authors have written of him; and per-

perhaps they have given him such a monstrous Body, only to make him, with the Beauty of his Wit, and the Uprightness of his Heart, the greatest *Contraste* in the World.

To follow the Idea which his Works give us, it is certain that he composed his Fables according as those Occasions offered. He was an allegorical Censor, who presenting to every one his proper Image, gave him an Opportunity of thinking what the other did not expressly say. Content to enclose the Lesson in the Image, he left his Audience the Pleasure of finding it out.

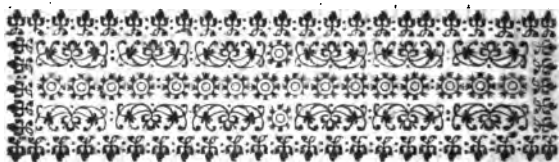
He studied, in all Appearance in Animals, that which every one of them had peculiar to themselves, that he might form as many Symbols as he afterwards employed according to the Circumstances of Things.

He is so true and faithful to Nature in most of his Fables, that I dare not impute to him those that are forced and extravagant. These are perhaps some ill Presents which some have made

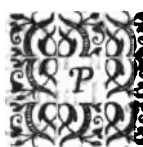
made him out of a design of doing him Honour; but these liberal Persons did not reflect that they impoverished him out of a desire of making him richer than he was.

He is, through all his Works, Precise to an excess, ever neglecting the Occasions of Description, running rather than walking to the Fact, and knowing no middle between the *Necessary* and the *Useful*. In a Word, I see in *Æsop* a Philosopher who stoops himself down that he may be within the Reach and Comprehension of the most Plain and Simple, and taking Things on their right side, I see in him a modest Genius, who did not make his Inventions with a design to give them Embellishment and Decoration.





PHÆDRUS.

 **PHÆDRUS** was a Slave as well as **ÆSOP**. He was made Free before him, but he had the Advantage of Education, which **ÆSOP** wanted. He had great Care taken of him in his Youth, whereas **ÆSOP**, to all Appearance, had no Master but his own good Genius. In **ÆSOP** the Taste of Fable was a Gift of Nature, in **PHÆDRUS** it was the Fruit of an Emulation of Honour. **PHÆDRUS** would be the **ÆSOP** of the **LATINS**; as **VIRGIL** would be the **HOMER**, **TERENCE** the **MENANDER**, and **HORACE** the **PINDAR**.

ÆSOP

ÆSOP seems to have had his own Reputation less in view than the Profit of others; he does not speak one Word of himself. The Suffrages of Posterity are nothing to him, and his Fables have swelled into a Book only, because those who came after him took the pains to collect them.

PHÆDRUS, on the contrary, intended to make a Volume. One sees in his Compositions a continued care of Elegance; and though he is plain and easy, he is for all that never the less polished, nor has less of Number. **ÆSOP**, as I said, was a Philosopher, **PHÆDRUS** an Author.

Being uneasy at the Reception his Works met with, he complains of the Injustice of Envy, and marks out himself what Portion of Reputation was his due. Some pretended to asperse him, by saying he did nothing else but copy **ÆSOP**; upon which he assures them that he invented more than he took. Others accused him of having spoiled the Original; he boasts that he has brought it to the highest Perfection;

on; and if at any Time malicious Criticism lays any Obstacle to his Reputation, he fortifies himself with a stoical Patience, waiting the return of Peoples Praises, of which he seems not to make any manner of doubt.

Prejudice in favour of the Ancients is very antient it self. Of this there were timely Complaints, and PHÆDRUS tells us it prevailed in his Time. The Sculptors used to put the Names of PRAXITELES and PHIDIAS to their Statues, to make their Works valuable, which would not have been so good, had they not been thought to be the Labour of these great Masters.

He makes use, he says, of the same Stratagem, to put the Jealousy of those of his Time to a loss, and he supported with the Name of ÆSOP several Things which were never borrowed from him, on purpose to draw from them that Respect of which antient Names had been long in Possession. But it is very shameful for us to give into those Notions, and that our Judgments be determined by Things so mean and trivial.

PHÆ-

PHÆDRUS does not make his Fables of much extent, but take him altogether, he is prolix in comparison of *Æsop*. His Brevity is however very florid. He paints them out with suitable Epithets, and his close Descriptions very often are compriz'd in one Word; nor does he omit to embellish his Works with such Beauties that were entirely unknown to the Inventor; Beauties however necessary to Fable, the end of which is Instruction.

One reads over indeed a dry Allegory which is void of Dress and Ornament, but one thinks of it no more, and the Instruction it contains quickly escapes: Whereas particular Beauties often call it back to the Reader's Remembrance, and the Impression of its Foundation renews it self every Time it is perused.

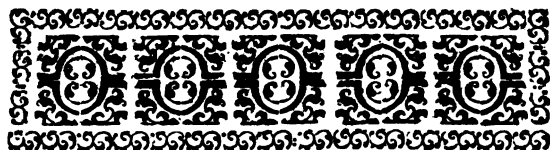
PHÆDRUS was not afraid with his Fables to interweave a History of his Time. He knew very well that Fable did not consist absolutely in Fiction, but in a Collection of Circumstances which concurred together to make

one Truth understood. The History it self then became an Allegory; People did not take it for a real Fact, but only as an Image, and as the Occasion of an important Reflexion.

I can only reproach PHÆDRUS for having put the Moral at the beginning of his Fables, and sometimes one that is too remote, and which does not distinctly arise from the Allegory.

Let us, however, do him the Justice he deserves. He set off with a great deal of Art the Simplicity of ÆSOP. He engages with a pleasant and delightful Elegance, which he always contains within the Bounds of his Subject. But according to the Ideas which I have given of Things, I find in him more Politeness than Genius, and less of the *Merry* than the *Agreeable*, and more of the *Natural* than the *Simple*.





P I L P A Y.

P I L P A Y must come in this Place, if not for the Merit of his Fables, at least for their Fame and Renown; and as he is an Inventor, we must not have that Esteem for him as for those who have been guided by Models: However, the Merit of Invention makes always amends for a great many Faults.

He governed *Indostan* a long while under a mighty Emperor; he was nevertheless a Slave, for the chief Ministers of those Monarchs are no less so than the meanest of their Subjects. And thus we see always Slavery con-

armed in the Honour of begetting Fable.

PILPAY, in his Fables, lock'd up all his Politicks; it was a Book of the State and Discipline of *Indostan*. A King of *Persia* charmed with the Beauty of his Maxims, sent on purpose to gather up this Treasure upon the spot, and made PILPAY be translated by his Physician.

The *Arabians* have also done him the Honour of Translation; and he remains in Possession of all the Suffrages of the East.

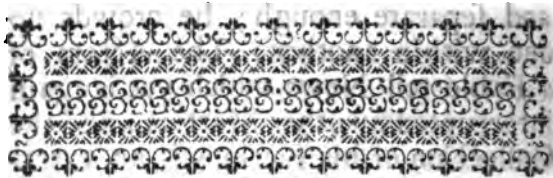
However, I would rather quote him as an Example of Blemishes than a Model of Beauties. His Fables, very often, have neither Justice, Unity, nor Nature; he makes some of them contradict others, and sometimes they contradict themselves. He makes his Animals speak such long and serious Things, and withal so rational, that one looses sight of them in their Discourse; and there is often somewhat worse in their Actions which are not the similitude of any of ours, but strictly our own.

Be-










Besides, his Fables are not distinct and separate enough; he crowds up one within another: The Actors of a Fable tell News which yet is again interrupted by other Matters; and the Collection of his Fictions is an extravagant Romance of Brutes, Men, and Genii, composed after his Way, as *Cyax* and the banished Men, where the Adventures grow upon you every Moment, which always look'd to me an Art very importunate.

In short, excepting some Places, where *Pieray* appears to me ingenious and solid, I find him in all other Respects, at first View, very childish and serious, diffused and dry, useless in relation to Instruction, though lavish and prodigal of Morality, the Reason of which is because, besides the Contradictions which destroy it, he does not support it for the generality with Allegories sufficiently just.





LA FONTAINE.




A FONTAINE is our


L

ÆSOP, PHÆDRUS, and PIL-



PAY. He made Choice of
 what he found best in all
 Three, and having moreover enriched
 himself with whatever he could else-
 where collect of such like Allegories,
 he compiled that large Collection of
 Fables which has done such Honour to
French Poesy. What he has left us to
 glean after him is scarce worth the
 while, and he has reduced all Authors
 that would succeed him in his way, to
 the necessity either of Invention, or of
 treating of the same Subjects: I say
treating,

treating, not to make them better, for alas! who could hope to do so? It would be Time entirely lost. Let him undertake the Task who will; for my part, I have rather chosen the Toil of Invention, as frightful as it first appeared to be, but which I dare no longer to believe so difficult, since I have accomplished it.

LA FONTAINE had been long accused of too much *Narration* in his Tales, which in respect of the manner, have as much Conformity to Fables as they have Opposition in respect to their Foundation and Morality; but it appears by his Fables as if he had a mind to restore that to Morality which he took away by his Tales.

He was a Man of Thought, of a Plainness agreeable and engaging, rather simple than modest; for Modesty supposes some Reflexion, and he acted, spoke, and writ nothing but from the Abundance of his Heart.

But as much an Original as he is in his way, he was notwithstanding an Admirer of the Antients, even to Prejudice,

judice, as if they had been his Models.

Brevity, says he, is the Soul of Fable, and it is needless to give the Reason why, it is enough that Quintilian says so.

Pursuant to this ingenious Admiration he believed himself to be much Inferiour to PHÆDRUS; but one of the greatest * Men of our Age has told us, this ought not to be drawn into Consequence; and that LA FONTAINE thus yielded to PHÆDRUS in nothing but Self-conceit: A pleasant but solid Expression, and which firmly portrays the Character of a superiour Genius who was ignorant of it, for no other Reason, but because it did not look on it self attentively enough.

The Publick more just in his Favour than himself, gives him (against himself) the Preference. In reality he has collected in his Stile all Sorts of Beauties. In every Line one perceives what is most Gay and Airy in the

* *Monsieur FORTENELLE.*

Merry, what most Attractive in the *Agreeable*. He makes the *Familiar* elegant and new by an ingenious Use he knows how to make of it; and to the whole adds the Freedom and Easiness of the *Natural* with all the Poignancy of the *Simple*.

I would reproach him with nothing, but that he did not always know when to end where he ought. For Example, the Fable of the *Milk Pot*, which ought to have ended at the spilling the Milk, but to which he adds the cold Circumstances of the Milk Woman's being beaten by her Husband, and then related the Adventure called the *Milk Pot*.

I would now premise somewhat to the Publick in relation to this present Work; but it does not belong to me to teach them what Opinion they ought to entertain of my Fables; on the contrary, it is their Judgment will teach me what I ought to think of them my self. I shall therefore only premise Two Things.

I have embellished (or at least I have pretended to do so) a great many of my Fables with Prologues. I believed by thus interrupting the continuity of Narrations, I should by this Method interperse my Treatise with an amusing Variety; and that the Reader may pass with Pleasure from plain Recitals to Reflexions somewhat extensive, and oftentimes profound withal.

I have, however, in these Prologues endeavoured to give a certain Air and Gaiety to what I instance as most Serious; and if I soar a little, it is on account of the Sense, and without doing the least Prejudice or Injury to the familiar Turns, which I always manage, to preserve through the whole Work the same Air and Tone.

I sometimes speak of HOMER with a little freedom, but not at all with any Intention to raise new Disputes, or revive antient Quarrels. Such a Design would appear to me very ridiculous, since the Subject is quite exhausted, as well as odious, and since my Adversaries at present do me the Honour to be my Friends;

Friends; but yet I believe, without breaking the publick Peace, one should always speak plainly what one thinks, and disguise ones Opinion so much the less, the more one is incapable to prescribe it as a Rule.

I doubt not but my illustrious Criticks will be the first to pass by my Gaieties on HOMER. They know very well that Diversity of Sentiment is the Soul of Life, and the very Seasoning of Friendship, as I mention it in my Fables. In a Word, I do not wish or desire from the Publick a greater Indulgence for my Faults than I dare hope from them.

However, I expect Criticks of all Kinds. The familiar Turns which I frequently make use of will give them too great Occasion for Censure; I shall subscribe to it with all my Heart in those Places where I shall deserve it; but I know that even in those Points, wherein I shall be most happy, I shall however not be able to avoid its Injustice.

For as the Shades which in this way of Writing distinguish the *Familiar* from the *Low* are not sufficiently determined, and it is only a delicate and experienced Sight can discover them; Ignorance easily confounds them, Prejudice looks on them as after the manner it will look on them, and Insincerity qualifies them as it pleases.



COURT



COURT FABLES.



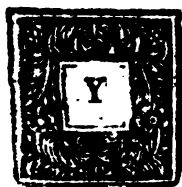
BOOK I.



The EAGLE *and the* EAGLET.

FABLE I.

*To Monseigneur the Duke of OR-
LEANS, Regent of the Kingdom.*



OUR Royal Highness, I
know, fears nothing but be-
ing praised, and I must own,
I love to praise Heroes!
How then shall we agree?
I can scarce contain my self
Let me say what I will, I know the great
Man I am now speaking to, is the most Mo-
dest.

deft in the World ; what Method fhall I then make choice of to entertain him with a recital of his glorious Deeds ? His Words, his very Actions have their Charms. I know I fhall make him uneasy, but then Reason makes Answer, that he is on that very Account fo much the more worthy of our Praises.

And here I muft entreat your Royal Highnefs to call to mind your younger Years, a Time when we ferved our Apprenticeships, I that of an Author, and you that of Heroes. *Apollo* kindly looked on me and fmiled to fee how I ranged my Words, while *Mars* inftructed you in the great Art of War ; under thefe great Mafters we were disciplin'd, I in Difcourfe, but you in Actions. *Sulli* at that Time entertained you, while *Campa* pleafed you with his Airs, and I thought my felf moft Happy in furnifhing him with the Words. But as foon as you faw your Name at the Front, a noble Red flufhed in your Face. Praise even then feemed almoft to affront you. I reprefented that you ought to fubmit to the publick Applaufe ; and that when one knows how to do well, one muft let the World fay fo : In fhort, Sir, no one can be a Hero with Impunity. This is an incontestable Maxim, nor can you, I know, difallow it.

And

And since a Thousand Virtues have made you yet more worthy of our Praise, and I am capable better than ever to pay this Tribute; I dare to make use of these Advantages, and with Pleasure sing aloud and celebrate those glorious Talents you are Master of, your high Wisdom and renowned Exploits ——— But here you interrupt me, and command my Silence; and why, Great Prince, do you thus enjoyn me? But you will have it so and I must obey, though is it just to force me to oblige you in this Respect without thanking me? Well, what will you have? I'll tell you Sir, *Apollon* has dictated to me a Hundred Fables, which I dedicate to the young King, and I am told they will be useful; to make them more agreeable I think there should be a Hundred Copper Plates*. They are, remember Sir, for *LEWIS*, and therefore must be beautiful: What will they cost? Two Thousand Crowns: A very slender Reward for not praising you, and of my Conscience I shall loose by it; but I plainly see I must do every Thing to be at Peace with you.

* The first French Edition was in a fine Quarto with beautiful Cuts.



AND now will your Royal Highness see a Specimen of my Tales and Morals. Once upon a Time there was an Eaglet, an Orphan of the Royal Race, who was to support the Glory of a mighty Name. A Thousand Eyes were turned on him, a Thousand Tongues bid him grow, and wished a few Years might hasten on his glorious Destiny. You are the King of Birds; to you it belongs to give either Peace or War. *Jupiter* reckons you amongst those who eat at his Table, and you must bear his Thunder.*

But that you may arrive at this, some generous Wing must guide you to the Skies. Fly swiftly up, and with intrepid Eye look stedfastly on the Sun. This Discourse enflamed him, and he tried his tender Wings. His Eyes yet trembling turned themselves towards *Phabus*. To ask more would be to abuse him, he must stay till he has required greater Force and Vigour.

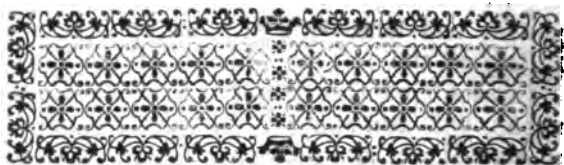
* *The Eagle was Jupiter's Bird, and carried his Thunder Bolts, as the Poets feigned.*

Some Time after he sees an Eagle tow'ring in the Air, almost lost in the vast Expanse, and who with firm intrepid Looks sustained the radiant Glories of the Day. At this Object the Eaglet took fresh Courage, and immediately making magnanimous Efforts, as a bold Rival of the Eagle, soars up and attains the same Perfections. Thus Reading may begin but 'tis Example must accomplish all.

Your Royal Highness sees already who is this soaring Eaglet ; tell me what Eagle 'tis. I here describe.



The



The PELICAN *and the*
SPIDER.

FABLE II.

***** EASTS have their Universities ; their Graduates, Doctors,
 B and Licentates, ranged in their
 Order, with their Hoods and
 Furs, and for general Instruction
 make Harangues and Declamations ; every
 one preaches Morality according to his own
 System, and every Species is Judge of some
 Point of Doctrine ; for which Reason Asses
 themselves have taken here their Doctor's
 Degree. A doughty Philosopher in this
 Class not long since received his Cap.

SOCRATES

SOCRATES * studied in this University, and took his Place accordingly, and became it. The *Phrygian* † Slave went through an entire Course.

LA FONTAINE, the worthy Heir of this last Sage, made here a large Commentary on his Works, and embellished them with a Turn, Beautiful tho' Plain, Sublime and yet Familiar, Solid but Merry and Agreeable. But such a Copist may well be stiled an Inventor.

I likewise have passed my Course, and taken my Degrees in this same University. I am indeed but a new Doctor, and consequently not of so great Credit; however, I entertain Mankind with Things entirely new. Yes, Gentlemen, it is for your sakes this is done. We may all of us, whoever we are, find something here to correct our Faults, and from Disciples of Animals learn to become Men.

* SOCRATES was a Philosopher of Greece, and was believed to have composed Fables.

† ÆSOP, who pass'd the greatest part of his Life in Slavery.



THE solitary Pelican placed his Nest at the bottom of an old withered Tree. Providence had bestowed on him a numerous Issue, whom he took care to feed, and like a tender Parent delighted in doing so. One Day he was so unfortunate as to return home without any Food for his Young, and the whole Nest cried for Hunger. In this Calamity, what alas! what can the Father Bird now do? He does not hesitate, but generously plunges his Beak into his own Breast, and feeds his hungry little Ones with his Blood.

What are you doing of there? says Madam *Arachne* * his Neighbour, a slender legged Lady, looking thro' her Window. I feed my Children, replies the Pelican, tho' at the Expence of my Days, who otherwise would pine away and die. Thou silly old fashioned Fool, says the Spider, And

* *Arachne was excellent in making Tapistry, and imagined she could out-do Minerva at that Art, and had even the Rashness to challenge that Goddess. Minerva excelled her, and Arachne in Despair hanged her self, whom Minerva afterwards changed into a Spider.*

why.

why will you pay so dear for this ridiculous Tenderneſs? Would it not be much better to have no Iſſue at all, than thus to die for the vain Satisfaction of leaving Children behind you? You ſhall never catch me at ſuch Fooleries. You ſee I have a whole Nation, and all my own Children; I am delivered of Four Hundred at a Birth †, and I ſhall devour them all if God ſpares my Life; my Table will always be well covered as long as the Brats live; and I ſhall munch them up as faſt as they come.

The Pelican ſhuddered at this dreadful Language, and almoſt fancied he ſaw the Sun run back, as once it did at ſuch an Entertainment *. Peace, ſays he, thou deteſtable Step-Mother, Nature is aſtoniſhed at thy monſtrous Appetite, devour thy Children! horrid! I tell thee Wretch, Death is infinitely more welcome to me, ſince I've thus ſaved my little Infants, than Life would be in your Circumſtances.

† *The Spider devours its young, ſhe brings forth at one Time Eight Hundred, according to the Obſervation of Monſieur de Reaumur of the Academy of Sciences.*

* *The Poets ſeign that the Sun ran back, when at a Feaſt Atreus entertained Thyeſtes, who to revenge himſelf cauſed his Son to be ſerved up for one of the Diſhes.*

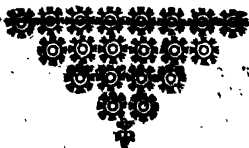
KINGS



KINGS and Rulers of the World, we are your Children, choose now whether you would be Spiders or Pelicans. *Codrus* * saved his People at the Expence of his own Life, and *Nero* † set *Rome* on Fire for his Pleasure. Which of these Two Princes have you a desire to imitate? To hesitate would be to choose.

* *Codrus was King of Athens. He caused himself to be killed in Battle, having been told by the Oracle, That his Army should never conquer till after his Death.*

† *Nero set Rome on Fire through a Motive of pure Curiosity, more naturally to represent the Flames of Troy.*





The PARROT.

FABLE III.

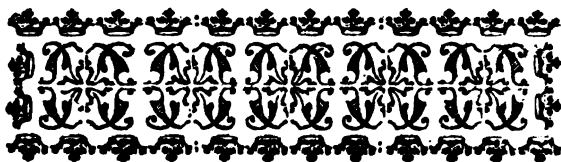
A Certain Man had buried his
 Wife, and was resolved to have
 A Parrot to supply her Place,
 and that might comfort him
 with his prittle prattle, for
 you must know he was full of the good Wo-
 man. Away he runs to the Bird Man's ;
 scarce had he entered the Room but he was
 agreeably entertained with an infinite Va-
 riety of beautiful Feathers and delightful
 Songs. There was a great Number of
 Nightingales, Larks, Linnets, Gold Finches,
 Canary Birds, and abundance of Parrots.
 The worst of them was very ingenious, and
 could talk prettily, call for a Cup of Sack,
 I and

and a Quaker a Quaker a Cur ; one would Cough, and another run over all the City Cries.

But while our good Man was doubting with himself which to choose, he perceived one that said nothing, squatting down upon a Table ; Ah ! says he, Mr. *Unsociable*, what, you say nothing ? Are you afraid to be troublesome and impertinent ? *I think the more*, says the Parrot like a Bird of Gravity. Slidikins, a wise Head this, says the Buyer. Well, Mr. ———, what is the Price ? So much. There, take it. I thank you, Sir, you are very Wellcome.


... Away hies the Man home with his Bird, and promised himself Wonders, but, alas ! notwithstanding all his Care, and continual Instructions, all that he could get from the wise Parrot (and that too only once a Month) was, *I think the more*. The Devil break thy Neck, says he, thou art a meer Fool, and I am a Thousand Times more for passing my Judgment on thee for speaking one Word only.





The F O X and the C A T.

F A B L E I V.


 O make Animals speak, was not the chief Art of Æsop. In his Fables he discovers to us their several Appetites and Inclinations, with their unequal Instincts. And indeed in such like Relations one must always keep faithfully up to Nature; One must not make the Wolf marry with the Sheep, nor *Philomela* * warble out her Song after she has hatched her young.

* *Philomela was the Name of a Princess, who after great Misfortunes was changed into a Nightingale, and the Poets have continued to give this Name to that Bird.*

And as we say of a Picture, if the Portrait resembles the Original, that it is the Person himself in all Things but in Speech; so in our choice of Animals, we must take particular Care so to express their respective Actions, that the Reader may say, 'tis he himself I think, and if he does not speak I think I see him.

For Fable will have nothing in it forced and extravagant; for Example, I own I am pleased with *Reynard*, who said, the ripe Grapes were sour and fit only for the Black Guard, when he could not reach them; but then he falls short of his natural Grace in the Affair of the Head * without Brains. His Expression, I own, was excellent, but another ought to have made it,

And will you never be in the wrong? No doubt I shall, but then my Satyre will fall on my own Head, and it may justly be applied to me. It must not be imagined I can write without Faults, it would be ridiculous to think so; who would turn Author on these Conditions?

* *The Fable of the Fox that came into a Carver's Shop.*



THE Fox and the Cat were travelling together, and to shorten the tediousness of their Journey entertained themselves with many a moral Discourse. O! what a fine Thing it is to do good, and act upon Principles of true Honour and Conscience! Well, this Justice is an excellent Virtue. What do you think my Dear? O! no doubt of it, Cousin, answers the Fox, I'm charmed with it. I would not hurt any Thing in the World, God knows my Heart, I would not tread on a Worm. And thus they went on, and in their Turns extolled the Excellence of their sound Morality, when all of a sudden Sir *Martin Wolf* (a Person of an antient Family, and a great Hunter) rushed hastily out of the Wood, and falling in upon a Flock of Sheep, whips away one of them, and devours him in an instant in spite of his Prayers and Tears.

Ah! Cousin Reynard, cries the Cat, what a villanious Act is this, how unjust? how cruel? What makes him devour so greedily that harmless innocent Creature, that never did Harm to any Soul in his Life? Why could not this treacherous Glut-

ton have dined upon some Shrub or another, or have been contented with his Belly-full of Acorns? I'm sure such Diet is not only innocent but much more wholesome.

Barbarous to the last Degree! says the Fox. I never saw the like in my Life. What has that poor Sheep done to loose his Life after this manner, and come to such an untimely End? Could not this rapacious Devil of a Wolf live by his Industry, like a good Christian, tho' he may be of never so good a Family, rather than spill innocent Blood? For my part, dear Cousin, I wonder at some People; I thank Heaven I never was so much left to my self as to be guilty of such Wickedness, I'm sure I would rather die first. Ay! my Dear, and so would I too, 'tis a burning Shame. And—

Here a Milk White Pullet step'd gracefully out of a Farmer's Yard into the Road, which Sight so surprized our grave Doctor Reynard, that (to shew he could practise Morality as well as teach it) he seized on the poor Innocent and eats her up, just at the same Moment as the conscientious Cat was satisfying her Hunger with a little plump Rat that ran out of the Barn.

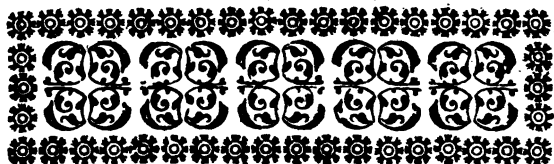
Bless me! and crossed her self, says Mademoiselle *La Spider*, who lived hard by, and saw all that passed from her Web. What's here

here to do? And made the same judicious Reflections as they had on the Wolf, when a poor unguarded Fly fell into her Snare, and underwent the same Misfortune.



HENCE we may learn, That we too often condemn others for those very Faults, which, when Opportunity offers, we our selves readily commit.





The Astrological DOCTOR.

FABLE V.

TONS of *Galen* † (pardon the Apology) There was a Physician who was (and that is worse) an Astrologer, who cast the Nativity of *Colin* his Servant (a brisk, fresh, vigorous, young Fellow) and according to his Scheme, found plainly, that he and his Man should both die in one Day.

† *Galen was a famous Physician in the second Century, whose Method of Practice most Physicians follow.*

He

He calculated it a Hundred Times, and tumbled over many a learned Folio, and still their Destiny was the same; he scarce should live an Hour after his *Colin*. Now judge you, if *Colin's* Health was not dear to the Doctor. He was always with him, and never let him stir a step out of his sight. How is it Child? How fares thy Health? May Heaven long continue it to you. Nay, he would see him eat, and filled out his Wine for him; and if he slept ill he was sure to give him betimes in the Morning an *Anodyne* Clyster.

By this exact Regimen the learned Doctor did so much to poor *Colin*, that partly by Diet, partly through Vexation, the Flower of his Youth and Vigour withered away. At last, the poor meagre Boy was attacked by a slight Cholick, the Doctor opens a Vein, a Fever ensues, then he must be vomited; his Malady redoubles on a sudden, and he grows Light-headed, and through too much Care poor *Colin* is in his Grave.

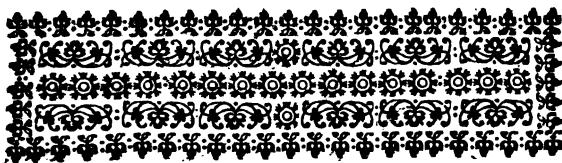
The Doctor is alarmed, his Blood freezes in his Veins, he has but one Hour longer to breathe, he sends for the Attorney and makes his Will; in short, the fatal Hour passes away, then a whole Day and Night; nay, a whole Week, and still the Doctor lives. Experience, at last, opens his Eyes, and
he

he abjures the Doctrine both of *Cardan* * and *Hippocrates* †, being convinced that both Arts are founded on Error and Folly. Happy for him to be cured at once both of Physick and Astrology.

* *Cardan was a Physician that ran mad with Astrology, tho' his Predictions very often deceived him.*
 † *Commonly called the Prince of Physicians.*



The



The M O C K E R.

FABLE VI.

STAND Reader, and give the Word, tell me true, are you a Party, or do you envy what is Good? Or, if by chance it should so happen to me to present you with something new, lively, and ingenious, are you not resolved before hand to find fault with it, and say 'tis bad, because you will say so?

If this be the Case, I dispense with you, and you may go on, I don't write for you; go, give your haughty Censures on *Corneille*, *Boileau*, *Racine*, or *La Fontains*. These are Writers worth exercising your excellent Talent on, for my part, I am not worth your

your while, you would gain but very little in humbling me. I would, could I choose, have such an equitable Reader, who in his Censure would not take notice of what in effect is despicable; who would blame me when I deserve it, and when he finds any Thing that is good read it with pleasure; such a sociable Reader I admire, but for those ill-natur'd Things, who form their own Punishment from the Talents of others, may there appear Works Divine, the shining Merit of which will give them sufficient pain: From me they would at most receive but a small share of Chagrin.

Vol. 1. p. 101. 102.

London: Printed by J. D. 1741.

of the year



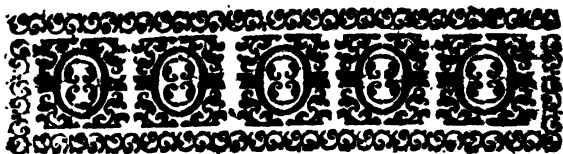
NATURE is very fertile every where, and full of Variety. In a certain Country of the new World, where a Thousand Species of Birds unknown to us inhabit, there is One most beautifully feathered, but so unfortunate as not to sing, his whole Talent consists to imitate the Notes of others.

Lord Mocker (for that is his Title) as soon as *Aurora* rises in the East, is still attentive to the Notes of his Rivals, who salute

lute the orient Day. The beautiful Railer tires them with his luscious Quavering, no longer does he imitate them all in their Turns. From one he takes a Cadence, from another a false Treble. He changes the moving Notes of an amorous Complaint into Sounds of an insipid Sorrow, and sprightly Warblings into an impertinent Whistle. In short, every Thing that he counterfeits carries an Air with it of Ignorance and Imperfection.

But while he was thus, by his *critical* Eccho, treating these Characters with Contempt, one amongst them steps up to him, and in the Name of the rest, said to him, Very well, Sir, we know our Songs are imperfect, but let us have a Specimen of yours.





The Ass.

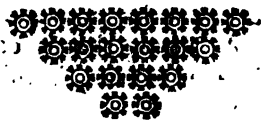
FABLE VII.

UNDER what unfortunate Planet am I born? said a certain Ass as he lay on the Ground in a Stable, I could give to the Devil, with all my Soul, that ungrateful Master my hard Destiny has allotted me. How many Services have I done him? And how many Injuries must I still undergo? A long while before it is Break of Day I must trot, carry Garden Stuff to Town, run from Door to Door, and afterwards, at my return home must carry his Dung to Field, or bring my Load of Faggots from the Forrest, ever employed, and continually on the Hoof.

When

When Sunday comes, or a Holiday, I carry him to Church or the Fair, with his *Margery* on my Crupper, and perhaps *Mally* and *Tommy* each in a Pannier. His cursed Monkey jumps upon my Head, and if I go a little out of the way for a morsel of Thistle, or so, I am sure to be rubbed down with an oaken Towel in an instant, while Pug, that capering Jack-a-napes, lives free and easy without thought or care, tumbling, and shewing his Backside, taring every Thing to pieces, dines at the Table, and is commended for every Folly he commits: Plague take this cruel Master, and may God confound him !

Patience, good Friend, says an Ox of profound Judgment that lay next him, contain your self, Cursing is a mortal Sin. The Master the Fates have allotted you is no worse than another, for know, that in this lower World a Buffoon is more valued by great Men than an useful Servant.



... did I ...
... did I ...

The CAT and the BAT.

FABLE VIII.

LET us take all the Care we can
to feign nothing in vain. Truth
ought to rise out of Fable. What
signifies a Story without any De-
sign in it? It is nothing but an
idle Heap of useless Words jumbled to-
gether, for which a Man should be corrected.
However, all Truths notwithstanding do
not please. A Thing that is common and
insipid, tho' never so true, is of no manner
of Advantage.

What signifies it to tell me a long imper-
tinent Tale, in order to prove to me, that
Two and Two make Four? Or that we
must

must all Die ? All this I knew before. By this Method no one learns any Thing. For my part, I am for Truths more refined, that may be acknowledged as such by every body, and which notwithstanding may make us wonder. Such Truths, the Seeds of which every Mind has in it self, which we do not cultivate, but are surprized to find them so when we think of them.

Leave off then your Fictions, perhaps, now may a difficult Critick say to me, Do you think you are capable of giving us any Instruction ? No, indeed Sir, I do not pretend it, you are too knowing already ; but there are Readers of an inferior Rank, and those Fictions which do not instruct you, may, notwithstanding, be instructive to them. We must let every body live.



A CAT, the greatest Glutton that ever was born, knowing no Friend so dear to her as her own Belly, seized one Day on a Linnet, and without having any regard to her Song, strangled her, and eat her up. The Cat and the Linnet, you must know, lived under the same Roof, and had

the same Master. Scarce was the Murder of the poor Bird perceived, but the whole House was in an Uproar, every one vowed the Death of the Traytor, and not a Soul but what would have been glad to be the Executioner.

The Assassin heard all, and trembled for his Skin. Vows, we know, are the Children of Fear, and Puls accordingly made one. Oh! could he but only escape this Danger, he would endure patiently the rudest Attacks of the most violent Hunger; as for Birds, he renounced them for ever, and would not eat one to save his Life. He calls the Gods to witness, and begs their Grace; and as if it had been an effect of his Devotion, the Master forgot his Rage, and in a little Time grew calm and quiet.

Our grave Piece of Formality having thus escaped the Storm, about two Days after met with a Bat, and seized upon her. What shall he do now? He remembered the Solemnity of his Vow, which counselled him to act with Discretion, and let his Prisoner go, but his craving Stomach had other Sentiments. This was a nice Point, and there arose many Difficulties, however, the Cat very judiciously decides it. As you are a Bird, says he, I'll have nothing to say to you, but as you are a Mouse, I eat you up.

Can

[403]

Can Heaven be angry at this ? No, by no means, says this good Apostle to himself.

THE Cat's Causit is ours, meer interest, which out of one Word can form an Argument. That which we forbid as unlawful under one Denomination we permit under another.

E A B L E



2

The



The BRIER *and the*
GARDINER.

FABLE IX.



SAYS the Brier, one Day
to the Gardiner, Hark ye
me, honest *John*, one Word
with you for Heavens sake,
What is it I have done to
you, that you should use
me after this manner? Do you think now
(and prithee speak freely) that I am in my
right Place? What is the matter that I
must not have the same Respect and Treat-
ment

ment as the other Fruit Trees here my Sisters? O my Conscience, *John*, you don't use me with common Civility. No Christian Soul alive would bear this.

Why now, what signifies it for me to stand staring up in a Hedge, as if I had nothing else to do but (worry some up) to be a Porter to your Enelofure? No, no, prithee put me into your Garden, for I thank my Stars, tho' I say it, that should not say it, I have as good Blood in my Veins as any finical Plant of 'em all, though they hold their Noses so high. Does I bid you, if you have any regard to the Interest of your self and Family! You'll never know what Advantage it will be to you, only try for once, and I solemnly promise you on my Word and Honour, as I hope to be saved (and I would not tell a Fib for the World) you'll gain by it—— But what signifies talking? I hate many Words.

Besides, I require the least Attendance of any Plant alive; why, Man, thou hast nothing to do but to water me now and then, and cover me a little from the North Wind, or so, and I'll engage to reward your Care with Fruits of most excellent and delicious Flavour; and then for Flowers, your Roses and Lillies must not pretend to go beyond me. I could say a great deal more, if Modesty

deity would permit me, but I hate to praise my self, only make the Experiment, and I am well satisfied in a little Time you'll come and tell me that my Words bear no Proportion with my Actions.

In these Terms the Pride and Self-Love of a useless Plant exhaled, and poor John was so silly as to give entire Credit to every Syllable, for you must understand in those Times, when Plants could speak, Gardiners were not so cunning as they are now.

Well, the Brier was transplanted, and spread out against a Wall, and watered three or four Times a Day at least, for John was big with Expectation of mighty Things, and therefore would not trust to the Dew; in short, the favourite Brier was the Gardiner's only care; and indeed, she was as good as her Word, for she grew to a Miracle, spreading wide her Root and Branches.

But alas! these prickly Branches were Destruction to the neighbouring Plants, every Thing within their reach withered away, Fruits and Pot Herbs expired, and the gayest Flowers drooped, and hung down their Heads and died. Poor John was then convinced of his Folly, and would never afterwards give credit to any Plant what so ever on her own bare Word.

HENCE



HENCE we may learn, Never to
 hearken to those who commend
 themselves, and boast of their own Excel-
 lency and Perfection. Such People are but
 too frequent. In Words they do Miracles:
 Let them alone they spoil every Thing.

THE



The



The A P E S.

F A B L E X.

ONCE upon a Time the People in the Apes Country had a mind to chuse themselves a King, and they were resolv'd Merit should be the only Qualification, and he amongst them who deserved most should wear the Crown : And indeed, in this they acted prudently, for Dependance grows uneasy when we have no manner of value and esteem for those who are our Governors, and from whom we receive our Laws.

adT

The

The Diet, or Convention, was held in the open Fields, where every one shewed Feats of his Ability, they leaped, danced, and caper'd; for the Scepter, as I told you before, was to be adjudged to the Ape of greatest Merit. Now you must know, that there hung an Apple on a pretty high Branch, and he amongst them that could be so nimble as to snatch it away was to mount the Throne.

What will not Ambition, and the Hopes of Glory, prompt Mortals to? The Signal being given, the boldest advanced and jump'd, but to no purpose, they only shook the Fruit; one came short of the Bough, and another over shot it, and grasping only the Air retired in Discontent.

The Contention was long, but after many and many a fruitless Essay, and when the Fruit (the Branch having been severely shaken) was ready to fall where the Wind blew it, there came up two Pretenders who had not yet made any Attempt, one of whom was very nimble, the other a little heavy; they both started together, and the Fruit, by chance, fell just into the Mouth of the last. The nimble Ape was disappointed, all his Address availed him nothing, and he might value himself on his Perfections as long as he pleased.

The foolish Senate smiled, and loudly declared, He that had the Apple was their King, and to him only would they pay their Allegiance; Long Live the King was a Thousand Times repeated, and their silly Shoutings and Huzza's even pierced the Clouds.

O my Conscience this is very comical, a very pleasant Decision truly, says a venerable old Ape that sat by and observed every Thing, and smiled. How foolish and ridiculous are we? But this comes of our so closely imitating Men: **WE JUDGE BY EVENTS.**



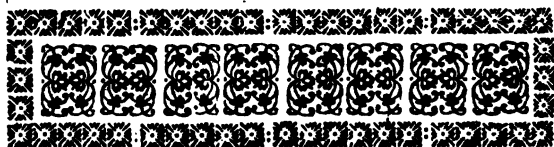
SOME Authors who have written the Historical Collections of the Kingdom of the Apes, have varied in the Relation of this Election. For my part, I am in doubt what side to take, but in either Case the Moral is absolutely good.

Some Authors will have it, that the old venerable Ape being weakned with Age, sat down at the Root of the Tree, and being an Animal of much Knowledge and Experience in the Affairs of the World, and foreseeing, that

[111]

that after the Branch had been so much shaken the Fruit would speedily fall off, very dexterously caught it as it fell, and that the People for his good Sense and Address accordingly adjudged him the Sovereignty.
**INDEED NO ONE IS A KING.
 BUT BY WISDOM.**





The BAGS of FORTUNE.

FABLE XI.

A B~~A~~ E, in my Opinion, is a delicious Morsel, which, besides F~~A~~ the Moral it has an indispensable Necessity to lead us to at the C~~A~~ Conclusion, very often encloses another Truth, the whole being understood without breach of Unity.

To let us wander about through fertile Vales, and gather in our Progress Fruits and Flowers, is a Task only of an able Genius, and the Fabulist's Master-piece. Be as good as your Word and give me what you promise. In an elegant Stile furnish Morality to the last.

Happy !

Happy! O Happy! that fertile, that luxuriant Fable, that informs me of something before it has told its all! Far, far then from hence ye cold and languid Performances, ye frozen Tales, where the unhappy Author deals out nothing to us but a dry and wretched Abundance, where we grow tired before we reach the Moral. The Reader will not buy Fruit too dear.

This Advice certainly is very good; be it spoken without Vanity. But have I always followed it? I'm not so vain to think so; for *we speak better than we know how to do.*



MAN is never well when he would be better. There was a certain Man who being discontented with his own Condition, cast his Eyes on the happy State and Fortunes of other Men. He continually bewailed his own Wretchedness, and every Day was plaguing the Gods with his importunate Complaints.

On a Sun-shiny Day *Jupiter* took him up into Heaven, and led him into his Cabinet of Rarities, where amongst other Things were sealed up by the Destinies in a vast num-

ber of Bags that were ranged by each other in good Order, all the Estates and Conditions of Human Life.

- Look there, says *Jupiter*, thy Fate is in thy own Power; we will content a Man once in his Life. It is true, thou art not worthy of this, thy impious Murmurings rather deserve my utmost Rage than Benefits; however, as Heaven does not weigh with the same Ballance as wretched Mortals do below; we will pass it over. Here are all the States and Conditions of Men, weigh them well, and chuse thy Fortune. But to regulate thy Choice know, that those that are the happiest weigh the least.

Ten Thousand Thanks to my good Lord *Jupiter*, says the Man, since it is so, let us be Happy; with that he began to lift the first Bag, which was the Bag of Government and Sovereign Power, and covered, with a pompous Show and glittering Outside, the most cruel Cares. Soh! says the Man, this Bag is bloody heavy, it makes me sweat, what Mortal can carry this confounded Load? No, no, lye still there for me, I'll have nothing to say to you I'll promise you, and so proceeded to the second.

Now this was the Bag of Great Men in Authority, as Statesmen, Privy Counsellors and Judges, &c. This contained continual

La-

Labour and Toil, and racking of the Brains, and profound Thinking, a restless Desire of growing Greater, and dreadful Fears and Apprehensions of being disgraced, and good Counsels baffled by meer Chance and Hazard. Thrice wretched those, says our good Man, that are in love with thee and thy heaviness, Heaven keep me ever from thee, and rake thee they that will.

He still went on, and lifted a Thousand and Thousand more, but he found them all too heavy; these were crammed full of ill Looks and sad Complaints, and those with unbounded vast Desires, others with Envy, jealousies, and Fears, and some few with Satiety of Pleasures. Ye Gods! and is there then no easy Condition to be had? says our discontented Seeker. But why do I complain now I think on it? What I have already does not weigh near so heavy as this.

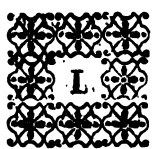
It would weigh much less, says *Jupiter*, if he that enjoys it was not ignorant of what it is: It is this Ignorance only that gives it weight. I am not such a Fool neither as that comes to; let me keep what I have, I entreat your Divinity, says the Man. Well, be it so, says *Jupiter*, 'tis your own still. Farewel; and learn henceforward never to complain of your Condition.

The



The Two L I Z A R D S.

F A B L E XII.


L N a Corner of a Wood along the River side, Two Lizards (sworn Friends) were basking in the Sun. My Dear, says one to the other, How mean and contemptible is our Condition ! Is there any Thing like it in the World ! For my part, I think we are the unhappiest Mortals alive. Indeed we breathe (and we may make the most of it) but that's all ; scarce any Body knows us. No Rank, no Distinction. Thrice cursed Destiny, that gave me no other Fate than to crawl and creep about the World like a Worm !

Besides, as People say, there are in other Countries (beyond Sea) Lizards of prodigious

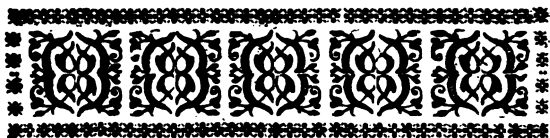
gious Size; Crocodiles * I think they call them, had I been born one of them 'twould have been something like, I might then have had my share of Honour and Respect. I would then have brought up the old Fashion, when Mankind received their Laws from the River Nile; Then should I have been adored in Clouds of Incense like a *Pagoda* †, and have preserved the Dignity of my high Rank and Station.

My dear Friend, says the other Lizard, what is the Cause of all your Uneasiness? Why do you thus complain? Do you count it nothing to live at Liberty, free from Care and Trouble? The Air, the whole Country, the Water, the Sun, are all our own. Let us therefore enjoy them, nothing need trouble us here. But you will say, Man despises us, and what then? Don't we know how to repay that proud Animal as he deserves? Let us despise him too.

O! you have a very mean Soul; replies the ambitious Lizard. No, no, my obscure way of Living makes me distracted; I would attract the Eyes of the whole

* The Crocodile is shaped like a Lizard, and was in old Times adored in Ægypt. Some of them, as Travelers report, are Forty Feet in length.

† An Idol adored in the Indies.



The Gods of Egypt.

FABLE XVIII.



Heretofore in *Egypt* every Beast was a God, so much on the other Hand was Man become a Beast. That poor Animal which otherwise had neither House nor Home had its Temple and Holiday.

One Day in the Cats Temple they made a pompous Sacrifice of a Milk White Rat without spot or stain. The next Day was a Festival sacred to the Honour of the God Rat, for it seems every God had its Day; and to make him propitious nothing less than a Cat must bleed at his Altars.

Well, Puss marched very gravely along, crowned with Flowers and Ribbons, attended by a solemn Procession of Priests, who
ex-

extolled to the Skies the Praises of the great God Rat. There was Chaunting enough, Hymns and Anthems in abundance, Bass, Treble, and Counter Tenor, and such Quaverings as you never heard the like.

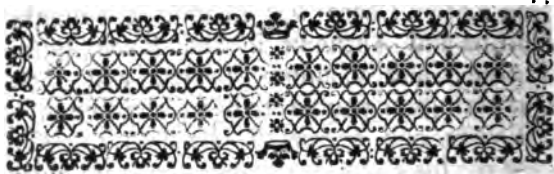
Every one entreated the Rat to take care of his Farm. Do not punish us, dear God Rat, with the Insults of these wicked Cats, and may the Blood of this here revenge thy Cause.

He a God! cries the Cat; you cannot think so, what then am I that eat him? It was but Yesterday you sacrificed to me, for me your Censers smoked; why do you thus pass from one Extreme to another? I was a God and am now a Victim.

This was such a Reproach that gave no small Trouble, however, one Stroke of the Hatchet solved the Difficulty.



WE are all of us *Egyptians*, and as like them, and as ridiculously Idolatrous. What are our Passions but our Gods, which as Occasion serves we sacrifice the one to the other.



The Covetous MAN and
MINOS.

FABLE XIX.

Of all the Vices Man is guilty
of Avarice is the most ridicu-
led. Indeed it is the foolish-
est of all. It would be but
just to toss it in a Blanket; for
my part, I'll lend a helping Hand, and
would *Apollo* but permit me for once to sup-
ply his Place, I'd arm every Author against
this stupid Vice, not a Soul of *Parnassus* but
should inveigh against it.

But perhaps it may be said, That the
Subject is quite worn out, for in what Age
and Climate has it not been laugh'd at?
What will you say? Or rather, What will
you not say? I'll tell you, Paint the Miser
in

in his foolish Penury, Belzebub's infamous Hermit, the Devil's Fryer, who has made his Vows upon his own Gold to renounce it; who treats himself at his own cursed Table like an impudent Parasite, whom he would dismiss with a stinking Dish.

For when Vice is obstinate and stubborn Satire must be so too. Go then and laugh at it from Theatre to Theatre till you have put it out of Countenance, and sufficiently corrected it. But do not make use of the stout Arm of *Hercules* *; that would be superfluous; the Features of *Momus* † will suffice. Surely Avarice can be no more when it sees it self ridiculed. Does not the Miser see this? Is not the Picture well drawn? Will he be ignorant (when it is clearly shewn) of this Truth; that by depriving himself of all Things for fear of future Want, he really brings on himself those Evils he so much stands in fear of?

But let one never so much laugh at him. I see he is insensible, and if he is not moved at any Satire 'tis because he cannot get a Barthing by it. And ——— But where.

* *Hercules was Jupiter's Son and conquered many Monsters.*

† *Momus was the God of Railery and Satire.*

am I going? The Cure of this Dissemper is impossible, for a Vice that is without Shame can never be corrected.



AFTER having heaped up an immense Treasure a certain Miser died of Want, and carried nothing along with him but a Penny *, which yet was begrudged him, for such is the Humour of all Heirs, leave them Mountains of Gold they will scarce allow the Dead either Coffin or Bier.

The Soul of our Miser came to Styx † at the very instant that Charon ‡ (like a Dutch Ferry-Man) was gathering his Passage Geld, and pushing back those who had not wherewith to pay their Fare. Our Miser, who was so much in love with his Penny, did not care to part with it, but was thinking how to cheat the Ferry-Man, and accordingly, in the sight of the old Fellow, throws himself into the River. He might cry as long as he

* The Antients put a Penny into the Mouth of their Dead to pay their Passage into Hell.

† Styx was the River of Hell.

‡ Charon Hell's Ferry-man.

would

would the Miser never heeded him, but swam on till he came to the other side.

Cerberus * when he saw him barked three Times, which dreadful Howling roused the three Black Sisters †, who in a Moment came to seize this hardy Ghost who had thus cheated his infernal Majesty of his Customs, and brought him before Lord *Minos*, one of *Pluto's* Justices of the King's Bench.

The Case was new, and gave the Court much trouble. His Lordship's Brain was at work in considering of the Nature of the Crime, and what Punishment was due to it. Does the Soul of this miserable Wretch, says he, deserve the Torment of *Tantalus* || ? Or that of *Ixion* § ? Or shall we send him to relieve *Prometheus* ¶ ? Or help *Sisyphus* *

* *Cerberus* was a Dog with three Heads, that kept the Gates of *Hades*.

† The three Sisters *Alecto*, *Tisiphone* and *Megera*.

|| He was cast into the middle of a River, and tormented with a burning Thirst which he never could quench, because as he stoop'd to drink, the Water continually slid away from him.

§ He was condemned to be turned round for ever on a Wheel of Serpents.

¶ He was continually gnawed by a Vulture.

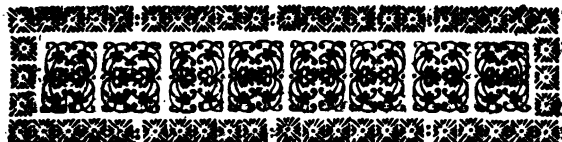
* He was to roll a great Stone up to the Top of a high Mountain till it stop'd, which was never to be; since it was decreed it should continually tumble down again.

to roll his Stone ? Or would it not be better to oblige him to fill the Tun where the detestable Sisters † for ever labour in vain ? No, continues his Lordship, he must be punished more, the Torments here are nothing. Let him return to the World : Open the Gates there, I condemn him to see what Use his Heirs makes of his Money.

† These were the Danaides, who for having killed their Husbands on the Wedding Night, were condemned to fill a Tun that had Holes in it.



COURT



COURT FABLES.



BOOK II.



The Two ORACLES.

FABLE I.

*To His most Serene Highness Mon-
seigneur the Duke.*

My Lord,

Esteem it nothing to give you
the Title of Valiant, for Valiant
and CONDE' are the same, and I
should be ashamed to make an ill
Repetition of the same Sense.

It is a noble Candor, ~~an~~ heroick Integrity I celebrate in you. O! how France
loves

loves to see **CONDÉ** the **TRUE**, entrusted with the mighty Charge of forming for her a King !

LEWIS will know in you, that his Court must be the Temple of Truth ; and if Falshood shall have the Impudence to appear there, the insolent Thing must expect to be treated like a Traytor. From your sincere Mouth he will often hear that he is only King for our Good. And Heaven in your Heart has taken care to pour out all that must regulate his.

Watch therefore over this Soul committed to your Care ; may his Virtues encrease with his Years, and may Flattery, banished from him for ever, seek Refuge in other Courts. There she'll be sure to find a safe Asylum. Kings suffer her too much, which is their greatest Fault. She corrupts, in short, the best of Princes. But take you care at least (by sending her elsewhere) never to let her lodge with our King.



ONCE upon a Time a certain King of Greece attended by all his Nobles, went to the Temple of *Delphos* to consult the Oracle.

He

He had a mind to know such Friends whose Fidelity he need not doubt of; but the greatness of his Station is an Obstacle to this sure Judgment. For how to distinguish the Friend of his Person from the Friend of his Crown, Zeal from Interest, and real Love from what only appeared so, was what troubled the Heart of this Monarch.

In this Perplexity he went alone into the Temple, and asked *Apollo* by what Mark he should know one that was worthy of that fine Title of a *True Friend*. And have you a desire, says *Apollo*, to have such a one? He is your *True Friend* who shall dare to tell you the *Truth* be it never so disagreeable. That is your Man, make much of him. Adieu.

The King came out, but took no notice what had been told him. Immediately the whole Court went in, and every Soul of them asked the Oracle how they might make a Friend of their Master. By Flattering always, says the Oracle, in every Thing he says or does: False Praise pleases, and Pride seconds it. Don't speak Truth whatever you do, for if you do, you are undone.

This God knew very well what People he had to deal with. But how did this double

Oracle end? You shall hear presently.

Every one being thus warned came to the Feast to which the Prince, who designed to prove on them his Destiny, had invited them. My Friends, says he to them, just as they began to be Merry; let Liberty reign, your Friendship, I ask no more, we are all equal. But to begin, pray tell me my Faults.

If you have any, my Leige (said they all in a Chorus) 'tis because you believe we can find them in you. And then the Glass went merrily about, *Vive le Roy*, Huzza! But there was one old Courtier (of the Queen's) that did not speak one Word. Well, says the King, and what are you dreaming of? I dream of your Honour, says he, every one here flatters you; I don't like it; you have a hundred Virtues to embellish History, this I own with Joy, and I know their Value. But I am afraid one Fault has escaped your Memory, and that is, your Laurels wither; you love Wine too much, and sometimes you are fuddled; and, let me tell you, that takes off a great deal of the Majesty of your Face.

Insolent! says the King, there, take the Reward of your audacious Folly, and threw his javelin at him that pierced him through. Well, Sir, says the dying Lord, I see at last
my

my Friendship has drawn on me your Hate ;
 I consulted the Oracle, and it foretold me
 certain Death if I *dared* to tell my King
the Truth. Hurried on by an Excess of Zeal
 I could not hold my Peace, and — thus —
 am — punished.


What have I done ? says the King, pardon
 ye angry Gods, restore my Friend ; I ac-
 knowledge his sincere Zeal, he truly loved
 me ; and will you leave me up to this cruel
 Troop of Flatterers ? To whom his faithful
 Friend made this Reply, I die Content if
 you make a good use of this Reflection.





The MAGPYE.

FABLE II.


A Farmer of the King's Revenues had a Deputy, the Deputy a Footman, and the Footman a Magpye. And though they were every one of them Friends to Rapine, yet of the Four the Magpye was the least.

For in the first Place the Farmer robbed the King, in the second Place the Deputy robbed the Farmer, the Footman cheated his Master, and the Magpye made a hand of the Gains of the Footman. And thus their whole Life was nothing but a Circle of cheating one another.

However, the Footman missing every Day some of his Pieces, What is the meaning of

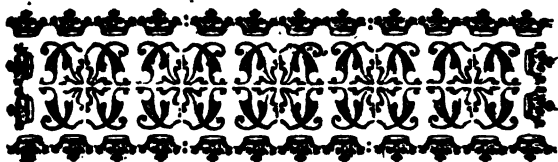
of this? says he, What Rogue is it that thus cheats me? I am sure no Soul comes here but the Magpye. Upon which he watched her, and alas! caught her in the very Fact. He saw Mrs. *Margaret* jump upon the Table, and casting an Eye looking towards the Door, whips up a piece of Money in her Beak, and very gently hops up with it into the Garret, for there, you must know, she kept a strong Box, heaping up Riches without enjoying them. But others do so besides her.

So, says the Footman, surprizing her, I've found you out and my Money too, you are a very pretty Creature truly, I shall cheat my Master for you, shall I? And you have all the Profit and I the Pains!

At these Words he pronounced Sentence of Death, at which Mrs. *Margaret* after her way fell down on her Marrow Bones; Take pity upon me, she cried, a little more Compassion, for in reality I have done nothing but what you all do. Either through Justice or Mercy grant me the like Pardon as you your selves would expect.


This Petition was very reasonable, but the inexorable Footman put an end to her Discourse by twisting off her Head. Thus little Rogues are punished first.

The Weakest goes to the Wall.



The BOY and the NUTS.

FABLE III.

 How I am in love with a simple Image, which in Appearance seems only a Lesson for a Child, and yet encloses in it an important Precept, and is instructive to the wise.

The greatest Truths charm us under this Disguise; we do not give much Attention, and yet one sees them on a sudden. This Surprise gives them Strength and Vigor. Give us an Example say you. Well, I will, but to speak like a Philosopher to you, Be contented with the middle State; it will not cost you loss of Rest, or Money, you may enjoy it without much difficulty.

But

But I see your Mind is agitated with a thousand Projects, your Desires have no Limits; all Fortunes are too little for you; you would have every Thing, and therefore every Thing flies from you.

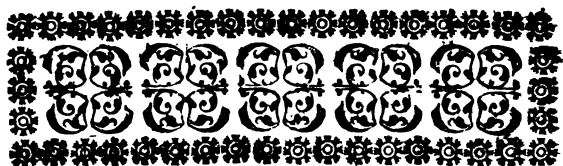
These are fine Lessons indeed, but Man pursues his restless Appetite; what must I do to make him come to himself? Why, I'll ev'n tell him a Fable, and that will do it.



A Certain Boy (I borrow this from *Epictetus* *) half a Glutton and half a Fool, put his Hand into a Pot where were a great many Figs and Nuts, he grasp'd as many as he could hold, and would have pulled his Hand out, but the narrowness of the Neck hindred him. Upon this he burst into Tears, and sadly bemoaned himself: He would have them all but could not get his Hand out.


One that stood by (and I say the same to a Man) only grasp half the Quantity my Boy, and you'll have it.

* A Stoick Philosopher who lived under Nero, and left behind him great Lessons of Morality.



The LINK *and the* MOLE.

FABLE IV.

 Eretofore in the Age of Fables, in the Time when there were Sirens *, Sphinxes †, Centaurs ‡, and the like, lived one S. Timothy Link §, the very Argus ¶ of Animals, whose Sight was so piercing

* Mermaids, or Sea Nymphs, half Women half Fish, renowned for their Singing.

† Sphinx was the Name of a Monster partly Eagle, Woman and Lion, and famous for the Riddles she proposed.

‡ Half Men half Horses.

§ An Animal that can see (as they say) through a Stone Wall.

¶ Argus sent by Juno to spy into Jupiter's Love Intrigues, and who was supposed to have a hundred Eyes.

that

that it never found any Obstacle. He could see through a Stone Wall with more ease than the Sun Beams pierce a Cloud.

One Day as he was sitting under a Hedge whetting his Teeth, and waiting for his Prey. (for you must know he was a professed Hunter) he chanced to see a Mole lurking in her Hole under Ground. Ah! says he, poor Soul, how I pity thee, what hast thou to do with Life? Poor Creature, thou hast no Eyes. *Jupiter* certainly was no better than a Fool when he made thee, to take away from thee the Light of the Day which rejoices the whole Creation. You do very well to hide your self under Ground; for my part, I take you to be half dead, and 'twould be a Kindness, methinks, to eat you up.

As to that, indeed Sir, I must ask your pardon (says the Mole) I am very sensible I am entirely alive. It is true I have no Eyes, but what then, must one blame *Jupiter* for that? O my Soul now, and I would have you believe me, I think he has done very well by me. Has he any need of our Advice? He has been so gracious to bestow upon me an Ear, which is more valuable to me than Eyes, and serves me to all Intents and Purposes as well. Hark, for Example, it hears this Moment, while I am speaking to

to you, a strange Noise behind you, and I am afraid to your Prejudice. Haste away and avoid the Danger.

And what was this? But the drawing of a Bow-string, whence flew an Arrow which with mortal Stroke sent our *Argus* to the Realms of eternal Night.



HENGE learn, all ye indiscreet Devisers of other Men, that you know nothing. The Gifts of Heaven are justly divided, and every one has what is proper for him;



The

The Two DREAMS.

FABLE V.

VARIETY, to thee I have
 vowed my Heart, and he that
 has lost sight of thee, tho' but
 for a Moment, falls into a kind
 of languid Heaviness. No
 Thing continues long to charm; thou only
 canst delight and please for ever. I pity
 the Reader when thou withholdest thy
 Graces from the Author.

Preside then over my Tales, preside over
 my Images, paint thy self in my Landships.
 Let us change our Objects and our Climate.
 Lead me in my Works from Earth to Hell,
 and from Hell to Heaven; Nature is scarce
 fertile enough, every Thing has been said,
 and all grown common.

Conquerors would have a new World.
 'Tis in the Power of Authors to make one
 for themselves. Always Birds and Beasts,
 Woods, Plains, and Rivers, continually in
 the same Horizon ! This Confinement is no
 other than a Prison, but how to remedy
 this, is a Question.

The Graces are Companions of Variety,
 on which account, in my Works, I'll dress
 up Reason in a pleasant Garb, make her
 Gay and Airy ; I'll bring upon the Stage a
 Maggot that believes himself a Person of
 Importance. After that, *Jupiter* from his
 shining Throne shall gratify Mankind.
 Thence I descend to the infernal Realms
 (where stern *Minos* sits as Judge) and give
 Language to the dead. To Day I am in the
 North, to Morrow shall be in *Africa* ; this
 Day I am an *Iroquois*, the next entirely *Per-
 sian*. Gay, Serious, Gallant, or Political,
 I will be every Thing as far as is consistent
 with Truth.

Come then my Muse, put on the Turbant,
 and paint me out the Dreams of a Grand
 Seignior.





TWO Dreams, great Liars, one Black and Melancholy, the other White and Red like Coral and Alabaster, went out one Morning together from the *Scraglio* *.

The White Dream took a Slave for his Domestick, and the Black would be contented with nothing less than the GRAND SEIGNIOR.

Some Time after in the dusk of the Evening they met each other. Well, says the White Dream to the Black, have you sufficiently tormented your Man? Yes, that I have, says the other. Twenty Times, at least, I made him start out of his Sleep; scarce had he composed himself again to rest, but a more dreadful Scene ensued. He fancied he saw his Brother delivered out of Prison by a Traytor *Janizary* †, and himself thrown violently from his Throne and ready to be strangled: He awoke all troubled and in Tears. I waited till he began

* *The Grand Seignior's Palace.*

† *A Soldier of the Sultan's Guard; they are very numerous, and formidable when they revolt.*

to sleep again, when immediately I transformed my self into a second *Tamerlane* ||. I attacked his Highness, and surprized his Capital, and all Things submitted to my Power: I made a terrible Slaughter of his Children, and like another *Bajazet* put him into a Cage.

At this he gave new Starts, and as soon as he had reposed himself again upon his Pillow, I raised new Phantoms still more dreadful. In short, I tortured him as I could wish. This was my Task every Night. I corrupted his *Viziers* *, the *Musti* † declared against him, his Guards revolt, and a Sultaneß stabs him to Death with her Poignard. These were my little Pleasures. I made the Nights so dreadful and horrid that the succeeding Days could not efface their Terrors.

Ay, says the White Dream, but I served my Man quite otherwise, all my Skill was to make him Happy, and to refresh his Spirits. Scarce had he laid himself down on his poor Matress, and entred into his first

|| *An Emperor of the Tartars who conquered Bajazet the Sultan, and put him into an Iron Cage, who afterwards beat his Brains out against the Bars.*

* *The Chief Ministers of State to the Grand Seignior.*

† *Chief Priest in the Law of Mahomet.*

Sleep,

Sleep, but I made him a Sultan in a Moment. He mounted the Throne and assembled the *Divan* *, made Laws, declared War, and added Conquest to Conquest till he made himself Lord of the Universe, and the whole World *Mahometan*.

Then to divert himself after the glittering Cares of Royalty, he went from one Sultaneſs to another, talked to them a thousand ſoft Things of Love, examined particularly their Charms, and having well conſidered each Beauty, caſt down the well-come Handkerchief †.

I pleaſed his Sight with nothing but the beautiful Pictures of the *Albani*, *Raphael*, and *Michael Angelo di Buonarota* ‖. Every Night through my Skill and Addreſs I placed him in *Mahomet's* § Paradife.

* *The Grand Seignior's Council of State.*

† *The Grand Seignior by throwing down his Handkerchief to the Sultaneſs he moſt fancies, gives her to underſtand ſhe muſt be his Bed-fellow that Night.*

‖ *The moſt famous Painters of Italy.*

§ *Mahomet promiſed nothing in the other Life but ſenſual Pleaſures.*




OH troublesome Probleme ! Oh thorny Question ! Which of these two Conditions shall we chuse ? A Life is often Happy or Unfortunate by those Circumstances we do not see. An ambitious Man in quest of Honours and mighty Power is haunted with the sable Dream. *We envy the State of the Great, because we only see their Pomp, but never know their Sorrows.*





The APES turn'd SAILORS.

FABLE VI.

 Ship laden with a Colony of Apes from the Forest of *Narsinge*, dropt Anchor in a certain Port. The vent of this Commodity was very certain in this Country, for the King loved them mightily. But whether in this he had a good or bad Taſt Authors are not determined. The People however had the ſame Inclination, for the People are ever conformable to their Lord, and take Example from the Court.

If the Prince has got a Cold, the Courtier coughs, and the Faſhion runs over the whole Kingdom in a Moment.

Our Merchant went aſhore to inform the Town of their Lading, while the whole

Crew went to drink, and not a Soul was left on board but the Apes. Their President (a very able Persian) rising up, Gentlemen, says he, I am thinking of something for our Advantage, Let us free our selves from this Slavery, Fortune now smiles on us, let us hasten our return. You have observed what Management governs the Winds and Waves, let's try our Skill, I'll be the Pilot and you the Mariners,

Huzzah, cry'd the whole Company, and threw up their Caps, Liberty, Liberty, my Lads.

Upon this they weighed Anchor, the Sails were unfurled, and the Ship went merrily on before the Wind. There you might have seen many a nimble little Powder-Monkey skipping from Yard to Yard, and climbing up the Masts; while the old Ape planted himself very gravely at the Helm, affecting all the Grimaces of a careful Pilot. You would certainly have taken him for another *Tiphis* * by his demure Phiz.

My Lads, says he, there's a Storm a coming, I see an ugly black Cloud yonder,

* *Tiphis was Pilot of the Ship Argo which carried the Argonauts to Colchis for the Golden Fleece.*

the Sky begins to look a little Greasy *, the Sea too swells and blackens, we shall have stormy Weather that's certain, but fear nothing.

Indeed as to the Storm he made a right Judgment, but it was another Case in respect of his Art, for the Winds in a Moment displayed their Rage, and repeated Thunders with their horrid Roar frightened the poor Crew out of their Wits, and they thought themselves every Moment within two Inches of Destruction.

This made them do at all Adventures what they saw the Sailors, but very foolishly, and every Thing quite wrong, for when they should have furled the Sails they did the contrary, and instead of avoiding a Rock as they intended, their skilful Pilot steered directly upon it. And as they had observed on the like Occasion that the Sailors would Swear and Curse and make Vows, so did our Apes, they swore, and prayed and vowed. Thus Cursing, Swearing and Praying, they did as well (or rather as ill) as they could.

But alas ! what signified all their blind Industry and unskilful Toil ? The Vessel

* An Expression among the Sailors when a Storm is gathering.

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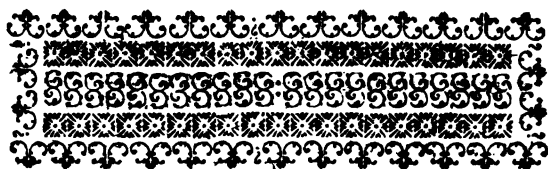
touched on a Rock and split in a thousand Pieces before their Eyes, and the whole Crew were swallowed up in the Deep.



TAKE Warning, all ye Imitators of other Mens Works, by my Apes: You'll certainly split upon a Rock, your Art will not possibly bring you off.




The



The ROSE and the BUT- TER-FLY.

FABLE VII.

 **W**HAT is become of that Age when Nature continually smiled on Human Kind? That Golden Age the Picture of which still pleases and delights us? This is a sweet tho' vain and fruitless Wish.

But I do not here recall those serene Days, and calm and happy Nights, when Nature was most gay, beautiful and charming; when FLORA had more Variety of Flowers, more Fruits POMONA. This is not what gives me the least Chagrin or Uneasiness; no, I regret other Delights than these; naked Faith, and simple Candor. Virtues that possessed the Heart, and even
an

an Ignorance of what was criminal and vicious.

Yes, these were the Treasures of this happy Age, when Discourse was not dress'd up with designing Art, nor Words and Thoughts fatally separated by an eternal Divorce. And what? will some one say, Were these Creatures Men? So singular in their Conduct, and so different from us!

Yes, this was certainly the Case, these good honest People were our Fore-fathers. And can you believe Gentlemen that you are their Posterity? That you are descended from such sincere Ancestors? Now a-days you give Lessons of continual Falshood, every Thing is deceitful and corrupted. Oaths and Promises are meer Songs; he is an Ass that trusts to the one, and a Fool that keeps the other.

To see our selves in this unhappy State, makes us at present regret no more the Golden Age. No, it would be too much to wish for the return of those blest Hours. The utmost of my Wishes is to have the Brazen * Age return, for at that Time flourished my beautiful Coquet.

* The Poets said there were four Ages of the World, the Golden Age, the Silver Age, the Brazen Age, and the Iron Age.



O N C E upon a Time there was a Rose growing in a fine Garden full of beautiful Flowers, which had an eager desire to triumph over all the blooming Flowers of the Spring.

A youthful Butter-Fly with gay shining, painted Wings, fit to be her Favourite, at the rising of the Sun fighed out to her his tender Passion. The Rose blushed and fighed. In those Days it was not so as with us, no room for long Delays, they soon struck up the Bargain.

I am yours, my Soul, says he, and I am always yours, says she, my Dear, my Life, my All, and swore for ever to be true.

The contented Butter-Fly left her for a Time, and did not return at Noon. And are all your Flames so lovely, so sincere, so soon grown cold and languid? It is an Age (it was about three or four Hours) since you have paid your Vows to me the sworn Mistress of your Heart.

I've seen you, ungrateful as you are, in this very Place, wandering from Flower to Flower, and bestowing those Blissful which I claim my own. How have I seen you kiss the Violet, the filliest

filliest and most awkward Flower alive, a Wretch no Soul regards in this Enclosure; but, swarthy as she is, it seems she has her Charms.

Nay, you've caressed the sensless Tulip; paid your Devotions to that yellow faced Gill-flirt the Jonquille, and the Tuberose with her stinking Breath. Is it thus you betray me, perfidious Creature? And are you pleased in doing so?

My young Master the Butter-Fly answered her in the same Stile. You do well, Madam, Conquer as you are, thus to condemn my little Airs; but I have only done like you. For I must tell you, I am not such a blind Fool, but have taken Notice of your volatile Amours.

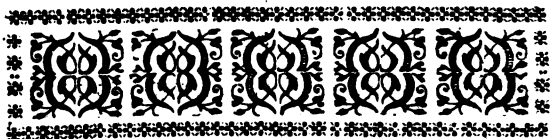
With what excess of Pleasure have I seen you smile at the endearing Breathings of the amorous *Zephire*! This indeed I could excuse. But not content with that, I've seen you wonderfully pleased with the eager Kissings of the Bee. This sweet Gentleman had no sooner taken his leave, but like an Insatiate, you admitted the rude Embraces of the clownish Hornet; nay, you have prostituted your self to every little scandalous Fly. In short, you refuse the Homage of no Christian Soul. Every one is very welcome it seems in his Turn.

P R O-



PROVIDENCE in Love has so ordered it, that Justice should proportionably be distributed to every Body, it is therefore but highly reasonable, that a Coquette should ever find a wandering and inconstant Lover.





The ELM *and the* NUT- TREE.

FABLE VIII.



UPON the Brow of a high and lofty Mountain Lord of the neighbouring Plain, lived an Elm hard by a Nut-Tree. They were very good Friends, and frequently conversed together.

Says the Elm one Day to the Nut-Tree, Truly, my dear Friend, I have Reason to complain of my cruel Destiny ; I am indeed very Tall, Green and Strong, but very Barren withal, no Fruit, let me do what I will ; I shall never bear any that's certain ; Nature has done me a great deal of Wrong : I make a fine Shade and that's all, and this vexes me to Death.

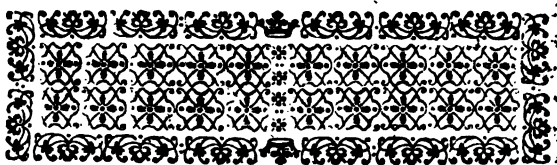
His

His Neighbour, the Nut-Tree, comforted him as well as she could. I know it makes you uneasy that you cannot have Issue like me; I have too much of what you want. But what would you have? Heaven bestows its Graces as it pleases, not as we would have them. Why now, you are Higher than I by twenty Foot, this is Heaven's Gift to you, it has bestowed others on me. I have undoubtedly, in all Respects, the better Fortune. Fruit certainly looks well upon us; and in my Opinion, a Tree that cannot bring forth Fruit is but half a Tree and no more. Comfort your self then, my Dear, you will never get any Thing by Murmuring against the Gods; in short, one must be content with what Nature has allotted us.

The jabling Nut-Tree would have went on, had not a Company of Boys interrupted her Discourse, and cruelly engaged her with Sticks and Stones. The poor Creature had not one Nut but cost her a Wound at least, for she received a Hundred at a Time. Adieu now Fruit and Leaves, happy was he who could secure the most in his Pockets; but this was not all, without any Ceremony they climbed up, and unmercifully broke down her Branches and stripp'd her entirely.


























At last, laden with Nuts, they retired under the Shade of the peaceful Elm, where they fell a cracking of their Prey, which they soon devoured. The Elm looked down and saw all; Well, says he, like a sage Philosopher, 'Tis A MISFORTUNE SOMETIMES TO BE TOO USEFUL.





The CAMELEON.

FABLE IX.






 WO of those Sort of Gentle-





 men who would see every





 Thing, tho' they travelled





 over all the World, who for





 the sake of saying, *I have seen*
it and ought to know it, have (if you'll be-
 lieve them) traversed the whole Globe.

In short, two Travellers (no matter for
 their Names) were once upon a Time trot-
 ting on in the Plains of *Arabia*, and discour-
 sing of the Nature of the *Camelion* *. A
 wonderful Creature this *Camelion*! (says one
 of them) and very particular! I never saw.

* *What is said here of the Camelion has been report-
ed by Travellers.*

the like in my Life; his Head shaped like a Fish, his little Body perfectly *Lizard*, with his long Tail, his four little Paws with three Fingers, his Motion so slow, he can scarce travel a Foot in a Month's Time, and above all, his Colour deep *Mazarine Blue* and ———

Hold there I beseech you, I must here beg your Pardon indeed Sir, for it is a beautiful Green; I have seen him with these two Eyes of mine very plain, and as long as I pleased; he was then basking in the Sun with his Mouth wide open, sucking in the pure Air for his Dinner.

Don't be angry, replies the other, he is Blue, I observed him at better Advantage than you did, for he was then in the Shade. He is Green, I say. Blue, I tell you. You lie. And so they went to it, when there came by a Third. Hey Dey, Gentlemen, says he, what a Devil are you both Mad? Stop a little, and let me know the Cause of this Difference. With all my Soul, says one of our Combatants, and be you Judge of the Quarrel. Our Dispute was about the *Camelion*, and what Colour he was of. *Monsieur* here says he is Green, and I say he is Blue. Now, pray Sir ———

Agree, agree, says our grave Judge, for to tell you the Truth he is neither, he is
Coal

Coal Black. Last Night, I am sure, I examined him very carefully, and here I have him in my Handkerchief.

No, no, that is impossible, says one of the Contenders, he is Green, I'll give you my Word and Honour. He is Blue, by G——, says the other, and I'll lay my Soul on't.

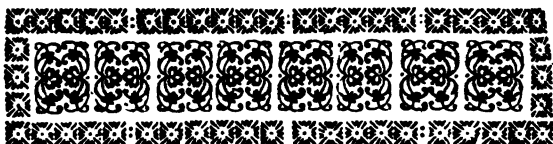
* *Gentlemen, are you not a couple of very silly Fellows, when I know he is Black, and to confute you both look here, and opened his Handkerchief, and the poor Creature, to the Astonishment of both Judge and Parties, appeared as White as Snow.*

Get you about your Business, says the *Cameleon*, like Three childish Creatures as you are. You are all right, and all in the wrong. Believe henceforward there are Eyes as good as your own. Speak your own Sentiments, but don't be such Fools as to imagine you can make every Man's Judgment submit to yours.

To Man the whole Creation is a Cameleon.

* *Words a learned Person is very fond of in his Advertisements.*

APOLLO,



APOLLO, MERCURY, *and* *the* SHEPHERD.

FABLE X.

AN is ungrateful, it is his pre-
dominant Vice, he solicites a
MBenefit as a Grace and Favour,
as soon as he has received it, it
ceases to be so, 'tis then an Act
of Justice.

When a prime Minister of State is made,
his Palace must be enlarged for his Flat-
terers, but as soon as he ceases to be the
Dispenser of high Posts of Honour and Pro-
fit, he is left in a wretched Solitude, and
deserted even by his own Servants. The
Crowd presses on where there is something
to be had, but when one has no more to give
the Hurry is over.

This

This is the Way of the World, but is it just? Those Pleasures and Advantages which we receive from a gracious Hand, demand at least our hearty Acknowledgment, to retain this Debt is to rob our Benefactor.

But let us, without any Views of Interest, oblige Mankind. Let the bare Honour and Reputation of serving them pay that Service. Virtue in this respect supplies the Place of Avarice, and pays her self with her own Hands.



APOLLO the most obliging God alive, and *Mercury* the most waggish, laid once a Wager. People adore me for my Bounty, says *Apollo*, and me for my Ill-Nature, says *Mercury*, and I am sure, for that Reason, to have more Votaries and greater Reputation. Come, let us make trial of our Authority, and he of us Two who has the first Sacrifice shall win the Wager. To this *Phœbus* readily agreed.

Apollo at that instant spied a Shepherd (who awakened the Ecchoes with the Sounds of his chearful Pipe) and threw a Present in
his

his Way ; this was a Stone, whereon were written these Words, viz.

In this Place lyes a Treasure, APOLLO. tells you so.

Is it possible ? says the Shepherd, throwing by his Pipe. O Heavens ! What Luck is this ? Immediately he turns up the Stone and found the Treasure. He looked at it with Eyes of Joy, and told it over. This Sum, says he, makes me Happy for ever, I'll buy an Estate, and set up a splendid Equipage ; Adieu for ever my poor Flock, Adieu, *Colin* is no more your Man.

While he was in this Soliloquy, drunk with his good Fortune, his Thoughts wandred, and his Eyes roved, *Mercury*, the malicious God, stole it away in a moment.

Colin recalled his wandring Sight, and would once more have the Pleasure of viewing the Golden Mass before he removed, but, alas ! it was no more. Just Gods, says he, and was this a Dream ? No, I am awake, my Eyes are open, here is the Hole and the Stone too I just now turned up.

This said, he looked a little nearer, and saw these Words inscribed.

APOLLO

APOLLO gave it you, and MERCURY has taken it.

O Heavens! has *Mercury* taken it away?
O cruel Destiny! At this poor *Colin* fell on
his Marrow Bones. Take pity on me, dear
God *Mercury*, says he, sighing as if his
Heart would break. Calm your Rage propi-
tious Deity? I'll offer you the finest Lamb
in my Fold.

He no sooner said this but it was done,
and with Tears in his Eyes he sets Fire to
the Wood and the poor Beast expired.

Mercury laughed aloud in Heaven, and
without troubling his Head with the Shep-
herd's impertinent Sacrifice and Prayers
and Tears; Camerade, says he to *Apollo*,
I've won the Wager by *Jupiter*.

Interest always prevails, Gratitude never.





The C H E E S E.

F A B L E X I.

~~OF THE CATS~~ **W**O Cats had by some Means
~~OF THE CATS~~ or other (no matter how) got
~~OF THE CATS~~ **T** a Cheese between them, to
~~OF THE CATS~~ which they had undoubtedly an
 equal Right. Disputes (as they
 often happen on ill gotten Goods) arose be-
 tween them how to make an equal Dividend,
 and to end the Controversy they mutually
 agreed Dame *Justice* should decide it.

Well, away these Contenters go to a
 Monkey, a Neighbour of theirs, who was
 chief Clerk to a Judge that lived in the Vil-
 lage, and whom ~~one would~~ take for my Lord
 himself, especially when he had his Furs
 and corner'd Cap on.

The

The Cheese was brought into Court before my Lord *Pug*, who sitting on the Bench, with a very serious and demure Countenance (you must think) coughed, put his Thumbs into his Girdle, and commanded Silence.

This done, he very gravely divides it into two Parts, and holding up the Scales with one Hand, puts in the two Pieces with the other ; We sit here to do Justice, says he, and therefore let us weigh this Matter with Circumspection. Let Equity always prevail, say I. So ; but — a — this Piece here out-weighs the other a little methinks ; and bites off a large bit.

O'my Conscience, says he, I believe now it will do, but it happened the other Piece drew down the Scale. Cod-so, says he, now this Piece is the heaviest, but I'll make both equal by and by, as you shall see, for I love to do the Thing that is right, and bites off another Piece for the same weighty Reason.

When he had made a third Trial one Scale only just drew down the other. 'Tis mighty well my Lord now, said the Cats, pray give it us, we are very well satisfied.

Satisfied ! why ay, you may be so indeed, quoth the Monkey, but if you are satisfied, Justice is not. You are a couple of ignorant Fellows (Lord, how was I mistaken ?) why now can you imagine that we will let Things

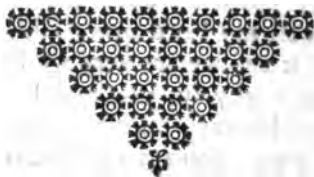
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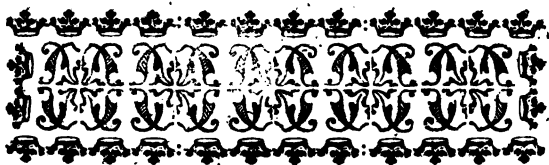
be

be decided after such a gross manner as you would have it. No, no, this is a nice Point, and we may perhaps direct a special Verdict (and began gently to nibble away from the larger Piece what he thought it might exceed the other in) and thus by strict Rules of Justice he had pretty well devoured good part of both Pieces.

The two Antagonists seeing this, desired however that they might have the rest for their Share. Soft and fair, good Gentlemen, says the Monkey, you may retire if you please, for what remains belongs to me for my Fees. For we must do Justice to our selves as well as other People, so you may go about your Business, and thank God it is no worse.

Could any Lawyer in the World have judged more *a propos*.





The ECLIPSE.

FABLE XII.

AR from our Tales be mighty
Energy; we leave the lofty
Stile to those daring Souls,
who fired with heroick Ardor,
celebrate the famed Exploits
of Gods and Demy-Gods.

I, who write of Brutes, a simple Fabulist,
must write most plain and easy, and follow
Nature in her Tracts. We know this well,
such are our Rudiments: But still let us be
careful to avoid the *Low*, which borders too
near on the *Familiar*.

An Author oftentimes has a mind to be
plain and simple without Address, and hap-
pens to be dull. No trivial Turn, no low

Images, *Apollo* expressly forbids it, he will have one gracefully Rustick, and elegantly Popular.

This is not so easy, I allow it, but what then, says the Reader, this is not my Business, get over this Difficulty your self. If your Works do but please me I never trouble my Head what Pains they may cost you; but then you may depend upon it, I shall commend you, and surely this Salary well deserves to be purchased.

You speak good Sense, dear Reader, and I allow this solid Way of Reasoning. An Author must chuse whether he will please or displease, to write with Ease or Care. It is by Labour that one hides the very Air of Labour, which in our Writings is so disgusting. A plain, beautiful Expression comes out of ones Head, and appears easy and natural when perhaps it has cost some Time to find it.

But let us return to the Stile of Fable, which must be easy, without Pride and Ambition, and have only, as Occasion requires, a higher Tone, and when it is most convenient to the Subject. We know every Rule has its Exception.

LA FONTAINE is simple and easy 'tis true, and yet LA FONTAINE calls the Wind that tore up the Oak by the Roots, *The most terrible*

*terrible Child that till then the North Wind
ever bore.*

He did well, the Fact deserved it. And now I am just in the same Condition, I raise my Voice a little, and can you blame me? Can I do less when I am going to paint the full Glories of the Sun.



THE Sun was one Day travelling over the azure Plains of Heaven in his glittering Car, preceded by the Hours, his radiant Glories pierced through the Regions of the Air, and from the high Realms of *Olympus* displayed the finest Day that ever the World beheld.

The Earth grew more beautiful, fertile and luxuriant; *Flora* * shone in every Climate in her Embroidery and Tissue, and *Ceres* † with her golden Tresses displayed her Treasures in the scattered Plains. A Thousand young Suns sparkled in the Water. In short, all Nature smiled, and it

* *The Goddess of Flowers.*

† *The Goddess of Corn.*

seemed as if the whole World had a mind by her Beauties to engage him to look on and admire her.

Ah! Says the Moon, this is too much, so much Splendor offends my Eyes. Does the Sun pretend to have the sole Dominion of Heaven, and reign Lord Puramount there? I must destroy that pompous importunate Lustre; so much Glory is injurious to my Person. I have a Thought in my Head, which when executed will teach the World what I am: It has ever belonged to Us to make beautiful and pleasant Nights; let us now, by right of Conquest, shew we can make fine Days too. The Sun gives too much Light, what I bestow is just enough.

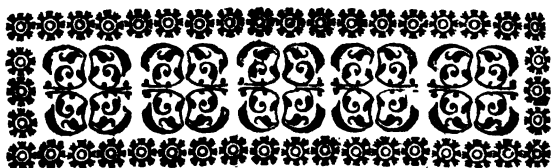
What she had projected the silly Fool put in Execution, and went and placed her self between Us and *Phabus*; and gave him Battle. But alas! What was the event of all this Struggle? Did she shine more for that? No, on the contrary, this Adventure, which spread a horrid Darkness over the whole Horizon, teaches us, that my Lady Moon was only an obscure Planet, and only borrowed her Light from the Sun her Brother.



BY this may Mankind see their Folly and Imprudence. We very often endeavour to make our selves esteemed by such mad Ways as serve to display our jealous Insufficiency the more.



M E R



MERCURY *and the* SHADES.

F A B L E XIII.

MERCURY* once upon a Time conducted some Shades to Hell. The first was a young Lady, the second a Father of a Family, the third a Hero, and the fourth, in short, — what d'ye think? — why? a Maker of Verses, a Poet, and't please ye.

These were all of a Company, and followed the *Caduceus* † very gravely, enter-

* One of the Employments of Mercury was to conduct Shades (or Souls) to Hell.

† This was the Name of the Wand Mercury received from Apollo in lieu of the Harp he gave him.

taining each other on the Road after this manner.

Alas! says the young Lady Shade, bewailing her Destiny, How they grieve for me above! My Lover (I read it in his Thoughts) dies for Sorrow. He has told me a thousand Times (and in such a moving Tone one could not but believe him) that in my Absence Life it self were nothing worth. What Love! what dear enchanting Words! what Sighs! what Languishments! each Moment faster tyed the am'rous Chain. To love me, to please me, was all his Pleasure, all his Glory. And though I'm dead, I'm sure I shall live for ever in his Memory.

As for my Part, says the Father Shade, I've left several Children above well born, and a good tender loving Wife, tho' I say it that should not say it, and they all loved me as their own Souls. I am very well satisfied in my Conscience that this very Moment they lament me as they ought: And upon my Word they'll think of me with Regret a long while, depend upon't. Poor Creatures! Heaven comfort them.

P'shaw, says the Hero, what are you? I died gloriously, after a thousand Battles. I am well satisfied that this very instant the Cries of the People make my funeral Oration.

tion. My Name will never die; but through the whole World beget Astonishment and Wonder.

Well, and what then? Says our Rhymers with a stern Countenance, what signifies it to mention *Achillas* * after *Homer* †, they are not to be named in a Day, People will read me all over, and get me by Heart. God knows, while I am speaking to you the World laments my Loss.

Hark ye me good Folks, Mistress, Father, Hero, Poet, says *Mercury*, you are every Soul of you confoundedly deceived.

As for you, pretty Miss, with your soft, languishing, killing Eyes, your Lover comforts himself for Loss of you with another that has captivated his Heart, to whom he sighs and whines as he did to you, and talks of Darts and Flames and Fires.

And then, Sir Father, your Children are together by the Ears in dividing what you left them, and your dear good natured Wife is cheating them too, as fast as she can; but the Devil a Word of you all the while; they are thinking on nothing but their Shares.

* *Achilles was the Son of Peleus and Thetis, and the most valiant amongst the Greeks at the Siege of Troy.*

† *A Greek Poet who writ the Trojan War.*

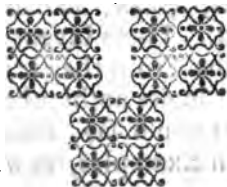
And

And now, Noble General, I must speak to you, prithee don't be uneasy at what is done above, for I do assure you they have already named your Successor. He is the Hero of the Day ; and his Renown has made him far more famous than his Predecessor.

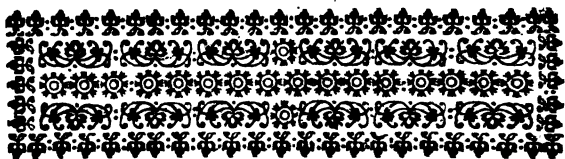
And, Lastly, Mr. *Author*, who could not comprehend that any one could out do you, you must know that every Soul above says that Death did mighty well in taking you away, for you began to grow very dull and stupid.



THESSE Shades deceived themselves, and we do just the same. When People are dead, like absent Friends, they are no longer thought of. When we die we leave the World as it is. To reckon on its regretting us, *is to reckon without ones Host.*



The



The C R A Y - F I S H.

F A B L E X I V.

E Inventors of Fables have a
 Right and Privilege to set off
 W our Works with every Thing
 that is probable, nay, even
 with what is false. We can if
 we please give you for certain Truths the
 Chimera's of past Ages. Let a Fact be false,
 'tis no matter, it is enough that it was once
 believed.

The *Phenix*, *Sphinx*, and *Sirens*, are all at
 our command. These Inventions fit well in
 Fable, and the Truth they bring with them
 to the Reader looses nothing by the way. But
 why, perhaps you'll say, may we not make
 use of modern Examples, as well as those of
 An-

Antiquity ? What were your *Plinys* * heretofore ? Our Moderns are, if you believe their Testimony, as good.

They know how to reject the common Opinion, which has no other Foundation than the Peoples Credulity. They'll look and examine Things a hundred Times over, and doubt of a Fact attested by all the World besides. Every Thing must be thoroughly discussed.

It is therefore upon the scrupulous Testimony of these Gentlemen I presume to introduce into my Works one of the most curious Facts in the World.

The Cray-Fish, it is said, may have new Claws; that is, as soon as one is broken another is kindly substituted in its room by Nature. A Claw then is a Magazine of Claws. You may laugh now, and fancy this a false Relation, but you may depend upon it, it is an undoubted Fact.

But you must take notice (by the way) that these new Claws do not grow with the same facility. There are some Places more favourable than others, and when she has accidentally broken her Claw at a Place less

* Pliny lived under the Emperor Vespasian, and the most considerable of his Works is his natural History.

proper for the Production of a new one, she breaks it again at a Place more convenient*. This is sufficient to premise. Come we now to the Fable.



A Cray-Fish once upon a Time went to seek her Fortune, but as she was travelling along upon the Road she had the ill Luck to break her Leg. So many Accidents are there in this World common both to Brutes and Men! No one, alas! is free. We are all born to Misery, Care and Trouble.

But to return to our Female Traveller, the Cray-Fish moved on with a great deal of Pain. In short, she could hardly draw her Legs after her.

In this deplorable Condition, at the brink of a River, up starts a Lady Frog (a young askward Creature all in Green) who fancied her self a Wit, that is, had a little smattering of Railery, but generally made use of it out of Season.

* *This is an Observation of Monsieur Reaumur of the Academy of Sciences.*

Lord, Creature, says she, methinks you don't walk regularly, sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, backwards and forwards, hobbling to and fro, and I don't know how, o' my Conscience good Woman, you should stay at home.

Not as you know of, sweet Madam, says the Cray-Fish, I shall walk yet very well by the help of God. I have Legs enow in store. Ay, say you so, says the Frog, and where good now do you put them? and tossed up her Nose with a scornful smile.

No matter, says the Cray-Fish, I shall find them when I have occasion for them, and I am just now going to make a better, and immediately broke her Leg a little higher than before.

Is that your Remedy? says the Frog. Indeed it is, replied the Cray-Fish. Well, says the Frog, much good may it do you, but I think this is like plunging ones self into the Water for fear of wetting ones Feet.

Stay only five or six Days, says the other, and you'll see, and accordingly in that Time (thanks to indulgent Nature) there grew out a new Leg.



REASON sometimes does that which has been done by Instinct. There are some Evils very difficult of Cure. Remedies are oftentimes apparent Evils. To discern the Times, and to make a good Use of them, is not the Part of ignorant Persons, but the Master-piece of the wise.



The



The O Y S T E R.

F A B L E X V.

TWO Gentlemen had a mind to see the World, and accordingly went on Ship-Board, where for some Days they went merrily before the Wind. Our Travellers were charmed with the fair Weather; and surely there could be no greater Pleasure in the World than going to Sea.

But as there is nothing in this World to be depended on, and every Thing subject to change; so it happened, all of a sudden a violent Storm arose, and the poor Vessel dashed against a Rock, and our two Companions were thrown upon a wild and desolate Island, where a fresh Danger attends them, I mean a dreadful Hunger.

To satisfy their craving Appetites was their only Care, they travelled here and there, climbing up many a craggy Rock, but could discover nothing but a horrid and frightful Landskip, a barren Soil, no Fruit, nor Beast, nor Herb.

In this Perplexity, which lasted three or four Days successively, they were walking on the Shore, and grown desperate were resolved to follow their Companions swallowed up by the Deep, when by chance they discovered a great number of Oysters taking the Air with their Shells open.

Codso, says one, we shall be very much obliged to the Sea if these Things should be good to eat; upon which he takes one up, and dividing the Shells, Heavens bless my Eye-sight, says he, this is frightful Meat, and quite turns my Stomach, fogh! I had rather die a thousand Deaths than let a Morsel of it touch my Lips. Hunger is not worse than Poison; and threw it into the Sea.

He was as resolute as he said, and pined away, and died with Hunger.

The other, reduced to as great an Extremity, was not quite so squeamish: Hang it, says he, I can but die if I taste this same slip-slop, and so I shall if I don't, and swallows it down with a cursed wry Face. Ah! Ah!

says

says he, excellent Eating ifaith! what foolish Blockhead was that dead Puppy yonder? I never tasted the like in my Life, it has an exquisite Flavour: And swallows two or three more.

What pity it is Mankind does not know the Goodness of it? What delicious Taste How cooling and refreshing! And at every Oyfter he devoured made loud Exclamations of their Excellency. Long live this savoury Liquor, says he, for my part, I could be contented to spend the rest of my Day with such Provision.

Dame Temperance seeing this grew a little importunate, and cried aloud that he had eaten enough, but he was deaf to all Advice I'll eat only one more, says he; well, now will eat but this one, but by one and one the imprudent Glutton so gorged himself that he burst his Belly.




YOU see here a Specimen of Human Extravagance. We ruin our selves by Excess. And when Reason goes to Lay with Pleasure and Repugnance she is sure to lose her Cause.

Th



The CROW and the FAUL-
CON.

FABLE XVI.

 Sturdy young Crow, in the very Flower and Vigor of his Age, over Hills and Dales used to get his Bread. Not far from his own Habitation lived an old Crow, all bald and gouty with Years (you see in old Age People are but in an ill State of Health) This old grave Gentleman was so weak he could not budge one step out of his hole, and every moment expected he should die with extremity of Hunger.

The

The young Crow happened to see a charitable *Faulcon* * carry some Victuals to the antient Crow. So, says he, this is very pretty, while my old Brother lyes snug in his Nest, and makes good Cheer without stirring a step from home, I, poor Devil, can scarce get Bread to eat, though I work from Morning to Night every Day in the Week, not excepting Saints Days and Holy Days.

Well, since Providence has furnished us Crows with Purveyors and Clerks of the Kitchen, I shall depend upon these Gentlemen the good natured *Faulcons* for my Subsistence for the future. And he acted accordingly, keeping himself very close and quiet at home, and indulged himself in Indolence and Ease, expecting to gratify his Palate with delicate Entertainment at free Cost.

His Belly had often struck Noon, but no *Faulcon* came, at which he was highly affronted, and began to complain of the Insolence of those vulgar ill-bred Birds; however, he was resolved not to stir, and contented himself with bitter Invectives and Complaints.

* This Fact of the *Faulcon* bringing Food to the Crow is related by Pilpay.

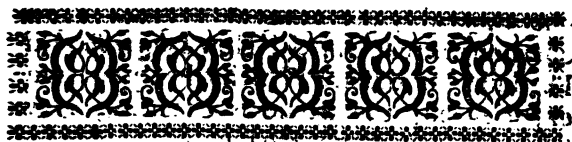
After

After some Days past in this lazy, idle manner, he found himself faint at Heart, and had a mind to go abroad, but alas ! he was so feeble he could not stand, and the silly Fool died with Hunger a little after.



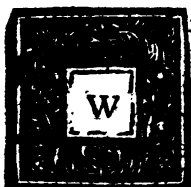
H E A V E N tells us, We should hope for its Assistance, but one must distinguish between Cases. Do what you can do. *Providence is a common Mother, Trust in her, but do not tempt her.*





The MAN and the MER-
MAID.

FABLE XVII.



WHAT strange Species is Man! Poor unhappy Mortal, where are your happy Days? You are ever hoping, and desiring, sigh and wish, and languish a long Time for Enjoyment, and when you have obtained the Sum of your Wishes (dearest Fruition) you still complain and are unhappy.

A Thousand and a Thousand Projects perplex your Thoughts; when shall I be this? Or, when shall I be that? If Heaven grants your Wishes, you still ask more, and still are disappointed. But the Fault is not in the nature of Things but in your selves. By framing wrong Ideas only you are cheated and deluded.

Every

Every Thing in the World has two Faces, one beautiful, the other deformed. How charming is that Object ! How happy should I be in its Possession ! Which when you have experienced, the Scene is changed ; how frightful is it then ! How ugly !

That which we wish we see through a Telescope, but when enjoyed we turn the other end of the Perspective.



THERE was a young Fellow once upon a Time, that was so foolishly Amorous as to fall in love with a Mermaid. He was continually on the Sea-shore, and pouring out Prayers and Tears to *Venus* *. He sighed as if his Heart would break, and could scarce prevail with himself to retire when Night came on.

When in Bed, he could take no Repose, for his Thoughts were still employed in contemplating the Beauties of his beloved fair One. He ran over every Line of her Face, and every Feature had its peculiar Charms. The whole Night, and every Night, was

* *Venus is the Goddess of Love and Beauty.*

passed.

passed after this manner, and with Vows and Prayers to the Sun to hasten his approach, and bring on the wellcome Day, that he might enjoy the sight of his lovely *Sirene* *.

O what Eyes are there! says he, in a Rapture. What charming Shape! what delicate Limbs! What admirable Symmetry and Proportion! and then, ye Gods! What enchanting Voice! What Divine Musick! dwells upon her Tongue! Sure Heaven it self contains no such Miracle of Excellence and Beauty, endued with such like moving Graces!

In short, the young Fellow languished, and pined away for Love. Neptune † saw and heard all from his Throne bedecked with Pearl and Coral, and took Pity on the wretched Inamorato. There, says he, unhappy Youth, the Mermaid's yours, and quench your amorous Flame.

They were accordingly married; and he at the Height of his Joys; the Night was pass'd in such soft Caresses, and rapturous Endearments, which only ardent Lovers know. But the next Morning instead of a

* Another Name for a Mermaid.

† The God of the Sea.

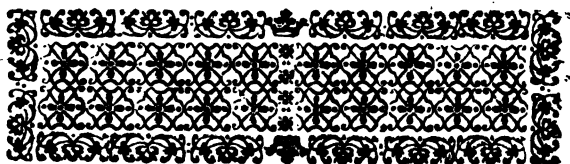
One Woman he found a Monster in his Arms.



UNHAPPY Man! thy Disguists grow
on thee in proportion to thy Trans-
ports. Before Enjoyment, in the height of
Expectation, you see nothing but the
Head and Body, but after Fruition the
Tail and Scales appear.



The



The Ass and the HARE

FABLE XVIII.

SOME Ages past (a long while before our Time) there happened a bloody War amongst the Brutes; and, with Submission to Instinct, they often act as foolishly as Men.

The House of Commons had a mind to be the higher House, to extirpate the Lords, or to Rump it; or, what else you'll call it. They armed accordingly, and met well accoutred in the Field, being fully resolved to try their utmost Skill.

The fatal Day of Battle arrived, when the Ass and the Hare offered their Service to the Commons; not to fight, no, that was not their Business; but they said, their

Talents consisted in rousing up the Courage of other Folks. The Als, a most excellent Trumpeter (you would have taken him, by his artful Sounding, to be *Misemus* * of *Arqadia*) was to inspire the Warriors with martial Fire; and with his loud intrepid Voice force on a bloody Battle.

The Hare †, was the Drummer, and therein it seemed consisted his Excellency. Their Post was behind a Hedge, where beginning their warlike Symphonies, they succeeded according to their Wishes. The Attack was begun, an obstinate Fight ensued, and the Field covered with a Thousand slaughtered Foes.

But our Trumpeter and Drummer soon grew useless, for, alas! (who would have thought it of the GOOD OLD CAUSE) the Lords Army was full of shining Heroes, their Camp glitter'd with many an undaunted *Ajax* ‖, and valiant *Achilles* ‖, which struck such Terror into the Army of the Commons, that they very fairly took every Soul of them to their Heels, and the Word

* A Trumpeter celebrated by Virgil.

† They say one may easily teach a Hare to beat a Drum.

‖ Two of the most valiant Grecian Captains at the Siege of Troy.

was, *The Devil take the hindmost.* But the As, with his Companion the Hare (who did not know what to do with his Drum) were taken behind the Bush.

Our two Scoundrels were ready to die for fear; they trembled like Aspin Leaves, and you would have sworn they had gotten a violent Fit of an Ague, for they were told their Execution would put an end to that important Day.

They did all they could to obtain Mercy; they kneeled down, and with demure, puritanical Looks, and humble Expressions, alledged to the Conquerors that they were no Soldiers; never struck a Stroke, nor they; nor handled a Musquet, nor, indeed, advanced one step.

That may be, said a grave Lord, but you excited others, and so, like a couple of seditious Pultroons, you shall both swing in a hempen Noose, that's all.



IN my Opinion, This was a very just Decision. For to encourage an evil Action is the same Thing as to do it.



THE CRICKETS.

FABLE XIX.

ONCE upon a Time two Crickets, both Aldermen of a City, took up their Lodging in the spacious Palace of a certain great Man, a Minister of State, who, for some Reasons, shall be nameless. And though they both lived a considerable Time under the same Roof yet they did not know it; for one lodged, it seems, like a Lord, in the Cabinet, and the other like a Footman, in the Anti-Chamber.

Sir *Humphrey Cricket* one Day sallied out of his Chimney corner, and trotted a long from one Room to another with a great deal of Satisfaction, in viewing the fine Furniture, of which he was a good Judge (for his Father was an Upholsterer) and was resolved to

to make the Tour of the whole House, as large as it was.

At last he came into the Cabinet, where he heard the other Cricket singing *Chevy Chase*. Good Morrow, good Brother, says he, good Morrow to you, good Sir *Humphrey*, if you go to that, says the other. Your humble Servant, says the Knight. I am always yours, says the other, pray seat your self there. O, no Ceremony, I beseech you! I beg you would make no Stranger of me, for I am at home, I lodge but here hard by in the Anti-Chamber, where I have seen my Lord receive many a Petition. Well, he is certainly a very wise Man. How he edifies me with his Conduct (with that he turned up the White of his Eyes) no manner of Interest! So much Modesty and Equity! In short, he is every Thing that is good. It is a Pleasure to have a Cause depending before him. Right is sure to take Place before such a Judge. Well, God bless and preserve so precious a Man for the Good of his Country.

Friend, says my Lord Cricket (for he was a Lord Mayor) you are quite deceived in your Man, I know him to the bottom. You take him in the Anti-Chamber without for what he appears to be, now I see him here as Nature made him.

For

For the Rich he has his *Baise les Mains**, for the *fine* Ladies his *fine* Looks and Ogles; for the Favourites at Court the greatest Obsequiousness and Complaisance in the World. These are the Books which employ the Studies of a treacherous deceitful Heart. But this is the way of Courts.

However, don't you no longer be cheated and deluded with meer Out-side and Shew; let the Vulgar, the Populace, the Crowd, be pleased with Masquerade. For us, my dear Brother, Let us not confound Things. *Let us distinguish two Men in one, the Man in private, and the Man in publick.*

* *These Words, in French, mean Compliments.*





MINOS and DEATH.

FABLE XX.

LET us laugh, sing and be merry,
 and crown our selves with
 L Roses. May gentle Zephyrs
 blow and refresh us with their
 cooling Breezes. Let us in-
 dulse our selves in every certain, soft Del-
 ight; double our Doses both of Wind and
 Love. *Haste then, let's away,* and let no
 Mirth or Joy escape us, *For to Morrow we*
die.

But, this is a very bad Conclusion, with
 Submission to Master *Horace*, and the old
 Sage of *Theos* *. They every where, in all

* *Anacreon, a Greek Poet, very voluptuous.*

*
their

their Writings, lay down this as a Maxim, but I in a few Words must insist to lay down quite the reverse.

Let us lay all Pleasures by. Let us think on Justice. The Moments we defer doing this are lost to us ; nay, they are gained to Vice. *Haste then, let's away, to do good, For to Morrow we die.*

These Gentlemen make use of this Affirmative founded on approaching Death, to enjoy their Pleasures, which only viewing through the wrong end of the Perspective, they talked, but never seriously thought of it. *For he who really believes he shall die to Morrow, thinks how he shall live to Day.* It would be just to scruple, and do every Thing by Weight and Measure.

Minos *, and his Brother Judges, make no Account of Pleasures below ; Virtue is what they consider. But to come to the Point.



LADY Death came one Day to pay a Visit to my Lord Chief Justice *Minos*, who received her with loud Complaints.

* *Minos, with Eacus and Rhadamanthus, judged Souls in Hell.*

Your

Your meagre Ladyship sends us now-a-days, nothing but a Company of pitiful, perverse Scoundrels. Do the Good defy your Power, and laugh at your mortal Bow? There has not come to these lower Regions a good Soul the Lord knows when; nothing but dissolute Voluptuaries, perfidious Traitors, covetous Misers, debauched Husbands, faithless Wives, cruel Parents, disobedient Children, tyrant Princes and rebellious Subjects, fill our dusky Plains, and these descend to us in shoals, and the whole Time of the Court is taken up in finding ways to punish them.

Tartarus * is brim full of them. *Megara* † is quite broke; her Stock of Whips and Scourges are entirely exhausted; if there come any more down, What, in the Name of *Pluto*, shall we do with them? The *Elysium* ‡ Fields are grown a perfect Desert, and the happy Shades harbour no new Inhabitants.

Here and there indeed straggle a few solitary Sages on the Bank of the River, and

* *Tartarus is that part of Hell where the Wicked are punished.*

† *One of the three Furies.*

‡ *The blest Abodes of good Men after Death.*

I am afraid they'll grow melancholy and discontented for want of Company. Well, Hell is no more like the Hell when I knew it first, than ——— Besides, what signifies flowry Meads, refreshing Woods, and a delightful Country? I am sure unless you send us a Recruit all's lost. We depend on you.

For my part, says Death, I assure your Lordship upon my Honour, I let none I can meet with escape me. But what for, if *Minos* disapproves of every Person that falls by my Sickle? What is it to me, if they are bad, is it my Fault?

Yes indeed is it, and your Ladyship must excuse me if I am so plain as to tell you so. You wound them without shewing your self; use them a little more severely; pierce them with a useful Terror; cure them of that epidemick Distemper that affects almost all Mankind, the Hopes of a long Life, and you'll see a wonderful Change in a moment: Make an Experiment of this only for your Diversion, and *Elysium* will soon be filled with Inhabitants.

With all my Heart, says Death, and away she flew hastily into the middle of a City, where she took up her Lodgings. Here she began to shew her Power, and made the most undaunted quake and tremble.

ble. She shewed her self to every Body, and let them dream of nothing but a Sword hanging over their Heads.

Feasting was now no more, no more foolish Balls and Masquerades; every Body where-ever they went fancied they saw a frightful Skeleton preaching to them their Duty and the Fear of the Gods. Every Thing had a new Face. The Magistrate was just, and the Priest grew religious, the Husband discreet, and the Wife faithful, and Children obedient.

It is true, Death's Arrow they were afraid of, but then that brought along with it Wisdom.

By proper Means she made her self beloved. This City became like that in Greece which Plato * of old would model; here were no Crimes of any kind soever.

Minos was satisfied, and Elysium filled with Citizens.

* Plato was a Philosopher very famous in Greece, and wrote a Book, wherein he gives us the Idea of a Commonwealth in Perfection.



U

COURT



COURT FABLES.




BOOK III.



ACHILLES *and* CHIRON.

FABLE I.

To Monseigneur the Marshal De
VILLEROI.


SIR AGE and Illustrious VILLEROI,
 the second of that Name in this
 important Charge *, to which
 high Office your Virtue has
 raised you, to what as of Inhe-

* The Father of Monseigneur the Marshal de Villeroi was Governor to Lewis the Fourteenth.

ritance

ritance became your due. You are going, of our young King, to make a Rival to the *Macedonian* * Hero.

o Nay, you'll do more, you'll make him great, but much wiser; he'll never go to *India* to seek another *Porus*†. *LEWIS* will be always Master of his Courage, *ALEXANDER* was a mere Slave to his, and ——— no more. You, my Lord, will never suffer a base Alloy that might one Day fully all his Virtues.

Remember that in your Hands reposes all the Hopes of the People whom he must one Day govern; that your Instructions now sow the Seed of those Fruits they must hereafter reap. Thus much to promise is in effect to give it us already. Enjoy this your self before-hand, and in admiring the Effects of your august Pupil prevent even Time; and may your Fore-sight give you the Success of happy future Times.

o In the early Pity and Compassion that tender Prince shews to the miserable and wretched, behold another *Titus* ||; ready to

* *Alexander the Great.*

† *Porus was a King of India with whom Alexander the Great had a mind to engage in Battle, having heard of his Valour.*

|| *A Roman Emperor, celebrated for his Liberality and Bounty, and surnamed the Delight of Mankind.*

give Relief and Succour to the Unfortunate; of easy Access, comforting the afflicted, and preventing all our Wishes. And, even bewailing those Days whose setting Sun sees from his Hands no Benefit bestowed.

That Oracle, those moving Words *, wherein the Soul of dying *Lewis* yet resides, his Son would ever have before his Eyes, and whose Heart is entirely attached to this precious Treasure. How many Virtues does this Action promise? Do not you foresee, my Lord, that Reason, like a Sovereign Queen, shall drive from his Royal Soul all blind Passion? Shall we not hence preface Peace without Luxury and unmanly Pleasures, War without Ambition, Success without Pride, its Reverse without Weakness, and an entire Reign animated with Religion?

Yes, *VILLEROY*, this is the Master you are to educate. His Birth has begun, 'tis your Office to complete the Hero. To know how to make a great King is as much as to be one. Read this Fable and you'll find it true.

* The last Words of *Lewis the Fourteenth*, which the King would have written in Letters of God, and hung up in his Chamber.



IN antient Times *Peleus* was married in Heaven to the beautiful *Thetis* *. Nine Months after the fair One brought a Son into the World, so well did Love manage his Time.

He grew apace, and Reason began to display it self, a proper Education therefore became absolutely necessary. But who could undertake this mighty Charge? No less than *Chiron* was to educate a Hero, a Demi-god.

This Person was wise, noble, valiant, nay, more than that, he was just †; this Word says all, Instruction belongs only to the just. Such a one was the Governor of *Achilles*. *Chiron* took such Care, that every Virtue in his Royal Soul should have its proper Place, and thus by his sure and loyal Conduct, every Vice was exterminated, An-

* *Thetis* was Goddess of the Sea, beloved by *Jupiter*, who being told by the Destinies she should have a Son greater than his Father, married her to *Peleus*.

† It was said *Chiron* was the first that taught Mankind Justice.

ger only excepted : This was innate in *Achilles*, otherwise he never offended against the Rules of Morality.

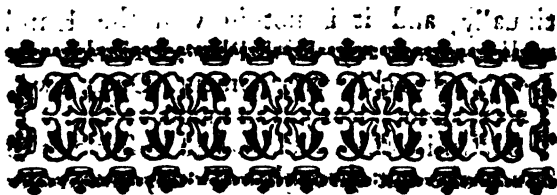
The Gods place the Virtues of Heroes to their Governor's Account. Vice was ever held shameful in a Prince. *Chiron* used all his Skill to cure this Evil, and therefore was himself enrolled amongst the Gods. It is *Sagittary* * that yet shines amongst the Signs Coelestial an eternal Monument : From whence we learn how we participate of the Virtues of others. Those generous Efforts which we inspire are accounted as our own.

But here, O *VILLEROI*, you must permit me to make an Observation on my Fable. *Achilles* had an incurable Vice, *Lewis*, thank Heaven, has none ; he offers up a Heart susceptible of every Virtue, and Heaven has expressly formed him for our Good. You are more valuable than *CHIRON*, He better than *ACHILLES*, and the Consequence is easy. You must give him to us perfect, we'll bate you nothing.

* One of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac.



The



The CLOCK *and the*
SUN-DIAL.

FABLE II.

THE Clock one Day insulted the
Sun-Dial. Pray, Neighbour, says
T he, what is it a Clock? Now,
you must understand, the Sun
did not shine. I cannot tell you,
says the Dial. Why, what do you do there
then if you don't know? I wait the coming
of the Sun, replies the other, for without
him I know nothing.

Wait then if you will for him, says the
Clock, for my part, I have nothing to say
to him; I can always go my way without
him, thank Providence. Once in seven
Days a little Turn of a Hand is sufficient
for me a whole Week together. I go con-
tinually,

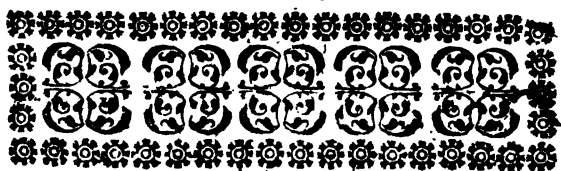
tinually, and it is not in vain the Hand
walks round my Dial Plate. Mark, the
Hour strikes this very moment, One, Two,
Three, Four, it is just so much.

But while the Clock was so positive, the
Sun broke out through a Cloud, and look-
ed full upon the Sun-Dial, which, ever
faithful to his Guide, shewed it to be Four
and Three Quarters. My Child, Says he,
to the Clock, you must reckon again, you
are behind hand in your Account. You
brag, indeed, that you can tell without hesi-
tation what People enquire of you; how-
ever, he that trusts to you may be deceived
you see; take my Advice, and do like me,
if I don't see very clearly I say I don't know.



To speak little and well, is the Character
of a wise Man.





The SPECTACLES.

FABLE III.

♦♦♦♦♦ V E R Y Man abounds in his
 ♦♦♦♦♦ own Sense, but we are made so,
 ♦♦♦♦♦ all of us, I except none, the
 ♦♦♦♦♦ manner after which I see, think
 ♦♦♦♦♦ and reason, I shall ever maintain
 against you to be good, while you believe me
 on the other Hand, to be in the wrong.

That which appears to me to be true, you
 think a mighty Error, and we agree in no-
 thing. But how, I beseech you, do you
 prove I'm in the wrong? Is it because you
 say you are in the right? I say the same to
 you. Confidence is our Fortress and De-
 fence. Which of us is opinionated? For my
 part I cannot yield to you; will you to me?
 I speak it once again, we are all alike, every
 one is an Idolater to his own Opinion.



ONE Day *Jupiter* being Merry over a Bowl of Nectar, was resolved to make Mankind a Present. *Momus* * was to carry it, who, mounted on a rapid Car, traversed the large Plain of Heaven.

Come, says he, come hither happy Mortals, for you great *Jupiter* opens his gracious Hand. He has, it is true, made you somewhat short sighted, but to repair that Inconveniency, see what he has sent you, upon which he opened his Portmanteau, the Spectacles tumbled out by Thousands, and Mankind picked them up.

There was enough for all; every Man had his Pair, giving great *Jupiter* thanks in finding such Means to supply our feeble Sight. But, however, these Spectacles shewed Objects quite different from what they were, for one Pair was Blue, another Purple; some Black, some White, some Green; in short, of all manner of Colours. But notwithstanding this Diversity, every Man was charmed with his own, as believing he had the best, and enjoyed in Error all the Pleasure of Truth.

* The God of Mirth and Rallery.

The Two PIGEONS.

FABLE IV.

IN some Parts of the * World, Pigeons are the Letter Carriers. Two of these Gentlemen having been sent different Ways, met each other, at last, in the Air. Well met, says one, come, let us retire to yonder spreading Palm, let's prattle a little, pray what News? Does your Mistress continue to love *U*? By *U*, I mean *Damon* (this, you must know, was his Master's Name.)

* They say in the Levant it is usual for two Persons to correspond after this manner, by tying Letters about Pigeons Necks.

Love you ! says the other, Yes, I do assure you, and with a sincere and hearty Passion too, the greatest in the World, I bring him now a Letter. And how do you know all this when you cannot read ? O ! I am certain of the Truth of what I say by a thousand Signs. I observed the charming *Iris* as she writ : Her Eyes changed at every Line ; sometimes all o' Fire, then Soft and Languishing. I read her Thoughts and Words by every little Action, and I know exactly the bottom of her Soul. Sometimes she reproached, and then immediately excused her Lover ; then resolved never to love him more, the next Sentence vowed she would love him for ever, afraid that *Damon* would be inconstant, and presently after credulously hoping she should fix his Heart. You see plainly now, though I cannot read, yet I can tell you the whole Contents of fair *Iris's* Letter. I forgot to tell you it is long, and if I must speak out, she did not study it, it was artless all, and nothing but her very Soul.

O ! how I pity *Iris* ! says the other, *Damon* is the most ungrateful Wretch in the World. *Iris* receives a Billet from him now ; see here, it hangs about my Neck, but it is very short, three Lines, and the poor Man was four Hours studying how to
write

write it. Well, give me the Passions of a sudden Eloquence. We need not seek elsewhere for lively Airs, these are Originals, a Man copies with Pain, and very often the Imitations are bad.

But you'll say, How came this? Where made he these strong Conjectures by his Art? Where do you think? in his own Dove-House. Pigeons are by Nature and Condition Lovers.

EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW
HIS OWN TRADE



X

The



The FROGS *and the*
CHILDREN.

FABLE V.

HEAR what I say, ye Kings and Princes of the Earth, you set up for noble Sentiments. To wage War, conquer Provinces and Nations, are your Amusements. But don't you know at the same Time that we the People are the Victims of these your Diversions? Well, it will only cost us a few Men, say you. And is that nothing? You know well how to cast up your Treasures, but the Lives of the Wretched are nothing but meer Cyphers. A fine Arithmetick this which your Politicks have introduced into the World!

IN



IN Frogland the People lived in Peace; grumbling and croaking as they pleased. While the Frogs were in this happy State, a Company of Boys came down to the Marsh, to disturb their Quiet and Tranquility.

Hark ye, my Lads, says one of them, I have found out a very pretty Play, an innocent War. He that throws his Stone the farthest shall be our King. Done, said they, agreed, and to it they went.

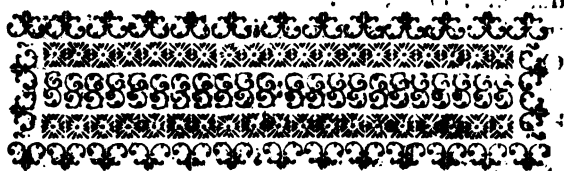
The Stones flew like Hail, every one had a mind to be Conqueror. Children, you see, are like Men, they love Honour. The whole Marsh was covered with Stones in a moment, and the poor Frogs had no Place to retire to. One had his Shoulder put out of joint, another complained he had his Ribs broken, this (to speak in the Language of the *Greek* Poet *) received a Contusion in the Place where the Neck joyns

* Homer, who writ the Trojan War, and often gives Anatomical Descriptions of Wounds.

to the Breast, and that died of a great Wound in his Chine.

At last the stoutest of them lifting up his Head, Hark ye, my Masters, says he, for God's sake move a little farther off for your Diversions; chuse a King at a gentler Play than this. This is no Play for us, your Pastimes cost us our Lives; shall we, O Princes; be always Frogs in your Opinion!





The BEAVER *and the* OX.

FABLE VI.

THEIR High Mightinesses the Beavers in *Canada*, set up for a free People, such as were those conquering Folks * whom *Romulus* founded on the Banks of *Tiber* †.

One of these amphibious Gentlemen happen'd once upon a Time to be taxed of Clownishness by a certain Ox. Clownishness! says the Beaver, nay, my Friend, now you forget your self, but Reflections aside, let us reason together. What Foun-

* *The Romans.*

† *The River that runs through Rome.*

dation have you for that Reproach? And in what consists our Clownishness in your Opinion?

That's easily answered, says the Ox, 'tis because you run away when you see a Man, that great Doctor of Civility. You have no such Thing amongst you as Treaties and Alliances. Man is a Creature favoured with Science; the wisest and most discreet of other Animals go to School to him; he knows much more than we do; and, in reality, to live with him is to become so much the more Polite and Genteel.

It is true, there have been a great many wonderful Things said of you, and my Ears are filled every Day with what I can by no means conceive. They say you are good Builders, and that it is a Pleasure to see your Management, and your Houses three Stories high. You have Dykes and Causeys of all Sorts; you carry Earth and Wood where-ever you please; you are, People say, both Wheel-Barrows and Mafons.

But, what signifies all this? In spite of all Endeavours it is impossible to civilize you. Man says he looses all his Labour in trying to make you Tractable and Genteel.

And call you this being Clownish and Ill-bred? Says the Beaver. Most certainly, replies the Ox. Now, see how you are mistaken,

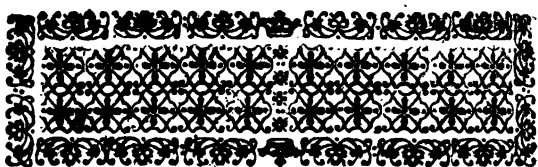
mistaken, says our Republican, for this is nothing but the highest Prudence in the World, for without this Conduct, how is it possible we could live Independent? Should we act after the same manner as you do, and make our selves familiar with Man, they would make us their Servants to draw for them, carry Burdens, and build *their* Houses, not *ours*. Alas! who is there that does not see your Yokes and Collars? By your Misfortunes we foresee our own.



TO keep at a Distance from those who are too Mighty for us, is not Stupidity but good Sense.











































The



The Two SPRINGS.

FABLE VII.











 O M E Time ago two Springs,
 Daughters of the same Moun-










 tain, began their Course. One










 rolled down into the Country










 with a mighty Noise, the
 Waves tumbled hastily one over another,
 while the other Spring moved very gently
 along with so still a Current, you could
 scarce hear the Sound of its Waters.

Sister, says the noisy Spring, You won't
 go very far, I can tell you, with that faun-
 tering Pace; 'twill not be long before you
 are dried up depend upon't, while I rowl
 along in triumph, and shall soon be reckon-
 ed a River. I'll hold a Guinea, that in a
 little Time I shall be big enough to bear a
 Boat;

Boat ; after that I make no doubt but to extend my Banks, and make whole Territories hear my Voice, and bring Trade and Commerce through my whole Jurisdiction ; and then, with mighty Pomp and Majesty, pay my Tribute to the Ocean. Adieu Child, to arrive at my happy Destiny I must make all possible hast, I should be much to blame else. As for your part, you'll never rise higher than a Rivulet, but take all patiently. Once more, good Sister, adieu.

The oter knew not what Answer to make to this proud and haughty Language, but continued on her gentle Course. She opened her self a Way, and fell softly down into the Meadows, taking along with her a Thousand little winding Rivulets, that washed their flowry Banks ; and thus, by degrees, her Waters swelled, and she grew a mighty River. A thousand Mariners were seen upon her Coasts ; she had her beautiful Bridges, and gave Sustenance, and Habitation to whole Nations of the scaly Herd ; water'd whole Countries and made them fruitful ; and many a River was glad to throw its Waters into hers. And thus by Degrees the despised Spring became a River of a large extent, while the proud Spring, who sometime before insulted and despised her, and
thought

thought by her own Strength to make her self great and powerful, remained only a little Stream, and thought her self too Happy, at last, to throw her self into the Arms of her Sister.



IN vain does the proud Fool make himself the Object of his own Admiration and Applause; but let no one expect any Thing great from those who trust in their own Sufficiency.

**IN THIS WORLD WE HELP
ONE ANOTHER.**



The CATERPILLAR *and*
the ANT.

FABLE VIII.

NE had as good not write at all,
as to write barely for Amuse-
ment. To speak, and say no-
thing, is an Abuse to Language.
It is to you, Authors, I address
my Discourse, you spoil the Profession by
your whipt Cream and Froth. When I
consider you, I can take you for nothing but
a Company of Jack-Puddings, applauded
by Fools, and hissed at by the Wise.

All your Discourses (if they deserve that
Name) are no better than Feats of *Leger-
domain*, fit only to please the Vulgar, in
which Word I comprehend even those of
highest Rank, for there is the *great* Vulgar
and

and the *small*. However, I will not tell them so to their Face, but like a discreet Author, whisper it into my Readers Ear.

But do you think, because in this I blame you, that you are faulty in nothing else? Whilst pleasing your selves with your own vain Fictions, you go about with frightful Beauties to set off and imbellish Vice and unlawful Passion.

Indeed, in this respect, I own you admirable; there are others worse than you I grant; but then, in this Concession, do you imagine you are a good Sort of People? This is no Consequence. I would punish an Author who studies to do hurt, as a Disturber of Society, and would cashier another, who knows not how to instruct, for an insignificant useless Animal.

Every Man is bound to serve his Country; the Soldier with his Blood; the Priest with his Zeal; the Judge maintains Order, and saves the little from being crushed to Death by the great, and the faithful Merchant keeps for all our Wants his choicest Stores. But, for Heaven's sake, what does the Commonwealth require from my Brother Authors? Is it not, that every Soul of them employ all their Talents to cultivate and improve the Mind, and correct Immoralities?

Curse

Curse on those frivolous Scriblers, who are accused, and convicted of neglecting this great Good! What Fruit, what Recompence, or Return, do they expect from their vain Babbling? Is not *Nothing* the Reward of *Nothing*?

For my part, I would remove this Scandal, at least I endeavour to stick close to my Profession. I beautify, as well as I can, some little Pieces of Morality: Let any other do it better; I shall be the first to thank him.



MAdamoiselle the Ant was scuttling along the Road, giving her self abundance of *French* Airs when she met a Caterpillar that could hardly move along. The Blessing of Heaven go along with you, Madam, says he to the Ant, and made as handsome a Leg as any Caterpillar of them all.

But the Ant was too stiff in her Behaviour to return Civilities, but tossed up her Head with a disdainful Air. Poor Animal! says she, how I pity thee! For indeed, poor Thing! between you and I, no Soul alive
Y can

can believe but Nature has been very defective in making of you. Who, in the Name of God, would take thee for a Creature? Who look'st like a Thing half made, which Nature, not liking, threw by unfinished.

For my part, Dame Nature has dealt otherwise with me (God be praised) and put me into a little better Form: I go and come at my ease, and am as nimble about the Legs as any Lady of our Country; can dance Minuits and Rigadoons with such a swimming Air, that I have made many Monsieur fall in Love with me. And then

—— But I talk too much for one of my Quality to such little Creatures, and so, poor creeping Thing adieu, for I am going to the Masquerade.

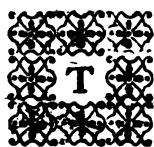
The humble Caterpillar was struck Dumb at this haughty, disdainful Language, retired into his Shell, and went to work; but just in the very instant he was coming out the proud Ant passed by. The Caterpillar came out a beautiful Butterfly. Stop a Moment, for God's sake, says he to the Ant, I would advise you never to despise any Body. There is no one in so mean a Condition but may one Day change his Fortune. You see me now in the Air, and you must creep as long as you live.

The



The WASPS and the
ELEPHANTS.

FABLE IX.


TWO Armies were in the Field, both animated with equal Courage, but their Forces were vastly different. A long Rank of Elephants with Towers on their Backs, full of expert Archers, covered the Front of one. The other had none of these, and had nothing to depend upon but their Courage.

At last the fatal Instant comes, the Charge is sounded, and the Signal given. The Elephants began to advance, and from their wooden Towers the Arrows flew as thick as Hail. For some Time the Victory was du-
bious,

bious, but at last the lesser Army unable longer to withstand superiour Force gave way.

Victory then declared her self of the Elephants side, and the conquering Monsters filled the Air with their tumultuous Clamour, which returned in frightful Ecchoes.

In the midst of their Triumph fled by a swarm of Wasps, who were not so deaf but could hear their confused Harmony, and like good Christians, took pity on the vanquished Army, and aversion to the hideous Shoutings of our bulky Conquerors. Come Children, says the Father Wasp, let us punish this vain Ostentation. Let us fall upon these hugh Proudlings, and do something too, to be talked on.

This was no sooner proposed but put in Execution; there was never a Hide of them all, so hard but felt their Rage, and were it greater Gentlemen (buzzed they one to another) I faith you should have it; we'll teach you to whom Fortune will decree the Glory of Conquest, and immediately they began to dart their sharp Stings into the Elephants Eyes: Some got into their Ears, whilst others crept into their Trunks, and plagued them to that degree, that grown quite mad and desperate, they turned back

on

on their own Army, broke their Ranks, and dispersed them.

Which when the conquered Army perceived, they took new Heart, and renewed the Battle; their Courage then turned to Rage, they gave no Quarter; in short, never was such a dreadful Slaughter seen, not a Soul escaped to tell the News; and the Field groaned under Mountains of the slain.

This gave a fatal Change to a flourishing Empire, every Thing had a new Face: The King was dethroned, and a Stranger placed in his Room.

History has given us many nice Reasons for this Revolution; the vanquished Army, though greater in Number, yet had no Management; their Officers did not well understand Discipline: Or, that the Conqueror (wise as *Ulysses* *) had gained some of the Soldierry in the other Army, and that it was those Traytors that were the Occasion of their Disorder, and a Thousand such like Stories, as History is frequently full of, where the Conjectures of the Historian pass

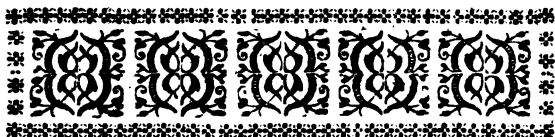
* One of the Greek Captains at the Siege of Troy, famous in Military Policy.

for the greatest Truths, and are firmly believed as Articles of Faith.

But not one Syllable of the Wasps. And why so? I'll tell you, *Great Events must have great Causes.* This is a fixed Maxim. But he who knows the Truth of Things, is very well satisfied that,


THE GREATEST REVOLUTIONS IN THE WORLD HAVE ARISEN FROM TRIFLES.





The SHEEP and the BUSH.

F A B L E X.


SOME People are for having a Fable to be short, and they are in the right of it; but Excess in any Thing is good for nothing. He who speaks too little can't be said to speak well. To be Dry is not to be agreeable.

Æsop himself was too concise, and I have often wonder'd at it, for he was a *Greek*, and they are great Talkers in that Country, witness our Divine *Homer*. These two Story-Tellers were not one bit alike. One by an infinity of Verses tells us one must agree. Go ask the other, and he dispatches you in two Words. These two Extremes I can by no means resist. We do well to avoid a long Rhapsody. And as we are obliged to say nothing too much, so on the other Hand, we ought to say enough.

La Fontaine well understood his *Laconick* Original. Every Thing flows in his Verse; the meanest Animal is eloquent. Every Thing has Sentiment and Moral. All Things converse, and one would think we were amongst those of our own Species. Precept gently glides under his agreeable and delightful Garb.

He is my Master, and I have the Vanity to boast of it. By his Example and Authority, I give my Tales a competent Extent: However, for Variety sake, I here present you with one without any Dress at all.



A Sheep to shelter her self from a Storm, retired under a wide spreading Bush of Thorns, where, indeed, she saved her self from the Rain, but left good part of her Wool behind. And don't you think she did very wisely?

Pray all Clients make a Comment upon this my Fable. You go to Law for nothing at all, or for very little, at the Expence of a great deal of Trouble, Time and Money, and then you get your Cause, and recover Costs. But did you ever know the Costs pay your Charges?

The



The LION, *the* FOX, and
the RAT.

FABLE XI.

THE Lion and the Tyger had been a long while at War together, but at last the Lion proved the Conqueror. The whole Earth was dumb in his Presence, and the animal World acknowledged him their Sovereign Lord. Every Species sent their Deputies to pay Homage to the King. And so like another *Ulysses* *, after some Dispute, *Reynard* was made choice of to go and compliment his *Roaring Majesty*, who told him, That his Front was so

* All the Poets celebrated his Eloquence.

Noble and Majestick, that he of all Beasts alive deserved best to wear a Crown. That he was like *Jupiter*, who when seated on his Throne, could make Heaven tremble with his Nod, and frighten the inferior Deities by knitting of his Brows.

And just so was the Lion, he made the whole World tremble when he pleased, that his Pleasure was a Law, and every Species of Animals owned him for their Sovereign, that they were his faithful Vassals, his Slaves, and that he might play with other Creatures as a Cat does with a Rat.

This Discourse was not over pleasing to the Rat, who made Mows at him behind his Back. Z——nds, thought he, here's fine Doings indeed, if I am not even with you I'm much mistaken. However, the Lion being charmed with Reynard's Harangue, gave him a Warrant for a good round Sum, payable at a certain Time by Count *Dragon* his Lord Treasurer. The Monkey, as Secretary of State, drew it up in Form, who presented the Fox with the Royal Grant, signed LION in Capitals, and a little lower PUG.

Reynard kissed the Royal Paw, and concluded now his Fortune was made, and dream'd of nothing but Ducks, Geese, and Poultry, which he would buy cheap, but the mischief

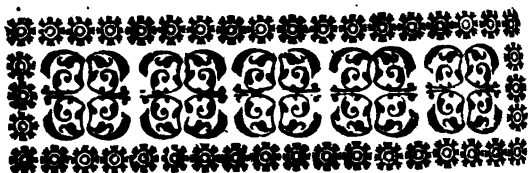
mischief of it was, he had not yet finger'd the Mcney.

On the other Hand, the Rat grumbled in his Gizzard, and meditated Vengeance, for Reynard's Speech to the King in Council stuck in his Stomach, and he burnt with Revenge: And accordingly takes an Opportunity when the Fox was abroad, and whips into his Apartment, and gnaws the Warrant all to pieces.

Thus what the *flatter'd* Lion lavishly bestowed, the offended Rat destroyed.



PLU-



PLUTO *and* PROSERPINE.

FABLE XII.

Immediately after the amorous
 I PLUTO had forcibly carried
 away PROSERPINE, her Mo-
 ther CERES made loud Com-
 plaints of the Injustice of the
 infernal Monarch. Nay, she flew up to
 Heaven, and filled the celestial Apartments
 with her Complaints. *Jupiter*, says she,
 and will you suffer *Pluto* thus to murder me?
 I've lost my Daughter. Alas! if it be just to
 take her from me, take from me my Immor-
 tality.

Your Case gives me much Trouble, good
 Madam, says *Jupiter* to *Ceres*, that younger
 Brother of mine is of an uncharitable Hu-
 mour, and always keeps what he has: How-
 ever, compose your self, I beseech you; and
 that

that I may have Peace in my Family, I've found out an expedient which *Fate* shall put her Seal to, which is this, six Months of the Year he shall keep your Daughter, the other six she lives with you. This is my Decree. Here *Mercury*, go and carry it to the God of Hell.

Heaven's Messenger obeyed, and swift as a Thought shot down to the gloomy Regions, and informed *Pluto* of the Decree, who was not very well pleased you must think, but fell a grumbling most horribly; What, says he, and does my Brother think to curb my Desires, and pretend to limit me my Pleasures? We let him and his alone, and 'tis but reasonable for us to expect the same from him. Shall I only possess my dear charming Beauty but six Months in the Year! How shall I live the other six? Is a whole Eternity too long to adore her in?

You have, indeed Reason to complain, says *Mercury*, but *Fate* has so ordered it. Such as it is you must stand by it now; you would do well to acquiesce in it, since there is no Remedy.

Well, *Proserpine* was married, and it was high Holiday in Hell; every Torment ceased, nay, they say, that in *Tartarus**, as

* That part of Hell where the Rotten-figured wicked Souls were punished.

well as in the *Elysium* Fields, they danced at the Wedding.

About fifteen Days after *Pluto* told his Wife that she must be forced from his Arms. In short, says he, my Dear, the Time draws on when you must leave me. Here we can neither count Days nor Months; our immoveable Stars* know not how to measure Time; but this I know, that many a Moment has past since my Heart has been at Peace. We must part. O fruitless Regret! The Time of your Return however, is a long way off, six Months at least, an Age, an Eternity.

Well, about a Fortnight after this Separation, *Pluto* began to grow very uneasy, he wonder'd at the length of the Time. What, says he yawning, these six Months are terrible long. After two Fortnights more had passed, he began to suspect *Jupiter's* Sincerity; he fancied he had a mind to trick him, and not stand to the Clause of six Months. This put him upon fresh Complaints, but he might complain as long as he pleased, he must stay as well as his Lady, *Proserpine*, till the Time prefix'd by Fate.

* The Antients believed that *Elysium*, the Residence of happy Souls, received Light from particular Stars of its own.

was come. But when *Mercury* came to restore her, his infernal Majesty had ten Times more Pleasure than before ; but in a little while he grew perfectly indifferent.



O ! What mighty Charms do we suppose in a Good we wish for and desire, but when we have a Time enjoyed the Object of our Wishes, how does that Good decrease ? Every Day lessens it somewhat, till at last it grows entirely disagreeable.





JUDGMENT, MEMORY, *and* IMAGINATION.

FABLE XIII.

JUDGMENT, Memory, and
Imagination; What strange Ac-
tors are these, say you, in a
Fable! But whoever makes
such a Criticism, has n't them
all Three, upon my Word.

Judgment would tell him that these
three Personages make as good a Figure in
Fable, as the Fox, the Wolf, and the
Lamb; and let him consider whether I have
been able to form these Images to make a
good Picture. Every Thing is allowable,
provided from the Tale there results some
Truth.

The

The Fable lies in the Morality; when an Author goes directly to that, the Reader has what he desires, if he trifles and quibbles he has a wretched Taste. The Actors (who or whatever they are) signify but little, and one is at liberty to make choice of those one likes. If I am contradicted here I shall always maintain it, that to end the Dispute one must appeal to the best of Judges, that is, to good Sense, and if my Antagonist will not subscribe to this, I shall not submit to him.

Besides, to follow a Rule strictly, according to the Letter, very often looses all its Life and Spirit.



LORD Judgment, Lady Memory, and Miss Imagination (tho' neither Fable nor History makes any mention of it) lived heretofore together in the same House: They lived in common, for they were Children to the same Father.

For some Time they enjoyed all the sweets of Peace; but alas! Unity amongst Relations seldom lasts long; ill Humours soon set the Brother and Sister at variance; Imagi-
Z 3
nation

nation gave way to her Sallies ; Memory was continually babbling, and Judgment tired to Death with their Folly and Tattle Tattle grumbled cruelly ; and after this manner they passed their Days. There was continually some wrangling or other between them, and quarrelling at every insignificant Accident. They were never without calling one another Names ; one was a Fool, the other a perfect Gossip, and t'other a meer downright Pedant.

We must part, Sisters, said Judgment, one Day, Pray what do you think on't ? This Life can never continue long that's certain ; we were born, I think, to live apart.

Why truly Brother, says Miss Pert, your Counsel is very good, for certainly one Cap is not enough for three Heads. Indeed, says my Lady (in a long-winded grave Discourse of about two Hours long) the Sons* of *Saturn* authorize this Fact. And so they all concluded to separate that very Moment. The Example was noble, and they would follow it ; adieu, a good Journey, and so they packed up, and went each their way to seek out a new Habitation.

* *Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, who divided the World between them. Heaven fell to Jupiter, the Sea to Neptune, and Hell to Pluto.*

It was not long before they found Entertainment; and this was with three quarrelsome Neighbours that never would see one another, the most lucky Circumstance in the World for them.

He with whom Memory lodged became very learned, God knows, and knew every Thing in his way, Languages, Opinions, Customs, Fable, History, and what not? Imagination too, quickly made her Man a hardy Poet, but the most unrestrained in the World, Extravagant, Enthusiastick; in short, a great Inventor of ill connected Objects, and as great a coupler of Words that were naturally afraid of each other.

Lord Judgment was made in another Mould, and took particular Care of his obliging Landlord. In the twinkling of an Eye he became a Philosopher; no, I mistake, a Man of good Sense; one who judged of every Thing according to its intrinsick Value, a Friend to Truth and Justice, acting always well, and never dreading any Thing without being well acquainted with its true Cause.

These Neighbours soon began to think that they might be serviceable to each other. Solid Facts were in Possession of the Man of Learning, who might furnish therewith the wise Man, and the Poet. The wise Man amuses himself with the Flights of another:
Good

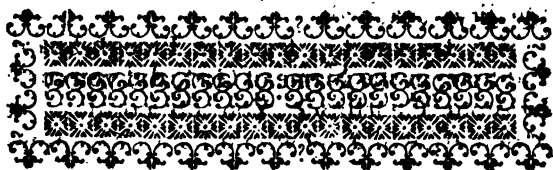
Good Sense must now and then unbend it self and be diverted. The Poet, on the other Hand, thinks it adviseable, to make use of his Counsels as a good Guide to *Parnassus*. As for the Man of Learning, he despised — whom? Why all the World, and his Neighbours too, no doubt on't. But he must chat now and then, and with whom do you think? Why with his Neighbours, and he did so.



IT is for the common good of Mankind that in this World all Talents are not possessed by one Person. No Man has them all: But this Division is the Chain of all Society.



The



The PLOUGH-SHARE
and the SWORD.

FABLE XIV.

ONCE upon a Time, a great many Years since, the Plough-Share and the Sword met one another in the Fields. The Sword, it seems, being a Person of Quality, had his Head so full of his Nobility, that he would hardly look at any one beneath his Rank.

The Plough-Share saluted him after his way, and made a reverend Bow, but the Sword took no manner of Notice. Pray, good Sir, says he, whence comes this stately Carriage? And, Don't you know? says the Sword, a very pretty Question truly; why

why you are a Country Bumpkin, and I of Quality, that's all.

Ay, say you so, says the Plough-Share, and how, in the Name of God, did you come by your Gentility? You do nothing but Mischief, while my whole Being is employed in doing good to the World; my Labour and Industry is the Support of Mankind; they can't live without me: You take away Lives by Dozens, and very often for nothing at all.

Poor creeping Thing, says the Sword, What a mean Soul hast thou? And, dost think great Men are of thy silly Opinion? Yes, indeed, replies the Plough-Share, we have seen mighty Conquerors retire, and lay their triumphant Hands again to the Plough: Witness the Romans*, our Lords and Masters.

But dost thou think, Blockhead, that these Romans could, without my help, have subdued the World? Rome had been only a small Village, and no one would have talked of her, if my Power had not made Mankind her Slaves.

* Several famous Romans after having rode in Triumph, returned to labour in the Fields.

So much the worse, says the Plough-Share, she had much better have been quiet : A very fine Necessity truly, that the whole World should become Slaves to one Town, which by her prodigious Cruelties frighten'd all *Europe, Africa* and *Asia* into Subjection ! And why, for what End, good your Honour ? Only to please a restless Ambition which is never satisfied. And do you think this deserves such Commendation ?

The Sword was now at the end of his Logick, and very much like a Gentleman, challenged Gaffer Plough-Share. Come, says he, let us fight it out, for Demme, I'll have Satisfaction. That's your Trade, says the Plough-Share, but it is not mine ; I am a rude Country Bumpkin, as your Honour is pleased to call me ; and never practised the Gentleman like way of putting one anothers Throats for Trifles. I work Sir, and never fight.

But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, let a third Person decide the Controversy. Let us chuse the Mole for our Arbitrator, she is like *Themis* *, she has no Eyes, has a very grave Air, and wears a black furred

* The Goddess of Justice, who was painted with a Scarf ~~veil~~ over her Eyes.

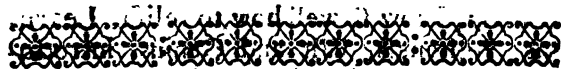
Gown, you cannot chuse better. This was agreed upon, and each told his Story.

Our new *Thornie* heard all distinctly in her Hole, and having very judiciously weigh'd all Circumstances, pronounc'd Sentence in this Proverb.

HE THAT FORGED THE
PLOUGH-SHARE WAS A WISE
MAN, BUT HE THAT MADE
THE SWORD WAS A FOOL.



The



The Two Dogs.

F A B L E XV.

To Madam the Marchioness De LAMBERT.

Madam,

Y Heart tells me every Moment
I live, that my Muse owes you
M a pleasing Tribute; and this
throbbing Thing speaks at its
ease, since it knows the Pleasure
will be all its own, and the Mind have all the
Trouble, though I am so ill qualified to de-
scribe your fine Taste, your Reason, your
Virtues, your rich Endowments: But these
like Truths are troublesome for some certain
Person to mention. The Wise are Gods
who refuse Incense.

I will not then celebrate your Praises,
though my Heart inspires me. I had rather
congratulate you, and participate of that ex-
quisite Joy, which with true Friends, you
A a Madam,

Madam, know so well how to relish. Learning, Politeness, Wit and Genius, introduced by Friendship, lives with you. These in you have found their URANIA. They love her; and indeed, Madam, here I speak a Word or two for my self.

Ask every one of these choice Friends what attractive Charms, what powerful Magick, have made you thus engaging! They'll all contribute their Pencil to touch up your Picture, and when that's done, all Merit must collectively appear, and consequently your true Pourtrait.

But what have I said? The Word escaped me. You blush, I beg your Pardon; my Intention was good. I resolved, indeed, not to praise you; but you see, Madam, when the Heart is willing, in vain does our Mind oppose, which in such like Accidents is ever foiled.

However, read my Fable; the Fact is what you are a good Judge of. I here describe the Disgrace and Misfortunes of a Dog, which will shew the World what you so well know, that Friendship requires Prudence.

TRAY was one of the most Gentleman-like Dogs in the World, well bred, civil and agreeable in Conversation. He happened,

pened, one Day, as he was travelling, to overtake Mr. JOWLER upon the Road, one of the most peevish, ill mannerly, overgrown Puppies you ever saw.

Sir, said he, with a great deal of Humility, (methinks I've seen some Body in the side Box not unlike him) I beg your Pardon, perhaps I disturb your Contemplation, but if you'll be pleased to accept of my Company, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart, and I shall take it as a great deal of Honour.

JOWLER was not very difficult of Access, as it then happen'd (for the most brutal People have sometimes their Intervals) and our two Dogs struck up a Friendship, shook Paws, and embraced, and very lovingly kept on their Journey. TRAY, for his part, placed an intire Confidence in his new Friend, and began to entertain him with his Employment, his Amours, and the Management of his domestick Affairs. (New Friendship has ever this fault, of talking too much.) In short, to amuse his grave Companion, who spoke little, and seemed to be out of Humour; he chatted on, and omitted none of his Adventures to put him into a gay and pleasant Humour.

At last they came into a Village, when our grave, sullen Gentleman, fell a barking at all the Dogs he met, biting now one, and

then another, and did a Thousand ill-natur'd Things, till at last the Alarm-Bell rung out against our two Brothers, and they were both taken up for Rogues and Disturbers of the Peace. Poor TRAY would have given his Ears to get off, but all Intreaties availed him nothing, he fared neither better nor worse than his Companion; one was whipp'd severely, and the other had his share. I cannot but pity him: But these Things generally happen to those who chuse Friends at hap-hazard.



The CONQUEROR and the poor
WOMAN.

FABLE XVI.



KING S, you love Glory, and to you it justly belongs. You have nothing to do but to know it well, be what you ought, and she offers you her richest Treasures.

But what is it that you ought to be? And what is the Duty of a Monarch? He is rather a Shepherd, than a Master of the Flock;

a Pilot to steer the Vessel; not its Owner. Your Rule and Empire extends it self over all the Globe, a thousand Nations submit to your Command, and yet you are no more but mighty Lords. **TO GOVERN WELL IS TO BE A KING.**

The famous Conqueror * of Asia, was no King, but an armed Traveller, who to please and gratify his Fancy, had a mind (as he passed it over) to see the whole World in Uproar and Confusion. To little purpose did Aristotle † endeavour to convince him, that a King should apply himself to the good of his People. He lost all his Time in Conquest, and had none for Government; for

If God has stamp'd on your Foreheads his Resemblance, 'tis not so much that you should imitate him in Power, as to make you Substitutes of his Providence for our Good. Watch therefore, careful for this Good with which he has intrusted your Race there, your only Glory; and seek no other. To love, to love, to obey You, is our Duty, to make Us happy is yours.

* Alexander the Great.

† Alexander's Preceptor.

The Prince of Persia's Preceptor.

A 3

A

A Certain *Sophy* *, who entertained *Bel-lona* † in his Service, by Profession a Conqueror, but a good Man for all that, and had no Vice but Ambition, if that be one; if we ask our modern Heroes if it be so, they'll tell you otherwise: It is the Mark of a great Soul, and we must not reason with these Gentlemen.

This *Persian* Monarch went successfully on from Conquest to Conquest, and saw all the neighbouring Nations under his Subjection; Lord of twenty Crowns, and thro' his Dominions a hundred Rivers rolled. He made a good use of his Victories, and would have Justice flourish every where. He heard the Complaints of his People himself, and read their Petitions and Memorials; the Innocent triumphed, and the Unjust was punished.

Hearing this good Fame of her Prince, an Old Woman who had suffered very much, came from the very Borders of his vast and mighty Empire, to throw her self at her Sovereign's Feet, and implore Redress.

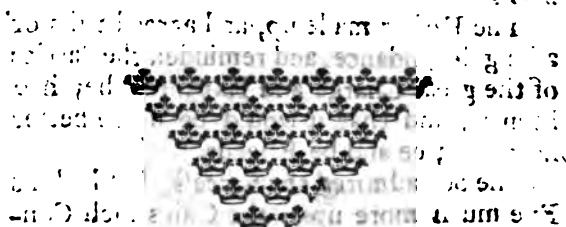
the D. At yabackola *

* The Name of the Emperor of Persia.
 † The Goddess of War.

Sir, said she, by the Right of Conquest, my self and Daughter are your Slaves. She has been defloured, and I have had my Estate plundered and destroyed. Must one suffer these Cruelties under a good King? 'Tis you, Sir, I call upon for Redress — here she left off and cried.

Poor Woman, said the Prince, how I pity thee! I make it my whole Care to put the Laws in Execution, but what can I do at such a distance? Can I think on every Thing? Does the Sun which gives us Light shine upon every part of the World at once? It must not be thought strange that my good Laws are so ill observed at so great a distance from my Throne.

Alas! Is it so, replied the Woman, a little briskly, why then cannot we — the People — Govern? For we have Conquered you.





The Two NINNIES.

F A B L E XVII.

♦♦♦♦♦ *T* *Catn*^{*}, the Country of Wis-
 ♦♦♦♦♦ *A* ♦♦♦♦♦ dom, lived not many Hundred
 ♦♦♦♦♦ ♦♦♦♦♦ Years ago two Ninnies, Father
 ♦♦♦♦♦ ♦♦♦♦♦ and Son, and both Barristers at
 ♦♦♦♦♦ ♦♦♦♦♦ Law. The Father (as well as
 the Son was Chamber-Council, and) very
 often consulted in Affairs of Importance,
 while the Son very gravely (and that too
 not seldom) would nod away half an Hour
 of good Advice at an Audience of Clients;
 and who would have thought this of a *Nor-*
man ?

The Father made up, and agreed Suits of
 a long dependance, and reminded the Parties
 of the great Charge and Expences they had
 been at, and that it would be much better
 now to agree and be Friends.

The Son admired the Success, but had his
 Eye much more upon the Gains such Con-

* *A City in Normandy.*

duſt brought the old Gentleman. Every Day ſome one or other was thanking him for his good Offices done the Family. Well, this is a Lawyer of a Thouſand, he perſwades Folks to Peace and Unity, and brotherly Love. One owed him all his Goods, and another his Life, and then there dropt a Broad-Piece, and it may be, a couple of Capons, or a fat Turkey into the bargain.

The Son was raviſhed with his Father's Conduct, and was reſolved to imitate him, and accommodate Law-Suits too. I'll make my ſelf a Friend to one, ſays he, and a Companion to the other, and I'll warrant I cure my Countrymen the *Normans* of going to Law, or elſe the Devil's in't.

Soon after, upon the leaſt difference that he heard of amongſt his Neighbours, he ſent for both Parties, and preached to them brotherly Love and Agreement, For, ſays he, it is a ſad Thing this going to Law, a long and tedious Proceſs, beſides a great deal of Pains and Care, &c. Trouble and Vexation, &c. Moleſtation and Diſturbance, &c. Charges and Expences, &c. *ad dampnum ipſius*, &c. and at laſt very often Ruin, &c.

You preach very well, Monsieur Advocate, ſays the Plaintiff, but *Peter* here, is a damn'd Rogue, and like your Worſhip. No more a Rogue than your ſelf, ſays *Peter*,
and

and thus they went on, calling one another Names, not minding one Word what the Lawyer said, but went both away in a Passion to the Bailiffs to get one another arrested.

Some Time after, our new Judge would make up a Difference between these two Neighbours, one of whom had given the other the Lie. The Fact was told, but before Monsieur *Ninny* had spoke ten Words, he that gave the Lie was rewarded with a good slap in the Face by his Adversary, and away they went again to the Serjeants.

For this good Success our Advocate got neither Honour nor Fee, not so much as a little Puffet, or a Pigeon.

But running away to the Old one, How comes this to pass? says he, How do you manage Matters? You do every Thing as you please, and agree what Causes you have a mind.. The Devil of one (Pox on it) can I make up for my Soul, I endeavour'd to prevent one Suit and have made Four: For let me say what I could they would go to Law.

You Fool, said the Father, don't you know that you should never perswade People to make up a Cause 'till they are quite weary of it themselves?

The

The STOMACH.

F A B L E XVIII.

IN the Days of Old, a Stomach
 of gluttonous Memory, and
 for which, I really believe,
 was first invented the Art of
 Eating and Drinking, and
 more than really was necessary for our Cook,
 or rather (if you believe him) our true Phy-
 sician as he calls himself.

This same Stomach was a great Lover of
 Ragous, rich Soups, and savoury Dishes,
 dressed *a la Daub*, and *a la Royale*, that
 please the Taste after the Appetite is satis-
 fied; and it was observed, he never said he
 had enough. All went down, hence insen-
 sibly proceeded bad Chole, and that produ-
 ced bad Blood, which in a little Time made
 every part of the Body heavy, dull, and
 languishing.

Every Thing was out of Sorts. Some-
 times the Head ached as if it would burst
 in Pieces, then a violent Cholick or Pains
 in the Back. The Breast was out of
 Order,

Order, or a Rheumatism skipt from one Shoulder to the other, and to crown all, Madam Gout seized both upon Hands and Feet.

What's all this? says the Sick Man. What can be the Cause of the great Disorder and Pain I labour under? It is not I, at least, says the Stomach, I do you all the Service I'm capable of, I'm sure I have not been idle, and never had the least Difference with you. Have I injured you? Put your Hand upon me and feel; Can you have other Witnesses? The Breast, my Companion, is not so true to you as I am. The Head too raves too much, and o'my Conscience, the Feet do not exercise enough.

Thus this Calumniator assigned a Fault to every part of the Body, and that none of them served him so well as he did. The Sick Man believed every Syllable, and like the World, punishes in others the Faults of a Traytor. Incisions now were made by Dozens where the Pain was most exquisite; Plaisters and Cataplasms, and God knows what; at last a Fever comes, and the poor Body, no longer able to resist its Rage, trembles in Agonies of Death.

Poor Stomach! Your Business is done, say your *Pater-Noster*; the Physicians by their Rules of Art have given You and all the Members over.

IN vain do we cast our Faults on others,
we suffer for them either soon or late.

LOVE and DEATH.

FABLE XIX.

HENCE all ye Readers, whose
Criticism blows hot and cold ;
who, without distinguishing Right
or Wrong, brand every Thing
with odious Characters: With you
all Perfection's faulty. If we are Sublime,
we are affected, and full of bombast and
falsom ; if Simple, then we are low and
mean ; all Art is artifice, and every Thing
that pleases painted.

If I venture upon any Fable which in your
Opinion contains strong and nervous Sense,
What a Shame is this, say you, to shew this
Picture to Children ? But tell me pray, is
Fable an Enemy either to the Profound or
Delicate, if it be *a propos* ? Or is it a Toy to
quiet froward Children ?

B b

But

But you'll quickly alter your Tone at the first common Things, I shall dare to say. Are these for Children to peruse? To imprint these Truths in them would be no easy Matter, and thus at every turn you vary your Weights and Balance; *black or white, for or against*, and contradict your selves a thousand Times, that you might not approve of any one Thing.

Well, Gentlemen, do as you please, no one will force your Inclination. For my part, trusting intirely to Fortune, I shall go on in my own Pace, without troubling my self about you, I do assure you, only must tell you before hand, that, in reality, my Intention is to instruct and amuse Childhood, not forgetting Man at the same Time. I should be glad that every Age might learn something from my Works, I think and write for all.

Leave to your Children what they can comprehend, and keep the rest for your selves.



DEATH, the Daughter of Time, and Love, were heretofore (as they do now-a-days) travelling over the World with their Bows and Quivers, and went very lovingly on together.

It was *Jupiter's* Order Love should only wound the young, in order to supply the Decays of Human Race, and Death was to strike old Age, and free the World from a useless Charge. This was the Decree, and by this Plan were our two Travellers to frame their Conduct.

Clotho *, says Love, will have her Belly full of spinning, we shall cut her out Work enough. And I, says Death, shall not be behind hand with you in furnishing her Sister *Atropas* † in Employment; she'll have cutting enough I'll warrant; if she has but good Scissors she need not doubt my Power.

Thus they passed on, entertaining each other in Discourse, till they came to the entrance of a Wood, where, being wearied with much Work and Travelling, they laid them down for some small Time to rest (for they never sleep long) and threw down confusedly their Bows and Quivers. When the Time was come to pursue their Journey, they took them up in haste, without Reflection. The Skeleton took up a good many Arrows belonging to *Cupid*, and he as many of Death's. This made horrid Work, for Death think-

* One of the three Fates which spun out the Lives of Men, according to the Poets.

† Another of them who cuts off the Thread of Life.

ing to give a fatal Wound to old Age, set many a decrepid Couple a giggling and toying, and playing all the little mad Fooleries of youthful Lovers. While *Cupid*, who design'd to engage two youthful Hearts with mutual Passion, saw them instantly expire.

Jupiter smiled at the Mistake, but would give no Remedy, as believing some good might come through this their careless Error. And in reality, if we were really wise, after this Change, we should ever be afraid of Death and our Passions, notwithstanding the Strength or Weakness of our Age.

Without this Danger, which I look upon to be very happy for us, in the vigour of our Youth, or in the declension of our Days, Vice would have no Bridle, Virtue no Exercise.





COURT FABLES.

BOOK IV.



The KING of the BEASTS.

FABLE I.

To Monseigneur the Bishop of FREJUS.

LEURY, thou new *Mentor* *
 of a new *Telemachus* †, who, lead-
 ing through distant Ages past,
 for the good of another *Ithaca*,
 shew'st him so many different Ob-
 jects, so many virtuous Deeds and Actions
 suiting Heroes.

* A Greek famous for his great Wisdom, he was Go-
 vernor to Telemachus.

† Son of Ulysses King of Ithaca.

You guide him without fear of Shipwreck from Country to Country, picking the choicest and most useful Flowers, forming as you pass, his Mind and Manners. You know how to instruct him in History, a fertile Study, where all is smiling and agreeable; by this he knows to distinguish between true and false Glory: At every Fact that enriches his Memory some new Virtue rises in his Heart.

But would you know on what I found the Hopes of the greatest Success from these your Lessons? It is this, my Lord, that in your Instructions you know how to please and make your self be loved. While your sage Discourses invite him to begin to be what he one Day should be, your Sweetness and graceful Manner engages his Love. When the Master knows to please, Lessons are then successful. Make good use of this Ascendant; the Love which he has for you at present, is the Measure and Source of that Zeal the People will one Day have for him.



WEARY of living any longer in a Commonwealth, the Beasts heretofore had a mind to be governed by a King, and accordingly they made Choice of an Ox, who for his quiet Disposition and Humanity

manity was firnamed his *Pacific Majesty*:

The People promised themselves all the Happiness in the World under his Government. The new King being of a sweet Temper, delighting in doing Good, very Affable, and easy of Access, was loved by every Body, and that was all. He only knew how to pity the Wretched and Unfortunate; And he had scarce the Heart to punish any Criminal. A Thousand little Tyrants ravaged his Provinces, Tygers and Lions were continually robbing him of his Subjects. What should he do? He preached up Peace, and Love, and Unanimity. It was pity so good a Prince should have such wicked People; they might have had as many Favours from him as they pleased; no Punishment, but a general Pardon for all.

However, at last they deposed him, and set up the *Lion* in his Room. The Name of Conqueror followed this Election. The new King enlarged his Frontiers, and made all his Neighbours submit to his Ambition. His Subjects trembled, and there was no more Rebellion, but then there was no longer any Love, for he inspired nothing but Fear and Terror. His cruel Majesty ever bestained with Blood frighten'd even his Sycophants and Flatterers. Upon the
least

least Complaint, or bare Suspicion, the Accusers as well as the Accused, were sure to be destroyed, and feel the Fury of his Rage.

What's here to do? said the People. What a fine Choice is this? The Dyar * have made a rare piece of Work on't; of ~~two~~ Kings not ~~one~~ worth a Cherry Stone: We did not *Fear* the other, and how a Devil can we *Love* this, who knows *no other Law* than his *Rage*? In short, grown quite desperate under such cruel Slavery, the whole Nation fell at once upon this *Nero* † of the Wood. You may imagine what a Slaughter this was, it cost them some Blood, however the Tyrant died.

Upon this the good Ox, whom they had so quietly deposed, without any Reluctance on his part, made a signal for Silence. My Lords and Gentlemen, said he, I have found out a King will do your Business. Lord *Elephant*, here is your Man, he is good temper'd, like *me*, and terrible when he *pleases*, like the *other*; he'll govern you like his Children, and defend your Rights and Liberties. I give him my Vote, pray let him have yours. For what Royal Qualities

* Dyet in Germany and Poland, signifies a General Assembly of the States.

† A Roman Emperor famous for his Cruelty.

does

does he want? None at all cried the People. He was accordingly chosen, and his happy Reign repaired all past Misfortunes.




KINGS, we must both love and fear you, one without the other is not sufficient.



The PEACH-TREE and the MULBERRY-TREE.

FABLE II.

 Peach-Tree, the Love and Hopes of his Master, the favourite Tree of the whole Garden, scarce can the Spring appear, but he displays his Blossoms, priding himself in his gawdy Apparel, and his early Bloom. He advised the Mulberry Tree (one Day) which was as naked as in the depth of Winter, to give him some sign that he was alive, since he had neither Leaf nor Blossom, but Branches all languishing and chilled, to *Flora's* * Shame.

* *The Goddess of Flowers.*

Friend, says the Peach-Tree, what does the Spring signify to you? Your Laziness is a Dishonour to it. A long while since has the warbling *Philomel* * proclaimed it to the Ecchoes of these Woods. All Nature is awake. Every Morning the blushing *Aurora* bedews us with her pearly Tears; delicious Nectar of Trees and Flowers! In vain, thou lazy Thing, may gentle *Zephyrus* blow his spicy Gales; you sleep when the whole Creation is awake.

Why don't you follow my Example? Look, and consider how I have toiled. You see me covered with blooming Flowers, long since have I regaled my Master with finest Hopes, and I'll be as good as my Word; he may reckon before-hand that my Fruit will be equal in Number to my Blossoms.

Scarce had he said this, but an unlucky North Wind blew, and in an instant stripped him intirely of his painted Livery; all hopes of Fruit were now no more, and scarce had he left one barren Leaf.

Well, haughty Sir, says the Mulberry-Tree, and was I in the wrong not to be so hasty? *Zephyrus* may blow as long as he pleases, it is the nipping North I'm yet


*. *The Nightingale.*

afraid of. Learn this Truth from me, That
if you would bring an Enterprize to Perfection,
you must begin at proper Seasons, and
take due Time.

IMPATIENCE RUINS EVERY THING.

OPINION.

F A B L E III.

 I D me, Divine Invention, thy
Succour I implore. I cannot
work on antique Models, those
Pictures displease me; if I do
not form somewhat of my own,
and give my Imagination its career, I'm out
of Humour, and throw away my Pencil
and my Colours, for mere Vexation.

The Fictions of another never excite my
Fancy; and if the Foundation is not my
own, the Structure rises with Pain. I should
be afraid lest some Quirk or Quibble should,
under the specious Mask of Justice, put me
out of Possession, and the Ground Landlord,
some Time or other, claim the Building.
Let

Let us not then embroider another's Tissue. People invented heretofore, let us do so now; our Fore-fathers in this did well, cannot we do so too? No, say you, the Time is past; O! to do this, one should have been born in the Days of *Aesop* or *Homer*. You come too late, if you can but imitate, it is enough for you.

But, with your leave, I'm not of your Mind, according to this way of Reasoning, the World must be on its last Legs, its most decrepid Age, and has seen and said every Thing: But there wants a great deal of that, it is now only in the Flower of its Age; nay, I've said too much, it is only six or seven Thousand Years old; now for these Millions of Years as it is likely yet to live, it is still productive; and we are Children.

We are afraid, and dare not advance without our Guides. We enquire at every step, has any one been that Way? No. Let us then by no means venture. This is the Discourse of us, poor Children as we are, we shall have more Courage when we come to be Men. What vast Territories remain yet undiscovered! Fiction is a Country of an unbounded Extent, and one may go prodigious Lengths, provided we do but think. Do there want Roads? Let us make them our selves. Let us imagine Facts, and form
fit

fit Actors, and if we find any savage Criticks by the way, let us still proceed, though they make never so much Clamour and Out-cry.

APOLLO points us out the Glory of Invention, and we are, in spite of Envy, Makers of our own Trade. By virtue of this Privilege see here new Actors, Dame IGNORANCE and her Relations, LAZINESS and PRIDE: Let us hear these Doctors, they have already, I see, set the whole Critick World a grumbling against a METAPHYSICAL Tale.



MISS IGNORANCE was got with Child. Do you ask me who abused her? Indeed I cannot tell, but one may easily comprehend that it is no difficult Matter to abuse *Ignorance*. In short, she grew very big, and nine Months were now nigh well compleated. Every Oracle was consulted, and in pompous Words declared, That she should be delivered of the Queen of the whole World, of a Child that should make Kings and Demi-Gods, and reign Despotick over all Mankind; should found Schools and Universities for the grave Sages in Literature, and that hereafter the whole World should see every Thing through her Eyes.

Ladies generally are deliver'd with Fears and Pain, but poor *Ignorance* with Admirati-
on, and the Oracles were fulfilled: How? Why with the Birth of pretty Mademoiselle OPINION. PRIDE and LAZINESS, near Re-
lations to Ignorance, and her greatest and
most intimate Friends, were sent for, and
the Honour of naming the Child were re-
ferred to them. The God-Mother admired
the pretty Infant, and was continually smi-
ling upon her. The God-Father looked
grave, and flattered and caressed her, and
by Virtue of their Authority call'd her —
What? — TRUTH.



The Dogs.

F A B L E IV.

***** ONCE upon a Time a great
 Number of bold Dogs made
 O a firm League together, that
 they might seek their For-
 tunes with greater Security.
 Let us share our Wealth and Honour in
 common, said a certain Squire amongst
 them, an able Orator, in his great elbow
 Chair.

Chair. You might have heard him by his learned Harangue fire the Breasts of the Confederates, and his nimble Tongue display the sacred Rights of Peace and Concord.

This old Dog, you must know, had taken his Degrees in the University, and was well acquainted with the Trencher Cap: You'll have many a stout *Hektor* *, said he, to pursue, Wolves and wild Boars: But Courage, my Lads, I'll deliver every Mother's Son of them into your Power, provided you keep close to each other in Unity.

But if any of you grows peevish and quarrelsome, raises Dissentions amongst you, and calls his Companion *Dog's Face* † for nothing at all; in short, if you open a Door to a civil War, you are undone, and I call the angry Manes of *ACHILLES* to witness this Truth.

You see our Orator here (thank God) was a great Scholar, and a Plagiary too. However, this pathetick Discourse wrought so much on our Confederates, that they took an Oath to be firmly united to each other.

* *The Son of Priam, who defended Troy, and was the most fatal to the Greeks.*

† *Achilles affronted Agamemnon after this manner in Homer's Iliad.*

And thus without any private Interest they were zealously resolved to stand up for the general Good of the Commonwealth.

Our Heroes undertook their Journey, and soon found a wild Boar, which they attacked and tore to Pieces. The Question now was, how to divide the Spoil. This was a nice Point. Our Sparks disagreed in their Sentiments. Says one, I'll eat the biggest part, for I was the Person, though I say it, that should not say it, who brought the Enemy to the Ground. Nay, Sir, said another, but then I throttled him, or else your throwing of him upon his Back would not have signified a double Stiver; and then, for those Curs who were mere Spectators at a distance, do they think to feast like them who were most in the Action, and displayed their Valour? No, let them fast, or seek a Dinner elsewhere.

In short, so much was said *Pro* and *Con*, that they grew very hot headed and furious, and fell to it heartily for their Shares: Their Barbarity increased every Moment; fierce *Bellona* and implacable *Mars* incited their Rage, and you might see nothing but Blood and Slaughter. This Field of Battle proved a second *Pharsalia* *, where was heard no-

* The Field of Battle where Cæsar conquered Pompey.
 thing

thing but brutal Rage, Brothers against Brothers, Parents encountered Children, and every one disputed about the wild Boar which no Soul had meddled of.

But while they were thus employed in killing one another, they were surrounded by a Company of Wolves. He that could run away took fairly to his Heels, but all could not do that, and what remained became a Prey to their Enemies.



FROM hence may be learned two Truths. 1. *It is Interest that makes and breaks Treaties.* 2. *Discord produces Ruin.* We learn no more from the Divine Iliad in sixteen Thousand well sounding Verses.





The PICTURE.

F A B L E V.

THE World is full of false Cen-
sures. If one shews those Gentle-
men a good Piece, their bold Igno-
rance pronounces very dogmatical-
ly that it is nothing but Dawbing. It has no
manner of *Goût*, no Strength, Proportion or
Justice; this is displeasing; and that has an
ill Look with it, blaming and condemning
every Thing through the whole Alphabet.

Well *Messieurs*, I must tell you, this is
nothing in the World but Pride, and you are
very ignorant, how knowing so ever you
fancy your selves.



A Certain Gentleman, once upon a Time,
had a great mind to have his Picture
drawn. Every Man would be painted once
in his Life: Self-love of its own Nature is a
Friend to Limning: This Art, which copies
us,

us, seems to make us likewise multiply, but this is not our only Folly.

Well, the Picture was finished, and our Spark had a mind to have the Advice of his Friends, People that were Judges of Painting. Pray, Gentlemen, look upon it, that Piece was drawn for me; has he done me Justice? Why a ——— says one, if I must speak my mind, I think he has made you swarthy, whereas you are perfectly fair. The Mouth, says another, is somewhat awry. I am sure, says a Third, no one can say that Nose is well shaped; besides, I would fain know, if you have such little Eyes, and so dull and heavy? What Occasion is there for so many Shades? In short, Sir, It is not you; he must touch it over again, that's certain.

In vain did the Painter undertake to justify his Work; he might vex and fret himself never so much, it was all one, he was to begin again. Well, to work he goes; and finished it to his Mind, and would lay all he was worth in the World, that it was now a perfect Likeness.

The Judges were summoned a-new; well, Gentlemen, and what do you think now; Think, why ——— a ——— this is worse and worse, your Face is too long by half, you have Furrows in your Cheeks, and your Chin

Chin is wrinkled, and you look as old and ugly as Fourscore, whereas (and God knows we would not flatter you) you are really young and handsome.

Well, says the Painter, I see I must go to work again, I'll engage to please you now, or I'll burn my Pencil. When they were gone home, says the Painter to the Gentleman, Your Friends, Sir, if I may give them that Title, are only a Company of free spoken Dunces, and if you please, I'll convince you they are so to Morrow. I'll cut out the Head of a Picture just like this, and go you behind, and put your Head in its Place : I'll prepare the Piece by the Time they are here. With all my Heart, says the Gentleman, till then adieu.

Our Men of Judgment accordingly came at the appointed Time, and the Painter shewed them the Picture at a greater distance than before. Does the Piece please you now, Gentlemen? says he. Tell me, Has it a Likeness now? At least, I am sure I have taken a great deal of Care to touch up the Head. Impertinent, said they, why do you send for us to see such stuff? Where is the necessity to trouble us over and over again with the same ridiculous Frumpery? If we must be plain with you, we tell you, That Head is no more our worthy Friend, than


than *Prefter John's*. You are out there, Gentlemen Criticks, says the Head, for 'tis I myself.



The WINE-CONNERS.

FABLE VI.

UT * are there not Persons of good Taste and Judgment in this World? Undoubtedly there are, but these are very rare, and seldom met with. Happy those who find them! Happy those who hear them! But much more Happy those who please them! Let this be our Endeavour, cost what it will.


A Master of a Family had tap'd a fresh Hogshhead of Wine, and called all the House in to give their Opinions. The Cup went merrily about. One after twenty Swallows declared it excellent, and fit for the

* *This Fable is of the same Nature with the preceding.*

Table

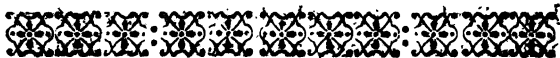
Table of Princes. Another, after two or three Rummers, cried out, That this Wine was worth all the Sovereign Liquor the Gods above got fuddled with; and defied *Bacchus* * himself to find the least fault with it.

While every one was giving his Judgment, there came in two Wine-Conners, who were desired to take a Glass. Well, Gentlemen, and what do you think? Don't your Thoughts jump with ours? It tastes of iron, says one. Of Leather, says the other. Well, what different Notions do Men frame of Things? ——— And the merry Company laughed at them for a couple of Fools. But their Joy was but short liv'd, for the Event justified what they said; for when they had drawn out all the Wine, and were pouring out the Lees, they found a little Key tied to a small Thong of Leather.



AUTHORS, your Works have pleased Thousands, they have pronounced them excellent, but do not trust to this, many a Fault escapes the vulgar, which are perceived by those of a nice and delicate Taste.

* *The God of Wine.*



PANDORA.

FABLE VII.

VULCAN*, just banished from the Mansions of Heaven, had a mind to make a Creature after his Fashion. Immediately he began to imploy his Forge and Hammer, and imitated a Human Body. The out-side was soon finished, and his Tools gave the whole an excellent Polish.

Jupiter said it was a beautiful Piece. O my Conscience, says he, my Son understands Sculpture admirably well; but after all, it is nothing but a mere Body, a Statue, and no more: There must be a Soul, that's certain, to animate the Work, and give it Life and Motion. He had no sooner said this, but the Iron breathed, and the Statue became a perfect Woman.

* The Son of Jupiter and Juno. Jupiter being vexed to see him so ugly, kicked him out of Heaven down to the Earth. He was Blacksmith to the Gods.

Every

Every Inhabitant of Heaven would make her a Present. Her Abode was to be amongst Smiles and Graces, and every God studied to out-do each other. She had all the Charms in the World, fine Qualities, Address, and Courage: And thence was called PANDORA, that is, ALL GIFT.

But *Pluto*, the infernal Monarch, presented her with a Box. There, Take this, said he, this is infinitely more valuable than all the Gifts you have hitherto received. It is the greatest Treasure in the World, if you do not open it. The Fair One, at this, was in some Perplexity; she was a Woman, and consequently Curious. Her Eye was continually on the Box. And is it not to be opened? says she, this is making me a Fool; a very pleasant Treasure truly, the Enjoyment of which is not to make use of it! I'm almost distracted every Time I think on't, and God knows, that's all Day long too. This is some Riddle, surely, and i'faith I'll be satisfied ——— I must open it ——— which she did.

But, good Gods, What flew out? What did she then discover? What dreadful Evils? Sorrow and Death; and what is worse than all, a whole Brood of most hateful Vices flew Abroad into the World.

Now,

Now, I ask in what Rank shall we place CURIOSITY, which was the Mother of them all.



TO this old Story let us joyn another of our own, for I cannot cure my self of Emulation: This Fable begets another, It was my Prelude, my Overture; and now the Curtains drawn enter all the Vices up on the Stage. But what shall we all do, said they to each other? We are a pretty numerous Company, and let us consider where we shall find Entertainment.

For my part, says Ambition, I don't trouble my self about that, I am the Delight of the GREAT, I shall immediately take up my Residence with them; the Courts of Princes are my Habitation. And, as for me, says Interest, I think I am tolerably well provided for, I'll go this very Moment into the City amongst the Tradesmen and Merchants; I shall find Friends enough I don't doubt. I'll teach them how to traverse the Ocean, seek out distant Climates, and discover new Worlds; I'll make them supply me with a Thousand well built Ships, and carry me round the Globe.

Debauchery took up her Lodgings in the House of a Man of a vast Estate, where she

had every Thing to her mind, indulging her self in every sort of Wine, and every kind of Love. In short, she was sole Lady of the Family.

Hypocrisy was yet much better lodged. Her Habitation was with the Demure and Precise, who speak deliberately, noted for hanging down their Necks like Bull-Rushes, holy and sanctified Leers, where she was, however, delicately fed, and had her Apartments strewed with sweetest Herbs and Flowers, and ever frequenting the Temples of the Gods, where she was Mistress of the Ceremonies,

But what must be done with Jealousy? Which is her Quarter? Can she want Entertainment? No; there never were in the World, at the same Time, two Beauties and two Poets. And thus every Vice took up its respective Lodgings, except Vanity, which seemed intirely unprovided. And where will you lodge, Madam, says one of the Company? Don't be in any pain about that, Gentlemen and Ladies, says she, for I shall lodge every where.





The CAT and the MOUSE.

F A B L E VIII.

Gentle Mouse happened one Day to be decoy'd into a Trap; and lost her Liberty for a bit of Bacon. The wisest People, we see, are sometimes taken.

Sir Cat, a Baronet, who had a delicate Nose, came sniffing round, and viewed both Bait and Prisoner; and now all his Wit was made use of, to obtain these delicious Morsels. Gossip, says he, in a whining, hypocritical Tone, Let us lay aside all Animosity, we have lived long enough at variance, I'm quite and clean weary for my part. Now, if you are as sick of Contention as I am, let us live in strict Amity and Friendship for the future; and I do assure you, though I say it that should not say it, you shall never know how much I am at your Service.

With all my Heart, says the Mouse. And you are in earnest, says the Cat. As I hope for Mercy am I, says the Mouse; and if I

am not, may ——— No Imprecations, good Madam, I beseech you, replied the Cat. But to ratify this Treaty in all its Forms, according to the Civil Law, pray be so good as to open your Lodging, that we may shake Hands, and embrace like sincere Friends.

I desire nothing more, says the Mouse, you have nothing else to do but to lift up that Board at the Entry, which is done by pulling down that long Piece of Wood there that sticks out like a Barber's Pole, that's all. The Cat accordingly falls to work, and scarce had she set her two Paws upon it, but up flew the Trap-Door, and the Mouse scamper'd away into her Hole with the Bacon, of which she soon made a Dispatch. Puss followed, but came too late. Well, says he, it is no great Matter, the Bacon was rusty, and the Mouse lean.

THE Grapes are sour, says the Fox, when he could not reach them. Two other Morals may be drawn from this Fable, viz.

A prudent Person knows how to draw Good even from the Enemy who meditates his Destruction. And,

People

People sometimes do us the greatest Service,
by endeavouring most to do us hurt.



The Two Books F A B L E IX.

~~~~~ I HAVE seen sometimes a  
~~~~~ Child cry as if his Heart would  
~~~~~ L ~~~~ break, because he was no Tal-  
~~~~~ ~~~~~~ ler, set him upon a Table, the  
~~~~~ ~~~~~~ little Fool thought himself a  
~~~~~ ~~~~~~ Man.

Every Man is this Child. Honours, Pla-
ces, Nobility, Estate, Luxury and Splen-
dor are this Fable; and are like so many
Stilts on which he struts about, and imagines
this artificial Height his own.

Now would I ask this great swaggering
Thing, which scarce will vouchsafe to look
at me, and whose best Reception is Disdain,
what Foundation he has for this haughty,
proud Demeanour? Is it his Descent, Rank,
or magnificent and pompous Equipage?

But alas! The honourable Memory of
thy Ancestors, the Authority of thy Em-
ployment, thy Palace, rich Furniture and

Table, are all these poor Man thy self? O! nothing less, and since I must tell you here your true Worth and Value, and what you really are, attend me. You are a Wretch of a low Heart, ill formed Wit and Genius, of a Soul blackened with Vice; this is your naked Picture, but every Line and Feature is exactly to the Life. Besides all this, your Pride cheats you and surfeits us. There are some great Men, indeed, whom the Gods take Pleasure to adorn with celestial Gifts. Pride, in these only, is pardonable, but these alone are modest. This is to give a double Example.



TWO Books lived close together upon a Shelf; one new, dress'd up in *Turky* Leather, and deck'd with many a gilded Flower; the other in mean Array of old Parchment, and Worm-eaten. The new Book, proud with his gay embroider'd Suit, cried out, For Gpd's sake take me hence, Heavens! How does this mouldy fusty Creature stink? How can one endure such scoundrel Company? Such a fine Complexion as I wear — and to be oblig'd to stand Cheek by Jowl with this old ugly fashion'd Sloven, that offends every Soul that looks at him!

Less

Less of your disdainful Airs, Lord Fop-
 pington, said the old Book. Every one has
 his proper Merit, and perhaps as much as
 your self. If you knew me to the bottom
 — Lard, I can't bear it, this old musty
 Fool will kill me with his Impertinence. I
 can stay no longer, fogg? One Moment's
 hearing, my Lord, and I have done. Not
 for the World, I can hear nothing. Let me
 only tell you, that ——— Hold your
 Tongue, Insolence. It is horrid Shame —
 and ——— O! ——— Hark ye me, you
 Mr. Bookseller there, come hither, if you
 have the least value for Quality and your
 own Reputation, take me down, for I'm al-
 most poison'd.

He had no sooner said this, but came in a
 Customer, and casting his Eyes on the Shelf
 takes up old Parchment, turns him over,
 admires, and buys him. This is an excel-
 lent Author, says he, the very Oracle of
 the Law. And looking only on the gilt
 Title of the other, what a Devil, says he,
 do you do with this extravagant Linsey
 Woolsey Poet here? Here's (and shook his
 Head) a great deal of good Turkey Leather
 lost;

T H E R E



THERE is no manner of occasion to point out more particularly, those whom I hint at in this Fable. The great Lord blushes at a wise Man if he's ill dress'd, and yet he is a Man, and the other very often only a Suit of Cloaths.



The MAN and DESTINY.

F A B L E X.

A Certain Man, once upon a Time, prevailed upon Destiny to let him know his Fortune. The Book of Providence was opened, and he read his Fate; the Progress of his Life, and its End. Amongst a great many little Facts, some great Events displayed themselves.

He was to be a mighty and glorious King, then to be taken Prisoner, and at last die in the midst of Tortures. These Revolutions are the Pastime of the Gods. But amongst an infinite Variety of these Objects which most of

all continually haunted the Imagination of our curious pryer into Futurity; alas! it was that of his Death, which continually plagued him where-ever he went. His frightened Soul endured it every Hour, and in every Place. This future King thus worn away with Fear, saw himself in this dreadful chagrin a Slave like *Montezuma* *, and broiled like *Guatimozin* †.

Pity me, good Gods, said he, and take ever from me this frightful Image.

His Prayers were heard. His Imagination was no longer rack'd with Slavery and Death. He saw now in Perspective nothing but that absolute Scepter he was one Day to grasp. But is he any easier now, or more content? Alas! he's far from being Happy, a restless Impatience fires him, and he thinks every Moment an Age. Every Favour the Gods bestow is tasteless and insipid. Where others died with Joy, our future King pined with an eager Expectation.

O Heaven! cried he, again, cut off these tedious Years that bar me from my Happi-

* Emperor of Mexico, taken Prisoner by Ferdinand Cortez, a Spaniard, who conquered that Empire.

† Successor to Montezuma, who was broiled on a Gridiron to make him discover his Gold.

ness, hasten on my glorious Destiny, for without this I can enjoy nothing.

Well, says Fate, notwithstanding your Imprudence, I'll do better for you than you your self desire. 'Tis done, you're going to be Happy, I'll restore to you your former Ignorance.



O Happy Lot! Blest Ignorance, so necessary for the Peace of all Mankind! Without thee our Impatience will make a foreseen Good an Evil, and the Evil would kill us before it came.

The T R E E S.

F A B L E XI.

W ITH our Fathers, Lord rest their Souls, an Astrologer was a necessary piece of Furniture. Nothing could be done without his Advice. If Reason commanded Skill there remained a certain——
But what does the Astrologer say in this Affair?

Were

Were they going to build a House, travel, sell or purchase, to marry or take Physick, and the like, you must take Advice of the Planets. Every Astrologer was worth his weight in Gold ; and really the World is still so foolish that I wonder the Fashion does not yet continue.



A Certain great Lord who delighted in Gardening, had some Trees to plant. His Prophet whom he went to consult, set up a Scheme, studied it, and found out at last what celestial Aspects were advantageous on this Occasion.

Let them plant these Trees, my Lord, said the Doctor, this very Moment, the Planets love no delays ; if you defer it a Moment these Trees are lost, for a favourable Influence I cannot depend upon above one Hour at most.

This Advice was immediately followed, and to planting they went, and all was over in the twinkling of an Eye, and they would certainly live to a good old Age ; neither Hail, Rain, angry Winds, nor even Man could do them any damage. Heaven would protect them against every assault.

Some few Days after the Lord took a new Gardiner. The Plan did not please him at all, and he rooted them up, as believing it impossible for them ever to bear Fruit : Which when his Lord perceived, Thou Villain, said he, what hast thou done ? These Trees would have been the Delight of their Master. My Astrologer, a very great Doctor in this Point, took the *happy Instant* for their Plantation, and every Planet in Heaven were Guarantees for their Success.

Soft and fair goes far, my most noble Lord, says the Gardiner : You are in the wrong to be angry with me, who was not present at this Consultation. But your Trees are plucked up and half withered. You see your *happy Instant* is not worth a Button, so go and beat your Astrologer.



APOLLO and MINERVA turn'd
Physicians.

F A B L E XII.

To Monsieur FONTENELLE.

FONTENELLE, thou great
Master both in Prose and
Rhyme, in whose great Gen-
ius all others are contained, in
your sublime Discourses the
Graces ever smile. In these my Tales I
treat of the common Science, which no one
learns, and all imagine they know, Morali-
ty; which, lest it should look impertinent
and troublesome, I deck in Smiles.

You, Sir, know to the bottom that Art
which we with pain set off. Before you
soared to Speculation you were early forti-
fied with the Principle of Action.

Pronounce then Sentence on my Allego-
ries, judge absolutely, without Appeal, on
the Foundation and Superstructure: To your
bright Judgment I submit my Works in-
E c tively,

tirely, not that in every respect I hope to gain the Cause, I know I shall be found defective in more Places than one.

Here the Style suffers, or the Subject is too long spun out; and, it may be, I do not proceed directly towards my Design, or, perhaps, a Word may intrude it self into another's Place, and sometimes the Turn it self is faulty: Here too much Weakness, there too much Fire; and even where I have done my best been most deficient.

But where am I wandering? You know, Sir, the Nature of our Profession. Let a Man pride himself never so much in his Talents, as long as he is a Man he must be faulty; and I am a Man in this, perhaps more than any other.

APOLLO and Minerva were banished Heaven, no matter on what Account, let that pass. The King of the Gods, when he pleases, can turn People out of Doors, no Murmuring, he will be obeyed.

~~no more of Apollo and Minerva~~
 Apollo, the God of Physick.
 Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom.
 What

What must us do now, said they, deprived of our *Nectar* * and *Ambrosia* *, we must endeavour to get our Bread amongst Men.

For my part, said the God, I have a good Trade in my Belly, ay, and so have I too, said the Goddess, and then they went to live in a certain Town in *Greece*, but in different Quarters. *Apollo* turned Mountebank, and cured all Distempers incident to Human Bodies; he restored the Organs, when too much weakened, to their former Tone and Vigour, and had an infallible Specifick for every Distemper.

Minerva practised Physick of a higher Strain; she cured the Soul, rooting intirely out every Thing that was evil. The Goddess knew very well that Mankind are pleased with a quackish Stile. This she accordingly affected, and packetted up Wisdom like *Orvietan*. Her Sign was in golden Letters, and declared that no Distemper was incurable to her Sovereign Art.

Bring me, says she, a Rogue or a Devil, nay, worse than these, and I'll make them as White as Snow. I cure all Ills in an instant with only one little touch of my Elixir. All the Virtues are my Attendance, and you

* *The Meat and Drink of the Gods.*

may take your Choice. I make a crooked Mind straight, and cure a Heart gangreened with Debauchery; the Fever of Ambition, the double Tertian, and Distempers affecting the Brain, habitual Lying, inveterate Malice, desperate Avarice; in short, all Vices in the World: In a Word, I play with them, and I have done these Cures a hundred and a hundred Times, and I speak within compass. Don't think, Gentlemen, I come here to impose upon you; no, I have nothing else in view but your Good, *Read, try, judge, and speak as you find.* NO CURE, NO MONEY.

Apollo acted otherwise, for he took half in Hand, and sold his Patients Hopes before the Cure. However, every Body followed him; and though he had more Practice than he knew well how to dispense with, he still grasped at more. The Crowd increased every Day, and would pawn every Thing rather than be without his divine Remedies. He soon got an Estate, and set up his Equipage and Chariot with six *Flanders* Mares, like other Gentlemen of the Faculty. But poor *Minerva* could make nothing on't, and could scarce get enough to find her self in Coffee and Bread and Butter.

THE Evils of the Body are our only
Care, those of the Soul take up none
of our Attention.



The TREASURE.

FABLE XIII.

ONCE upon a Time a certain
Prince was travelling to seek out
Adventures, though not altoge-
ther like a Knight Errant, for
he had his Attendance. His
Trunks followed him with a great Treasure,
a sure Defence against all the Necessities that
attend long Journeys, Money and a bold
Heart, what can one desire more?
It happened one Day that he perceived
written upon a Rock these Words in the
Oracle Stile.

*I lead to a great Treasure bidden by a certain
God, it is surmounted by a great many Obsta-
cles, but the first Difficulty is to penetrate my
Body.*

Come on then my Boys, says the Prince, and to work they went : A thousand Hands were employed Night and Day, and had good Pay and Diet, and at the Expence of prodigious Sums the Work was in a few Days finished. The Rock was turned up, and discovered a Pit of a vast Depth, where he saw another Writing with these Words, *Remove me, the Treasure is a little farther.*

This gave our new AMADIS fresh Encouragement, and cost him vast Expence and Pains ; however, they opened a Way through the Pit which led into a thick Forest : Upon a high Pine, at the very Entrance, hung a Scrawl with these Words, *The Treasure is hard by, but to arrive at it, you must fell a great many Trees.*

This cut him and his Men out more Work, which quite emptied his Coffers. After they had felled half a Forest they discovered a wild and desert Country. A Dragon that watched the Treasure, told him, That he had not yet done all, for he must first conquer him, before he could be Master of it.

Come on then, said the Prince, if my Purse is exhausted, my Valour's not at all abated ; and with new Courage attacks the Dragon, who roused his dormant Rage, and vomited dreadful Clouds of Smoke and
Flame.

Flame. The Prince fought like a Hero, the Danger inspired him; he received thousand Wounds, and the Blood gushed from him like Rivers, but at last he conquered, and laid the dreadful Monster dead at his Feet, and seized the desired Treasure.

Here, says he to his Retinue, come and see the just Reward of so much Expence and Pains. They came accordingly, and helped him to count it, and found to a Penny the very Sum this great Exploit had cost him, and two little Pots of excellent Balsam, just enough to cure him of his Wounds.

THE Gods, we see, made themselves Diversion with our Knight Errant, and teach us by his Example, That oftentimes after a great deal of Pains and Cost, we are no better than we were before. Nay, Happy are those that are not worse? They have Reason to thank Heaven if they come off so well.



It is a little thing, but it is a thing that is not to be despised. The world is full of such things, and it is our duty to be careful of them. The

The



The CAMEL.

FABLE XIV.

IN pity to the Fool, the wise Man sometimes complies, and the Fool takes it for a real Respect. The Notice one takes of Folly makes it by one half more foolish. This great Man cannot suffer the least Contradiction, for which Reason he is always in the right. We must not shew that we have the least suspicion that he is going to say a silly Thing; and this Management of ours however, in reality, tells him that he is a double Fool.

How often have we seen a mad Author in an Ecstasy at every one of his Verses, and grow pale, and tremble at the least Criticism: For which Reason, and because we would not mortify him we let him have his way. If we deprive him but of one Syllable of Praise the Man's undone. The Idiot will ever believe himself a great Genius. I could instance a Thousand other Examples. Morality

ality cannot have a more copious Subject. But I go no farther ; Art stops my Hand for fear of giving Satiety. To tell the Reader all is not handsome, it is distrusting too much his Penetration.

FOR a Thousand good Qualities the Camel has one fault, and that is no great one neither, his Foot is apt to slip. This being premised, I can tell a Tale of a Camel, otherwise a Beast very sage, and much of a Gentleman, that prided himself in an Affair that had too much turned his Brains. This Spark, with the Company with whom he travelled, was to pass over a craggy Mountain. The Camel patted on, but now and then tripp'd, which put the People in no small pain, who to make the way less slippery, bound round his Feet pieces of Turkey Carpet.

This he took for Respect, and accordingly tossed up his Head, walked gravely, and counted his Steps as a Pedant does his Words. He was a whole Day in passing the Mountain, and could not sleep all Night for thinking on the Honour of the Carpet. But the next Day, when the Guide would have him, as usual, to fall upon his Knees to receive his Load : What's here to do, good Sir, says

says our proud Dromedary, Am I not the Person whom Yesterday you treated with such Respect and Honour? Am I of another Species to Day?

Hey dey, says his Master (and brushed him tightly with an Oaken Towel) what, do you pretend to prate? Down upon your Marrow Bones in a Moment. The Carpet, I see, has turned your Head, which was done in respect to your Weakness, and no Mark of Honour, as you was such a Fool to imagine.



The FRIENDS *too much of a Mind!*

F A B L E XV.

ONCE upon a Time there were four Friends of different Tastes and Judgment; one was for the White, the other for the Brown; this loved Verse, and that was charmed with Prose. In short, their Discourses were ever seasoned with Dispute and Argument.

But one Day above the rest they grew so hot, that from Words they came to Blows;

Rea-

Reason was banished, and Rage grew predominant. At last, says one of them, since we love one another, Gentlemen, would it not be infinitely more agreeable to have the same Taste, and look with the same Eyes: If we could but think after the same manner, we should most Certainly love one another much better.

They all confessed the justness of this Discourse, and were resolved to beg of the Gods to make this extraordinary Change, and accordingly they went to *Apollo's* Temple to offer him their Petition, who in an instant, they say, made one Head out of Four; that is, gave all of them the same Thoughts and Sentiments. They reasoned alike, and made use of the self same Words. Well, said they, now we shall have no more Disputes and Contradiction.

It is very true, Gentlemen, but then all those amusing Charms that make Conversation so agreeable, are likewise vanished, for if one speaks, the others says Yes, and this Monosyllable was the only Word in use. This made their Conversation tiresome, and Friendship began to decline. Thus by being too much of one Mind, our Friends grew disunited, and being weary of discoursing with one another, were in continual Quest for some one that might contradict them.



DIVERSITY of Sentiments is the most agreeable Thing in the World. We are well as we are. Give all Men the same Mind, and you take away the very Spirit and Life of Society. Too much Uniformity makes every Thing tedious and disagreeable.



P E A C E.

F A B L E XVI.

TH E Gods, once upon a Time, were quarrelling about a certain Town. Some were for saving it, others for giving it up to the Enemy. They would hear no manner of Reason. There was nothing but great Noise and imprudent Clamour, railing, and giving foul Language; nay, it came to that Extremity they took up Arms: *Juno* brandished his Fork, *Pallas* her Shield, and *Neptune* his Trident. So *Gentlemen*, says *Jupiter*, what, another *Troy*? In War once more broke out amongst you?

you? Will you always have us believed to be a Company of foolish and capricious Gods? Have not Mankind said enough already of our Fooleries?

Here Madam Peace, where are you? Ap-
pear; but he might call till his Lungs broke,
Peace was not in Heaven. Go *Mercury*, said
he, clap on your Wings, I can't imagine
where this Peace has hid her self. Go, make
haste, for she must be found.

Mercury flew away in an instant, and arrived at Court all out of Breath. The Court he knew to be the Residence of Politeness, and surely he believed he should certainly find Peace where there was so much Compliment, praising, embracing, and studying to please, and concluded he need not stir one step farther ; but alas ! he was soon undeceived, he found all this covered the basest Treachery and Falshood ; that there was nothing but Divisions, that they hated one another mortally, that all the rest was nothing but meer Out-side and Formality.

Well, away he hies to the Courts of Judicature, not that he thought he should find Peace with the Parties, Plaintiff and Defendant, or the Attornies and Counsellors, but sure he might with the Judges, where appears so much Gravity; Peace reigns in
F f their

their Air, and seems to reside in their Hearts.

But here he was as much deceived as before, Justice was embarrassed, and they could not agree about the Sense of the Statutes; every one stood up for his own Interpretation, and thus the Law, which should unite Men, was made nothing but Quirk, Chicane, and Quibble.

From the Hall he ran to the Temples. Certainly, said he, the Ministers of the Gods must give good Example. I shall find Peace here, but indeed, Sir *Mercury*, you're quite mistaken; here was no Peace, but continual Discord and Dissention, opposite Sentiments, Hatred and Treachery. This defended tooth and nail his Oracle; and another his Statue, and every one was in the right and bringing all the World to be of his side.

Let us see, says *Mercury*, if I can have better Success amongst the Schoolmen. Science is One, and undoubtedly these Gentlemen must agree. But here he was as much mistaken as ever, for a jealous Rancor reigned here as on its Throne: Infinite Disputes, and unfair Proceedings, Moderns and Antients at eternal War. *Homer* was a God, says one; no, says the other, he is a Beast: And both in the wrong.

From

From hence he went into Families. But what did he discover amongst the married People? Debauched and jealous Husbands, Prudes and Coquets. In short, the Pleasures of Matrimony are mutual Hatred, Chagrins and Disgusts. One said White, and t'other Black, and thus they went on.

Amongst Brothers, another kind of Discord: Jealousy, Interest, and continual Wrangling. What, shall I find no Body that can agree, says *Mercury*? Is all the World run mad? At least Parents and Children ——— But here he was convinced of his Error; either the Fathers were cruel, or the Children ungrateful. I have made a fine Journey on't, says he, as he returned to Heaven; just Gods ——— Here he cast his Eyes towards a River, where he saw Peace sitting like a Nymph on the Bank, under a shady Tree.

And have I found you at last, says he, good Madam? Yes, says she, I live here with this Hermit. Very well, replies *Mercury*, as far as I can see, a Body may hunt for you long enough as I have done, but I find to have you a Man must be alone.



The HORSE and the LION.

F A B L E XVII.

DOUBT Mortals, doubt, for you know nothing. I laugh when I see you take the Affirmative; and when you take the Negative I do the same. Doubt therefore, I tell you once more, for that becomes you. Be not positive in your Decisions, your Brain is but narrow, where some few Ideas flutter about which are not infallible Marks of the Truth. Besides these, there is an immense Ocean of Truths which you see not; and your very Being is a point you are sensible of, but know not distinctly what it is. Since this is so, can you reasonably in other Things rely upon a Pride that only flatters you? Learn only that which *Socrates* * knew. Know this that you know nothing.

* *Socrates was a Greek Philosopher, and he frequently used to say that he knew nothing, though the Oracle declared him to be the wisest Man in the World.*



A Certain Horse, Native of *Norway*, being a Traveller by Inclination, left his Climate of Snow to see the World. He went into *England*, *France*, and *Spain*, and at last travelled into *Africa*.

Here the Royal Lion reigned absolute Prince over the whole Neighbourhood, giving his own Sentiments and Pleasure for Law. The Stranger knew what belonged to Courts, and therefore presents himself to the King to do him Honour. The Audience was very magnificent. The Lion was seated on his mossy Throne, under a rich Canopy of green Bows, and his numerous Courtiers placed about him formed their Looks according to the Air of their Sovereign. You are welcome, says he, to the Horse, begin to tell your Travels, I have now leisure to hear you, speak and divert me.

Sir, says the Horse, making a low Bow, the Difference between this Country and mine is, That here the Men are Black, and there they are White; the Fields and the Trees shine with a white Fleece which drops down very plentifully from the Sky. The Rivers are hard as Marble; People travel over them, and they bear prodigious Bur-

Insolent Liar! says his Majesty, interrupting him, Do you take me to be a Fool? What Signs have I given you to take me for one? Is it thus you impose upon Kings? Our four-footed Traveller would have replied, but they would not let him. Away with this Impostor to the Devil, cried the whole Court. Upon which they hunted him down, and he became a Prey to their Teeth and Horns.



SUCH haughty Spirits deny with the same Pride what they cannot comprehend, though the Thing it self be infallibly true. *I cannot conceive it, therefore it is impossible.* This is the true Syllogism of the Ignorant.



BRUTES



BRUTES turn'd PLAYERS.

F A B L E XVIII.

To Monsieur GILLOT.

GILLOT, my Brother in *Apollo*,
for it is not by meer Fancy that
Poetry and Painting are allied to
each other in the sacred Vale.
Their Origin in reality is the
same, both are the Gifts of Heaven. That
which one by Discourse paints to the Ears;
the other by lively Colours knows how to
inform the Mind.

Brutes which speak in my Fables must
act in your Pictures; shew them then in
their true and native Features. Let Beasts,
Birds, and Insects, receive Life from your
Pencil; or rather fly to Heaven, and steal
the Fire with which *Prometheus* heretofore
animated a Human Body.

This is a fit Subject for thy great Genius,
and a cogent Argument against the Cartesi-
an

an Pride, whose vain Philosophy denies Fear, Desire, and all other Passions to Beasts. This is what I can never acquiesce in. I make them reason, and your Art, I flatter my self, will hinder me from appearing a Liar. Every Brute by you says thus to the Spectators, *What do you think, am I a meer Machine?*



THE Brutes had once a mind to act a Comedy. The Theatre was artfully set off with green Boughs, and between the Acts were Symphonies of experienced Nightingals, and other singing Birds.

But the Musick was not the finest of it, the casting of the Parts to the Genius of every Actor was admirable. The Lion was to act the King; and can any one doubt but his Majesty, King as he really was, knew how to support the Dignity of the Crown, and take upon him, as he ought, the Tone of Authority?

The Bull play'd the Lover with a noble Air and haughty Carriage, his Passion was natural and lively; you might see it sparkle in his Eyes. The Dog prudent, and full of Zeal, was the faithful Confident of our Inamorato. The Heifer with her white Skin,
and

and yet much nobler Air, adorned with Youth, acted the Part of a Princess, receiving with Disdain the Sighs and Vows of the Bull.

The Tiger in order to be a King, made a Plot, and played the Conspirator to the Life. In short, because nothing should be wanting, the Fox carried on the Intrigue. But the finest of all was the Choice of such Actors, every one in their proper Character.

But was this an Action they were going to represent? No, it was the Truth it self, it was impossible to have it better contrived. But an Ape one Sun-shiny Day shrugging up his Shoulders, poor Actors! said he, and said a Wager he could play all the several Parts himself, to the intire Satisfaction of the Spectators:

They took him at his Word, and he began to play, mimicking every Thing in an instant. But what signified his Capering and Grimace? By doing every Thing he did nothing well. To imitate a King he got up upon his hinder Feet, knit his Brows, talked big and bluster'd, affecting a false Grandeur in the room of Majesty. He play'd the Lover without Grace or tender Passion, the Confident without Zeal and Discretion, and acted the Princess with forced Carriage, false Airs, and a great deal of Affectation. In a Rebel he shewed nothing but baseness of Soul,

Soul; and an Ambition without the least Tincture of Courage. And, in short, instead of an able Intriguer, he represented a giddy headed Coxcomb. The poor Actor was deafened with redoubled Hisses. But why did he not set up to play the part of a Buffoon or Dancing Master? In Farce he would not have missed of Applause.



HUMAN Life is nothing but a Play, where we have all our Parts. Every one has what is most proper for him, and as Nature has cast it; and should we take up anothers, we should be laughed off the Stage.





The TYRANT become Good.

F A B L E XIX.

O, there is nothing in the World we see but what speaks to us and instructs us. Every Thing is a Subject for our Reflection, and every Event has its Moral. Let us then endeavour to know how to reflect, meditate, and reason: Without this a Man and a Beast are the same Thing; one may give one for the other. *Never a Barrel the better Herring.*

We make no Account of the Advice of others; it often creates Anger or Disgust. The Sermon of every Censurer, be who it will, is always odious and disagreeable. When we speak our selves we are more attentive. To be a good Disciple a Man must be his own Master. And why so? I'll tell you, because when another Person blames us we are only sensible of the Shame of being in the wrong. But when we know how to be attentive to our selves, and take Reason for our Law, we are sensible of the Honour of

of our reprehending our selves, and of the Pleasure of yielding to no one else. That which other People say of us is written in the Sand, but what we say of our selves is graven on Brass. So is the Mind of Man fashioned, as you will see presently in the following Fable.



THERE was once upon a Time, a Prince that was the Horror of his Subjects; he sported a long Time, according to his Pleasure, with their Honour, Lives and Fortunes; War, Famine, Plague, and all other Evils put together, would have been less terrible to a Country than this wicked Prince.

However, he changed all of a sudden; the Tyrant transformed himself into a mild Prince; *Nero* became a *Titus*, and his People had in him a Father. He was once their Horror, now their Delight and Love.

One of his Lords asked him the Cause of this strange Alteration. As strange as it is, says the King, a little Matter (in a Moment) was the Occasion of it. One Day when I was a Hunting, I saw a Fox with a great deal of Gaiety snap off a Pullet's Head that begged her Life with a great deal of Submission.

Pre-

Presently runs up a Wolf to him in as ill a Humour as you could desire, and quarters ye me Sir Reynard upon the spot. At the same Time a Tiger falls upon the Wolf and satisfies his Rage and Hunger, and the Tiger after this fell into the Hands of my Men.

Here I could not help thinking this a perfect Image of my Tyranny, and called that Vengeance wise which has in its Treasury Rewards for the Wicked. The Good or Evil is reaped as it is sown. This Reflexion, in an instant, made all this Alteration that so much surprizes you.



WITHOUT being willing to be instructed we have a thousand Times been stunn'd with this Theme. But that Lesson is ever most profitable which we give ourselves.





The VICTIM.

FABLE XX.

♦♦♦♦♦ MILK-WHITE Heifer, the
 ♦♦♦♦♦ Pride of the whole Herd, was
 ♦♦♦♦♦ A ♦♦♦♦♦ made Choice of to be a Sacrifice.
 ♦♦♦♦♦ The God, whose Mercy was to
 ♦♦♦♦♦ be obtained by this Offering, ne-
 ver tasted in his Life so delicious a Morsel.

Her Forehead was adorned with holy Ribbands, and she shined with a thousand different Colours. Her Head covered with Flowers. She walked to the sound of Trumpets between two Choirs of Musick.

Lord, says the Heifer, what fine Ceremony is this? What can I gather from it? Shall I be then a Goddess at last? And why not? Perhaps it may be so. By all these Honours they do one, one would think so, and so I will. She was now just got into the Temple when there were new Honours, and she was led in Procession up to the Altar. The holy Fire was kindled, and Clouds of Incense smoked. She was now more cer-
 cain

tain of her Divinity; I cannot doubt of it, says she, I am sensible these good People adore me, and by *Stryx* * I'll reward them for it.

She had no sooner said this but a Fly very uncivily came Buzzing about her. Peace, Impertinent, says our new *Io* †, Don't you see that your Buzzing disturbs the Sacrifice? Have you no more Manners than to Hum at my Canonization?

I beg your Pardon, sweet Madam, I would not disturb it by any Means, says the Fly. I only stay till they have cut your Throat a little, that's all, that I may taste a bit of you at my leisure. You are very good Meat, take my Word for it, these Gentlemen here have made a good Choice. Why, you alone are worth a Hecatombe ‡.

While he spoke this the Heifer fell down, the consecrated Knife put an End to her Mistakes, and the whole Pavement was covered with her Blood.

* *Stryx is a River of Hell by which the Gods used to swear.*

† *A Nymph beloved by Jupiter, changed into a Cow by Juno, and afterwards taken into the Number of the Goddesses under the Name of Isis.*

‡ *A Sacrifice of a hundred Bulls.*



THUS Fools and Madmen value themselves on those Honours which lead them to their Destruction.



The SPARROWS.
F A B L E XXI.

YOUR Heart would be at its full Liberty. The very shadow of Constraint makes it uneasy. It is a King very jealous of its Authority, even to a nicety.

This Object pleases me; But whatever you do, do not lay me under any Force to make me like it. If you command me to that which I have otherwise a mind to do you take away the Pleasure of it. But why should that Law seem rigorous and severe which ties me to my Pleasure? I'll tell you, it is because I have then no longer that agreeable Sweetness I tasted in making Choice of it. In chusing I fancy my self exercising the Sovereign Rights of a Crown. If any Constraint is laid I am no more the same

same free Agent, and the Scepter drops out of my Hand.

I then think of throwing off my Chain, and regaining my former Liberty. The Object of my Pleasure becomes that of my Pain. I see nothing but my Dependence.

No more of this, refrain this Stile, may some one say: Then according to you our Duties are nothing but down-right Slavery, and the Laws which prescribe them must of necessity frighten us.

Not at all, they are for the Wise, and their own Beauty are irresistably charming, and to chuse here is nothing but to love.



IN a Wood inhabited by Millions of Birds, the spacious City of the feather'd People, Love had united two Sparrows, a Love most constant though calm and peaceful Caress upon Caress, and their Flame was ever bright and ever new. They never parted from each other, you might see them all the Morning long perched upon the same Bough, fly together to Dinner: They wash'd in the same Water, celebrated every Day their happy Loves, and with their amorous *Ducts* * make the distant Ecchoes languish.

* *Airs sung by two Persons together.*

The same Rock they lay in at Night, and took a pleasing Repose side by side : One without her Lover, and the other without his Mistress, could never sleep a wink. Thus in a profound Peace, with continual Pleasures did they feast their Loves, and every Day found one another out amongst all the Birds in the Wood.

But one Day taking a little Air both together as usual, they fell into a Trap, and were presently put into the same Cage where they were like to pass their Lives. Ah! how happy is it that they were such good Friends!

But the very first Day of their Imprisonment our Couple did not love one another so passionately. The second Day they grew tired with one another's Conversation. The Third they pecked each other, and at last hated one another mortally.

No more *Duets* now; there's a new kind of Musick, Disputes and Fighting; and, what must be done to end the Quarrel? Ev'n separate the Male from the Female. Their Flame when at Liberty might have ever continued.

NECESSITY SPOILS EVERY THING.

COURT



COURT FABLES,

BOOK V.



The PHENIX and the OWL.

FABLE I.

To the Queen of Prussia.

I **BEGAN** my Book with my own King, another Royal Person shall crown the Work. Accept, O mighty Queen, my humble Homage. This Tribute of a Stranger should be more agreeable to you. The Insense of your Subjects smells of Dependance; all their Homage is your due, they are Subjects to your Power, I only to your Virtues.

I've

I've consulted Fame in relation to your Heart and Genius, of which, the winged Messenger intirely charmed, relates incessant Wonders. She tells me that Heaven has pour'd into your Royal Soul its greatest Treasures; faithful Justice, and noble Truth, make there their Residence. That which sage Laws command your People, you know to inspire by your virtuous Conduct. Your Virtues, Madam, subdue Hearts rebellious to the Laws, fixed by your bright Example.

One greater than a Princess under your Care, learns to sustain your sacred Character, and is instructed to become one Day the Delight of the People, and the Happiness of a King. The Goddess*, as she passed, told me, my Writings were so happy as to have your Royal Approbation; most certainly, Madam, 'tis Virtue (whose Image I therein trace) has made them somewhat valuable in your Eyes. My Fables, scarce yet born, aspire to the same Honours. Accept then these as Sisters to my Odes, and though much younger, may they find the same good Fortune. They make their Court to you at least by their Morality.

* *Fame.*

May your young Son, who under sage Preceptors, is learning the Art to Rule, participate the solid Lessons I presume to offer to my King.



TH E Phenix, the first of the Namey King of the Arabian Plains, a strict Adorer of the Sun, had passed a long Life in a real Sanctity; the feathered People never had his Equal.

The holy Bird, after more than a hundred Ages, was arrived to the Period of his Life. In short, the Order of Nature told him he must die; scarce had he heard the fatal Summons, but without regret, complaint, or being surprized at his illustrious Destiny, he set himself to work to form his funeral Pile.

A certain Owl, his Neighbour, that lay lurking in the Hole of a Tree, poor, old, miserable, and distempered, and as cold as Marble, cursed the Sun for not warming him.

Good Brother, says the Saint, why all this Blasphemy? Have Patience, and die better than you lived; Death is no Evil; believe it ——— Believe it your self, says the Owl; I am convinced it is one though, for all

all your preaching. When I was well I did what I pleased, yet I die without constringing my self, and your Sermon is needless. As to the rest, you speak well enough, who are your self a Species, and as old as the World: Your God the Sun is not much older, and is it then strange you should be willing to die? You ought to be sick of the World and all its Charms; had I lived as long as you I should not have so much regretted the loss of my Hole.

What more of the World would you see than you've seen already? says our *Arabian* Apostle. It is always the same Thing over again, one Day is like another, we have lived long enough, let us die both at the same Time. Adore the Sun, from whom thou art indebted for thy Life, and repent of ever having shunned his Face. What Good has that impious Flight procured you? What Remorse, what Chagrin, what Vexation? But ——— I have done; the Time passes on, and I am in hast to die.

Your humble Servant, says the Owl, and much good may it do you, for my part, I would fain get well again.

The Phenix followed then the Dictates of his Zeal, finishes his Pile with fragrant Woods and Spices, and sets it o' Fire with the Rays of the Sun, and with an intire

Re-

Resignation lies down as in his Nest. The West Wind blew the Fire over to the Owl's Lodging, the Saint expired on his Pile, and the Blasphemer in his Hole. But one died for ever, and the other from his Ashes rose up in all his Glory.



THE Just must expect an Immortality, but Death, and worse, is for the Wicked. Another Moral may likewise hence be drawn, *viz.* That as there is but one Phoenix in the World, so does the just Person very near resemble him on account of his Rarity.



The LION's Feast.

F A B L E II.

THE Lion, like a good King, had a mind to treat his Court. He was not like those Kings of *India* who are never seen, or afraid of great Days, and whose Majesty is founded on Terror; he was assured of the *Fear* of his Subjects, and would gain their *Love*.

They

They all met at his Den, where the Table was spread and his Goblets shew'd all their Art; there was good store of Kid, Fowls and Mutton, as fat as your Heart could wish; in short, every Thing smelt well, and they had all good Stomachs.

His roaring Majesty took his Seat, after him their Highnesses the Tigers, then my Lords the wild Boars, and the Bears with their Paunch Bellies. A Buck and some Wolves were placed at the lower end; but you must understand, every Species had their respective Ladies intermix'd, for to make one laugh and be merry what signifies good Cheer and good Wine without a Mistress? I say good Wine, of which they had sufficient Plenty.

The Ape waited upon them, and was the Mirth of the Entertainment, and made them giggle as *Kulcan* did the Gods heretofore: His Buffoonery put them into a pleasant Humour, and they laughed till their Sides ached. After some agreeable Rallery, and little Liberties, they came (as is too frequent in publick Entertainments) to speak disagreeable Truths, and address'd themselves to the Buck as the weakest of them all, as is usual in like Cases. O! what a nimble Gentleman is Mr. Buck there? said they, what a Hero would he be if he was not afraid of the Sound

Sound of the Horn? He is as light-footed as Achilles, and knows how to run away like another Hector.

Very well, says the Buck, heated with Wine and Rage; Do you think, Gentlemen, I would be here if I had not Courage? However, I must confess, I have a sort of an Antipathy to the Noise of the Horn, that's the Truth on't. But ——— a ——— every Body, you know, has their Failings. Ask even his Majesty, whether he is not afraid of Fire.

At these Words, tho' the Lion had Reason to be angry; yet he repressed his Resentment, and only contented himself with opening his Paw, and closing it again immediately. CLEMENCY IS THE GIFT OF GREAT KINGS.

This put a little Stop to their Diversion, However, it was not long before they fell a-new to Carousing, and having recovered themselves out of their Fright, fell again to Satire. In the midst of the Desert the Buck fancied he had something Witty to say to the Bear. My God, says he, what a jolly Creature is Sir Bruen? O that he was but as handsome! What pity it is that he is not quite finished?

The Bear, who did not understand a Jest, falls foul upon our Wit, and without more

H h

Cere-

Ceremony gave him a good *Cornish* Hug,
and broke his Back.

The Bear had not Courage to imitate the
Lion, nor did the Buck take warning by his
Danger, so true it is, that

NOTHING IMPROVES A FOOL.



The Fox turn'd Preacher.

F A B L E III.



THE Moral without doubt is the
very Soul of the Fable, it is a
Blossom which must produce
Fruit. Your Intention is only
to read a pleasant Tale, and
you are instructed whether you will or no.
We play with you, and we seem only to
strive to please you, and this Play turns
at last into a Lesson.

Man never could endure severe Precepts,
to take him, you must bait the Hook. In
this manner *Æsop*, so famous through the
World, was the Instructor of Mankind.
How Happy is a Reader under his Care? He
amuses like a Child, but 'tis to make a Man.

Let

Let us cultivate this fine Art, let new *Æsops* rise to rival those of old, pleasant Censors, and who, far from being like slow and morose *Timons*, while they reprimand us, gain our Gratitude. But let us take certain Care that the Tale be invented purely for the Moral. Let us take such just Measures as to go on directly to our Truth. Let your Draught be lively and piercing, be not too prolix, the more compacted the Sense is, the less liable is it to escape us; engage the Memory by ranging properly the Words. Sometimes the Fable is evident of it self, the Sense immediately presents it self to our Eyes, and in such Case Art forbids us to make a Comment. I observe here this prudent Rule. Who will not hear my Reynard.



THERE was once upon a Time a Fox, a great Doctor, but of a great Age, unable (as in his youthful Years) to seize on Poultry, and was for that Reason resolved to make use of Policy, and accordingly turned Preacher.

His Sermons were levelled always against unjust War, and a gluttonous Appetite; and besides a large stock of fine Morality, he had a strong Voice, free Gesture, and good

H h 2.

Tone;

Tone, an humble Air, and a great deal of outward Zeal.

Doctor Reynard soon got him a Name, and it was said that the Lion himself desired to hear him preach, but our grave Doctor refused him that Honour, for which he had his Reasons: It might make him grow Proud. But Bustards, Geese and Poultry, came thick and threefold to hear him hold forth, they had no manner of Apprehension they should become his Prey, his Text assured them to the contrary.

Cursed, says he, for ever, be every voracious Animal, let him be excommunicated the Society of the Faithful, let him be Anathema ! What, cannot one eat without committing Murder ? We that have so many good Things which kind Nature has graciously bestowed on us in the flowry Meadows, and ripened for us on the Trees. Let us live upon Herbs and Fruits, what need of any Thing else ?

Every Thing that has Life, dearly beloved, ought to be respected, for which Doctrine I shall give you several Reasons. First, This is Injustice. Secondly, Cruelty, and such a piece of Cruelty too, that exposes us to eat our very Parents ; yes, dear Christians, I say, our very Parents. For you must understand by *Metempsychosis*.

empsychosis * (mark ye me well, dearly beloved) after a Soul has made some little stay in one Body, it goes into another, and stays no longer there than till it has an Opportunity to go elsewhere. By which you see, that a bloody minded Wolf, in eating up a Sheep, may chance to eat his own Father; and I (Fox as I am) should I go and crunch up a Pullet, or Gosling, or so, might expose my self to the Danger of eating up my poor Mother Mrs. Fox. I would die a hundred Deaths rather than attempt it. Ah! may Heaven preserve me, and all of us here, good Christian People, from such Wickedness.

Thus our *Pythagoras* † with a long Tail held forth, his Exclamations were heard afar off, and his Zeal almost choaked him.


The Sermon ended, the Audience retired mightily edified, not without bestowing many an Encomium on the Preacher. But two or three Pullets, with a few Ducks and Geese, stay'd behind to take some spiritual Advice, which he very decently devoured for his Collation. Happy they that got off the Ground.

* *The Passage of a Soul from one Body to another.*

† *Pythagoras taught the Doctrine of Metempsychosis, and would eat nothing but Ernits and Herbs.*

The Dog and the CAT.

F A B L E IV.

 *AGOTIN* was a Dog of *Pr-*
candy, scented well, faithful,
and the best Soul of a Dog that
ever was. He had a thousand
good Qualities, recommended
himself by his zealous Cares to Master and
Mistress, Children, Servants, and every Body.

You might have seen him caress his Mi-
stress, and play a hundred little Tricks to
divert her; he participated of her Joy or
Sorrow, according as he saw her either
laugh or cry. He would tell his Master's
coming a League off, and called all his Ser-
vants about him, would caress his Friends,
and know them at a distance, a soft gentle
Paw, and no Teeth.

Sometimes in a little Coach he would
draw the Children, and at Night-time guard
Lucy when she went Abroad. He was Turn-
spit for the Cook; in short, he was every
Thing, and had not a Soul in the Family;
but was his Friend, except a Cat, whom he
pulled.

pulled one Day by the Ear in disputing a Bone. It shall be the worse for you, says Miss *Tabby*, with a big Heart and glowing Eyes. But *Ragotin* took little Notice of her Menaces, did not eat or sleep one bit the less.

However, the Traiteurs meditated Revenge Day and Night, at last an Opportunity offered: The Lady of the House had a Linnet which diverted her with his wild Harmony. Puss one Morning early went *incognita*, and scratching open the Cage strangled our Musician, and in that Condition laid it in the Dog-Kennel.

You may judge what a Fret Madam was in when she missed the Linnet; the whole House was in an Uproar; they searched every Creek and Corner, at last they found the true Body of the deceased lying close by *Ragotin*. Ah! Traytor, let him die, says she, no Pardon for this Ingrate. Quickly dispatch him in a Moment.

Her Orders were soon put in Execution, and every one cried at the fatal Stroke. The Cat, at most, was but suspected, but no one dared take the Dog's part, the Fact was plain. It is a thousand Pities, said they, but what signifies it? He's dead.



AN Enemy does more hurt than an hundred Friends Service. Heaven keep me ever from such a One. Hatred always wakes, and Friendship sleeps.



HOMER and the Deaf MAN.

FABLE V.

To Monseigneur the Duke De NOAILLES

NOAILLES, To you I address my self; you who are so well versed in the Trade of Heroes (a Mystery well known in *Rome* and *Athens*) who are well acquainted with their Customs, their Action and Repose.

Thou modern *Scipio* *, proper to make a *Terence*, who even in the Field of *Mars* hast kept Intelligence with those who nurture

* A Roman General, a great Friend to *Terence*, who wrote Comedies.

Arts; covered with those Laurels with which *Bellona*† has often crowned you; Judge of those, I hope for on Account of the Exploits of my Pen. It is no easy Matter to find a competent Judge, every Reader is not so. In this bold Age (sometimes I've found it true by Experience) whether we blame or approve, we decide more than we understand.



THE old Ballad Maker * that sung the *Wrath of Peleus's Son*, and the Ode of the Rats, was mounted one Day upon his three legged Stool in a great Market Place, reciting to the Mob the Follies of the Gods, and their bloody Battels.

He had his Picture, and showing Rod, that pointed out all his Heroes, which he called by their Names. This, Gentlemen, says he, is *Ajax*, that there *Agamemnon* ||, and then he sung their Adventures, the Scene was complete even to the Violin.

† *The Goddess of War.*

* Homer, who made one Poem on the *Wrath of Achilles, Son of Peleus*, and another of the *War between the Frogs and Rats*.

|| King of Argos, and Chief of all the Kings and Generals at the Siege of Troy.

The idle People crowded round him, and admired the fine Sound of his Compositions. Every one threw up his Handkerchief and his Penny, and the Songster took care to send it back again with a Ballad, and immediately the Bell began to sound at the Fish Market. Every Body deserted him, only one Man stay'd behind. *Homer* runs to him, embraces him tenderly, and calls him *Apollo's Favourite*. They all marched with haste, says he, to the Fish Market as if Old Nick was behind them; the Market Bell rung, and then 'twas, *The Devil take the hindmost*.

Now you must understand this Man was deaf: What is that you say of the Bell? says he. The Market Bell rings (cried *Homer* aloud in his Ear) but in vain for you, I see. How, says the other, does it ring? Adieu, and I heartily thank you.

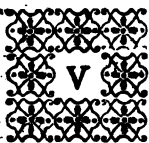


WE always applaud our selves on account of the Effect of our own Works. We often boast of the Approbation of such and such People, and very often such and such People are quite deaf.



V I R T U E, M O N E Y, *and*
R E P U T A T I O N.

F A B L E VI.

 I R T U E, Money, and Reputation, were travelling together; they were near Relations, and as it happened, very good Friends.

Well Cousins, says Money, though we travel the same Road, it is possible we may lose one another; most certainly it may be so, says Virtue. But if it should so happen, says Reputation, how should we do to find one another? You must give me before-hand some certain Signs, that if I lose you I may know you, or at least where you are.

With all my Soul, says Money, wherever you see great Progress made in Arts and Sciences, a Taste for ingenious Compositions, either in Verse or Prose, beautiful Pieces of Painting, and curious Sculpture, look for me, you may be sure I'm not far off.

For

For my part, says Virtue, I'm not so easy to be found when lost, and you must not imagine to find me in large and populous Cities. I much rather hide my self up in some Desert. However, when you see great Men compassionate, and charitable to the Poor, who are uneasy at the Misfortunes of those for whom they've professed a Friendship, and who think it their greatest Glory to serve them in Adversity, faithful Husbands, just Judges, zealous Ministers; reasonable and disinterested Conquerors, and Lovers of the publick Good, ask for me, and you'll certainly find me.

Very well, says Reputation, I must tell you too, I've no mean Opinion of my self, however, I must only give you one Precaution, and that is, Look well after me; take care you don't lose sight of me, if you do, all Signs and Tokens any one may give you, will stand you in no stead.

For they that have once lost me never find me more.





The GRACES.

F A B L E VII.

TH E Graces, good Sisters, enjoyed the Sweets of the strictest Love; however, a certain Emulation of Precedence once upon a Time discomposed that Union. Each set up her own Pretensions, every one fancied she had superiour Charms to engage and enamour Hearts, of which *Venus* was to be the Judge.

No better in the World can I desire, said *Euphrosyne*, with a jealous Smile, let us refer the Cause to her, and to her Decision we will all submit. Let the Goddess declare to whom belong the greatest Charms, but let us unanimously agree, dear Sisters, to acquiesce to her Arbitrament.

Submit to her your self, says *Thalia*, a little ruffled and discomposed to see *Euphrosyne* so much assured of her Cause.

I readily agree to this Proposal, says *Aplæ*, let's wait the Event.

Venus was soon informed of this new Contention, the Goddess, sitting on her Bed of Justice, being not a little pleased that in a like Dispute, the Apple was adjudged to her self as the most beautiful and engaging.

The Graces appeared accordingly before this Tribunal, being equally embarrassed with a restless Desire to please: But this same restless Care spoiled all; all their Art turned to their Disadvantage. One by the formal Set of her Mouth made a Grimace the most disagreeable in the World, the other by shewing of her white Teeth took off the beautiful Flown of her Features, and the third with too much affected Ucers and Oglers perfectly maintained.

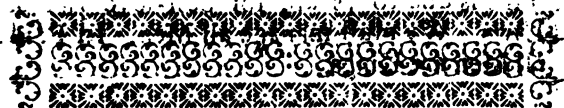
What's here to do, *My Amour*? Where are all your Attractives? Is it thus you proclaim my Approach? Go, and agree together, if you would return to your former Character, and be Graces still; and if you have a mind to please, do not study to do so.

For I maintain this as an undoubted Maxim, That every one gives Disgust when they have a mind to please too much.

❦

**THERE CAN BE NO AGREE-
TABLENESS WHERE THERE
IS ANY AFFECTATION.**

The



The Fox and the Lion.

F A B L E VII.

TO THE READER. A N most certainly is bound to be sincere towards Man his Brother. However, one must very often, if we have a mind to do Good, season and dress up Truth, for if we give it an imperious Tone, and the haughty Air of a Lesson, Self-love makes us angry at it, we must humour it a little. One must by a humble Artifice help it self to be persuaded.

If you would make one in love with Justice, inspire it rather than command it. Above all People, Kings require most to be managed; we must treat them with Dexterity and Art, without this the wisest Council appears to them an Attempt on their Authority.

A fulsome Flatterer, and severe Pedant, are both bad. He who knows how to correct without Displeasing does his Business.

This is due to us all, for Self-love has its Laws. We must manage all Men. In Pride all Men are Kings.



A FOX was pursued, and for want of another, took Refuge in a Lion's Den. The Hunter had no Ambition to follow farther; it was a difficult Matter for him to break this Inclosure, but the frighten'd Fox made little Account of Hospitality. You are welcome, says the fierce Monarch, you are a fresh bit for my Mouth; what Sauce will best relish with you? Tell me.

I can't tell indeed, an't please your Roaring Majesty, says the Fox. But, Sir, this Talk and Looks of yours, call to mind my poor Father. I can't help weeping, when I think upon his End. A poor Rabbit followed by the Hounds, asked Shelter in his Kennel, but my Father thinking the Request a little uncivil, and being moved with the Instigation of the Devil, eats him up.

The Rabbit when he was dying implored the Vengeance of hospitable *Jupiter*, and that very Moment my poor Father was smother'd in his Hole.


At this the Lion was sensibly touched, and either through Fear, Shame, or Pity on the Fox,

Box, his Hunger related. Oo about your Business, says he, your Story has satisfied my Appetite.

XX

The WHALE and the AMERICAN.

F A B L E IX.

 E R Majesty Lady Whale, was crossing the Coast of *America*, making the Sea tremble with her vast Bulk, which took up several Acres of the liquid Plain, and her loud Bellowings frighten'd the Air. With how much Grandeur do we move, said she? The Inhabitants of the Ocean are my Subjects: Either through Love or Fear our People are very Loyal. We eat them as we please, and find none rebellious. We are of equal Quality with *Thetis* *.

And for you Men, content your selves, Messieurs, with presuming to wage War with other Creatures: If you are their Kings know we are your Sovereigns, and you our

* *The Goddess of the Sea*

Vassals. While this Lady Whale moved on with her Bravadoes, a *Ecladon* * of the Country was pursuing his *Astrea* along the Shoar. Fain would he melt her Heart of Rock; but alas! all was in vain, the fair One, notwithstanding his Adorations, returned Coldness and Disdain.

What, says he, will you ever be insensible! What shall I do to obtain you? Tell me, I'll do Impossibilities to gain your Love. Well, says she, I'll take you at your Word; I'll prove kind, on Condition you lay that bragging Monster there at my Feet.

The Lover paused a while, and considered before he promised, but having found what he wanted, I readily submit, says he, to your Proposal, thought you cost me never so dear I must obtain you. This said, he arms himself with his Mace, and two long Stakes of Wood, and plunges into the Water: Inspired with new Hopes he parts the foaming Billows with his nervous Arms, boards the Whale, and without any Civility jumps upon her Majesty's Back.

She made the Water tremble with her Bellowings, but not our Lover. In vain from her Nostrils does she dart the Water

* The Name of a Lover in the Romance of *Astrea*.

like

like rapid Streams. He made the best Use of his Time, and with his Mace knocks the Stakes one through each Nostril. This soon stifled her, and our new *Bellerophon* * came swimming triumphantly to the Shoar.

The Waves seconded his Courage, and pushed on the dead Monster. Thus died the Royal Whale. Her Brags we see were all in vain.

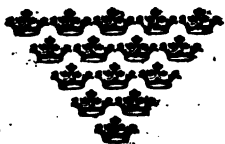


THE STRONGEST PEOPLE HAVE THEIR FOIBLES.

Hence may likewise be drawn another Moral, viz.

The Passions do every Thing in us all. Let us only regulate, not destroy them. They have taught Mankind every Thing.

* *Bellerophon killed the Chimera.*



The



The B E E S.

F A B L E X.

IT is a good Thing to shew Mercy, which is the finest Flower of Omnipotence. Gods of the Earth love to pardon your Subjects. Do not but your Bolts if thundering should will do, but never let your Compassion suffer it self to take away a wholesome Fear from Wickedness, it is very rarely convenient that the Prince should interpose between the Law and the Criminal.

Offences an indiscreet Mercy is the Unhappiness of the People, and the Shame of the King. One must be severe out of pity. He who punishes well has less to punish. A too gentle Humour for the present is Cruelty for the future.

MUSCAN was King of the Bees, and for his brave Exploits was surnamed the GREAT. His Majesty put out an Edict through all his Dominions, wherein
for

for several good Motives, he expressly forbade every one for the Time to come to touch any Flower whatsoever of an ill Taste, for he had observed it spoiled the Honey.

The Porters were ordered to deny Entrance to any Bee of what Rank or Quality soever, whose Smell should discover their Disobedience. This Prohibition was very severe; no one was to expect Mercy that should transgress this Ordinance. Dated in our sweet Louvre, such a Day and Year of our Reign, and sealed and countersealed with the great Seal of yellow Wax.

The People thus tied up by the Royal Mandate, were very exact in the Choice of their Meat; touched nothing but Jessamine, Pinks, and sweet Marjoram; dined very often on Thyme and Roses. You might see them all smelling round the little Flowers that perfume the Garden, and then return home all spicy and imbalanced.

However, one Day an imprudent Bee, a great Favourite of the King, having din'd upon an ill scented Plant, came to the Hive. They began to smell about. So, my Lord, says the Porter, you don't smell very well methinks. What does it signify how I smell, Blockhead? The Edict does not touch me. Upon which all the Porters let him pass.

But

But the King going his Rounds found him out, and summon'd all his People to appear, when, sitting upon his Throne of Wax, he examined the whole Affair, which having maturely considered, he equally condemn'd the Porters and the Favorite.

Pray, Royal Sin, cried all the People with one Voice, pardon them at least for their first Fault. No, says the King, I cannot comply with your blind Request, know that a King must be a Slave to his Laws, and obey what he commands. My Rigour is Mercy, and prevents the dreadful Consequences of Impunity. How many Criminals should I have one Day to punish whom I now save by my Severity.





The RAT keeping Open House.

F A B L E XI.

HERE was in a certain Village a Granary full of Wheat; and there lived a Rat that lived hard by himself in his own: He had made a Hole, through which he enter'd upon his Estate as often as he pleased. But as if it was not enough to fill his own Belly, he invited all the Rats of the Neighbourhood: He kept, in short, an open Table, like a Lord, where, according to Custom, every Guest paid for his Dinner in praising the Master of the Entertainment.

The good Rat counted his Friends by his Fingers (for he looked upon those who were Friends to his Table to be his own) They had sworn Friendship to him a hundred Times, and would they lie? No, that's not to be imagined.

But in the mean Time, the other Master of the Corn seeing these Gentlemen live after this manner, resolv'd to remove the Granary, which was accordingly done next Day.

Day. Our Rat was now put to his Trumps. Well, says he, it is happy for me that I have made so many good Friends. Full of these Hopes he visits them all round, but not a Soul of them would see him, but bolted up their Doors, except one only Rat, a good Neighbour, whom he had never known before. This Gentleman freely gave him Entrance, and received him like a Brother.

I despised, says he, thy Luxury and Treasure, but I respect thy unhappy Condition. Be my Guest, I have but a little, 'tis true, but that Little is enough. I trust to my Temperance, but he is a Madman that trusts to every Friend introduced by Plenty. These come when Riches flow, and when those are gone they go too.





The CHILD of neither Sex.

F A B L E XII.

T H E R E was once upon a Time
a Child born of neither Sex,
quite contrary to an Herma-
phrodite, which has both. An
exquisite Gracefulness and
Beauty prognosticated uncommon Merit.

On this astonishing Novelty more than
one Oracle was consulted. The Case was
worthy *Apollo's* Answer, who said, That
the Child should continue of neither Sex, as
he came into the World, till twenty Years
of Age, and then should chuse which Sex
he would be of, either Man or Woman, or
nothing; in short, what he would.

He grew accordingly, was of a fine Sta-
ture, and his Wit and Prudence soon gained
him a thousand Friends. Beloved by both
Sexes who made him the Confident of all
their Secrets. But especially, our Chamber
Counsellor was consulted by tender Hearts;
these he heard as an impartial Judge, regu-

lated every Thing by the Rules of strictest Justice, gave his Advice, and made up Differences, and without exacting any Honours, was Arbitrator of Costs and Charges between the Parties.

During this Practice he heard nothing but Complaints, and saw in the Hearts of Lovers nothing but Caprice and eager Wishes, impatient Transports and devouring Fears, Goods only in Expectation and Desire, but real Chagrins under the shadow of Pleasures.

The Time now was come when our Counsellor was to make his Choice, he went then to the Temple with a great deal of Pomp and Ceremony, to put in Execution the Sentence of the infallible God. The Men consulting their own Interest, prayed that he would chuse to be a Woman, for he had already all the Attractives of the Fair Sex but one. Heaven therefore had design'd him for a Woman.

The Ladies, on the other Hand, induced by the same Motives, wish'd him a Man; or rather, least his Beauty surpassing theirs, should draw away their Admirers. In short, each Sex knew not what they would have. And now our Anonymus enters the Temple: The People crowded about him, lending a perp'xed Ear to what he was going to say.

O Gods! said he, let me continue just as I came into the World. Friendship is enough for me. Do not, O! do not, by giving me a Sex, expose me to Love.




THIS Prayer was wise as well as unexpected, Sexes without doubt are well distinguished, and for proper Ends: But in this, Nature has more its own Interest in view than our Repose.





The HOROSCOPE *of the* LION.

F A B L E XIII.


GREAT Men are fond of the Ho-
 roscope, and imagine that their
 Fate is written in Heaven; and
 that nothing New can offer it
 self to the Observation of the
 Telescope but what has a good or bad Aspect
 for them. The Sun, Stars and Planets, all
 talk of them. Hence then all ye little
 People, don't trouble us with the black Pre-
 sages of Comets. Princes take a Pride to have
 no Body frighten'd but themselves.



A LION King of *Africa*, had a mind
 one Day to know his Fortune, but
 his Court could not furnish him with a Mas-
 ter in that Rubrick. An Ape that served a
 certain Astrologer promised to do it, and
 went home to be as good as his Word, and
 as good luck would have it, his Master's
 Study Door being open, he whips up the
 first Paper that came to hand; this was a
 Ho-

Horoscope most certainly, and that was enough.

Away he capers to the Lion, and gives him the Paper, which he read. Now, what do you think the Lion's Fortune was? Why, to be a Slave, and afterwards a Player. How Traytor, said the Prince, and dare you tell me this is my Destiny? You are an ignorant Sot. Sir, said the Ape, trembling, I wish I was so. But do you know your own Fortune? Come, Let's hear it, says the King, Tell me how long thou hast to live. The Royal Paw was open, and the Ape upon his Marrow Bones. Sir, says he, I have read in the celestial Volume, that I must of Necessity die the same instant with your Majesty.

This quaint Turn made Reparation for his Imprudence: The superstitious Lion closed his Paw, and with-held his Vengeance. Nay, Self-love did more, he christen'd his Fear, and gave it the Name of Mercy. Our Actions sometimes have the Air of Virtues. But what became of the Prophecy? I'll tell you. The Lion fell into the Hunters Net, was taken, chained, and in Time grew tame. His Master had a mind to get his Living by showing him about, and accordingly he left home with his Lion, in Company with our Fortune-Teller.

ler the Ape, who was well versed in all the humorous Turns of Mimickry.

They went to all Fairs, and our two Actors supported the Scene, one serious, the other a Buffoon. That *Lelio* *, and this *Harlequin* *. The whole Town crowded to see this new Play. The Lion's Part was to appear no longer himself, but to be gentle, complaisant and tractable to his Master. He acted Submission, played with him with his Tail, patted him gently with his Paw, and let him put his Head into his Mouth, to the Astonishment of the Spectators.

The Ape, on the other Hand, played a hundred little Tricks with his Companion; rid astride upon his Back, and guided him as he pleased. This Sight gave the Spectators both Fear and Pleasure at the same Time. The Ape was applauded, which inspired him to attempt something greater, and accordingly one Day being resolved to imitate Man, and presuming to trust too much on the Docility of the Lion, thrusts his Head into his Mouth.

This Action surprized the Lion, and awakened his natural Fury, which made him, without reflecting on his Destiny, snap

* Two Actors in the Italian Company.

off the Ape's Head ; but in punishing this Folly he lost his own Life, for the Ape's Head stuck so fast in his Throat that it choked him.

Thus we see the Lion's Destiny accomplished, which was calculated for a Man. After such a Fact one is apt to give Credit to a blind Art which has no Guide. Chance sometimes diverts it self to justify it ; but be that as it will, it is a certain Truth,

THAT THE ASTROLOGER IS ALWAYS A LIAR.



The PRESENT and the FUTURE.

F A B L E XIV.

♦♦♦♦♦ **HERETOFORE** two Mer-
 ♦♦♦♦♦ chants of a new Trade, Sir
 ♦♦♦♦♦ **PRESENT** and Sir **FU-**
 ♦♦♦♦♦ **TURE**, opened Shop in this
 ♦♦♦♦♦ World. They lived close by
 each other, only *Present* lived in a narrow
 Passage, but *Future* in the open Air. One
 was Plain and Simple, the other very
Adroit.

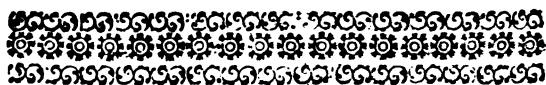
They cried their Goods to all that passed
 by. Stop here, observe me well, my Name
 is *Present*; come to me, I've all what you
 want, the true Good is with me. My Neigh-
 bour indeed, calls to you, but alas! What
 will you do with him? He'll promise much,
 but give you nothing. But he might bawl
 as long as he would, he was not much
 minded.

In the mean Time, *Future* was got upon
 a large Stage, shining with much Address
 and Pomp. Here, Gentlemen, says he,
 'tis

'tis I who have disintangled the Thread of your Days. I foretell every Thing that must be, and more. I have all Things, desire what you will. What would you have? You have no more to do than to name it. Tell me, I comfort People in Trouble. I do more, I give People good Fortune before hand. It is I alone who sell Hopes: What do I say? Sell them, I give them for nothing. Here, take them, Gentlemen; see here are Treasures, Honours, Pleasures, pure and unmixed; have you ever tasted the like? No. Have Patience, you must believe every Word I say. They'll come to you better prepar'd. But will you have a better Proof of my Ability and absolute Power? *Present* there deafens you with his superfluous Cant, you'll see him disappear instantly. There you see him, and now you don't see him at all.

And thus Futurity, which is a meer Cheat, amuses all Mankind.





The SHEPHERD *and the*
ECCHOES.

FABLE XV.

WE would believe we are People of Reflexion, but we say a great deal and do not think at all. We very rarely are Masters of our own Decisions. We repeat by Word of Mouth, or by Writing, what others have said, and very often after others.

Pure Memory erected into Wit: Other Peoples Judgments which we give for our own. One Man judges of a Thing, and a thousand Tatlers adopt this Opinion into a sovereign Law, and this torrent of Repeaters has swelled so high as to carry all before it. This, however, is to abandon our selves, weak Race as we are, to the Majority. But herein true Authority does by no means consist. To warrant Truth let us count Reasons and not Noses.

TITRUS



TITVRUS was musing alone in a Valley bordered with many a Rock. He was to decide an important Question, which to do without Reproach, was his present Care. Good Heaven, said he aloud, instruct and tell me, which sings best, *Silvander* or *Atys*. The Eccho coming nearer and nearer, repeated a hundred Times *Atys*. Does *Atys* sing the best, says the surprized Shepherd? The best, the best, the best, says the Eccho. It is enough, says *Tityrus*; this decides the Controversy.

He returned then to his Cottage. Now, says he, can I give a certain Judgment between our two Rivals; *Atys* sings better than *Silvander*, and this was unanimously agreed upon by all the neighbouring Valley.



WE make just such Decisions, credulous as we are, who take Echoes for Men.

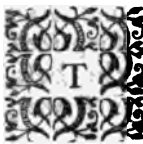


The



*The FISHES and the FIRE-
WORKS.*

F A B L E XVI.

 HERE was one fine Evening, not a hundred Years ago, a Fire-Work let off upon a River. In vain did Night endeavour to rule, *Vulcan* did the Office of the Sun, who was gone to Bed. A thousand curious Specimens of his Art, tho' the Sun was absent, made it look like Day.

At this sudden Noise all the watry People were frighten'd at the bottom of their Manor Seat. The Air all Thundring, and in a Flame, so much troubled the Republick, that they dared not hear nor see.

After their first Fright they took a little Courage, for where was the Probability that the fishy World should be destroyed by Fire? But it was not long before they thought it possible. A thousand fiery Serpents (true Lightning to their Eyes) piercing the Womb of the Deep, threaten'd them terribly with Death.

Death. Ah! said they, the World is at an End. Every one then thought on his Conscience. We deserve Death, and Heaven is going to punish us, says a Pike, perfidious Race as we are, we are continually eating up one another. I eat my Children, and some of you Gudgeons, and the Gudgeons others again of another Species. Wretched is the State of the little Folks, they are only the Great Ones Dinner.

For my part, I acknowledge my Fault, and am resolved to go to Confession, and say my Beads: Remorse troubles me sore. We have kindled the Regions of Heaven against us. Ah, good *Jupiter*, withhold thy vengeful Arm, have Mercy upon us, and we promise thee, we will never be inhuman or gluttonous for the future.

The Fire Work happen'd to end just in this penitential Mood of the Pike. Fear vanished, and they all grew Hungry. Every one was seeking out for his Prey. Their Vow of Humanity was thus performed;

The penitent Pike had a Pike for his Breakfast.



but play the Fool, would have us Wife, and set a grey Head upon a green Pair of Shoulders, which would be monstrous, and continually forcing our Inclinations: If we have a mind to go into the Army, they send us to the Temple; in short, whatever Inclinations we have we must sacrifice them all to their Whimsies. No, no, there's no piece of Stuff so ill made as this of Father's, says the Scholar. But *Martin* was of another Opinion, and stood up still to the Text, That the Masters were as bad.

Thus did they live a long while together, and this was still their Entertainment, but at last they were obliged to separate. *Martin* had the good Fortune to get a little Money, which bought him an Employment; this he managed so dexterously, that he grew a rising Man, and was advanced from one publick Employment to another, till at last he came to be one of the Lords of the Treasury himself; he had fine Houses, or rather Palaces, kept a noble Table, where was Luxury in Perfection, a great Equipage, and abundance of Footmen.

The Scholar, on the other Hand, succeeded his Father in Office and Estate, married a fine Lady, by whom he had several Children. Time ran on, and they grew up to be Men and Women.

Martin being now grown Rich he found his Companion, and they were as intimate Friends as ever, and used to talk together of their Servants and Children. One of the heaviest Crosses in the World, said *Monsieur de la Martiniere* (for the Name of *Martin* was grown out into three Words) is this pack of Servants, a Company of lazy, good for nothing Rascals, that neither fear Threats nor Blows, Thieves, Traytors, Liars, and damnable Detractors. They eat our Bread and laugh at us.

Ah ! says our Father of a Family, talk to me of Children and you say something, there is the truest Plague. There is not one good for any Thing, neither Girl nor Boy ; one is a Coquet, and t'other a Libertine : No Respect, no Obedience. We may kill our selves for them, they have nothing of Gratitude. When will he die ? This Moment they expect with Impatience, and then they shall be happy enough to be sure.



TH E S E Persons, perhaps, would have done much better to have accused Man himself, and not the several States and Conditions of Men in this World, for there is neither good Servant nor good Master, good Father nor good Son, they are all bad.

Man

Man follows Passion, Interest and Caprice, leaving no Authority to Reason, and in every different Station of Life, in his Opinion, an equal Injustice always shews it self.

The HUNTER and the ELEPHANTS.

F A B L E XVIII.

AMONGST Brutes the Elephant is a Sage. He knows how to philosophize, and think deep; if you doubt this, see here an Example of his profound Reasoning.

Heretofore a certain Dealer in Ivory, in order to get a great Quantity of that precious Bone, went in the dusk of the Evening, before it was quite dark, to place himself in Ambush where the Elephants used to drink. Here he climbed up a Tree, and let fly many an Arrow amongst the Herd; some did Execution, and here and there an Elephant drop'd.

When the Day broke, and the Elephants were dispersed, the Man took away the Slain,

and this was his Practice for a long Time every Night. But once as he was waiting for his Prey, he saw a great Number of Elephants appear. This Object was the Cause of his Joy, it soon proved his Despair. For these huge People came with a dreadful Din up to our Archer, and surrounded the Tree. This put him into a terrible Fright, and he cursed a thousand Times the Hour he went first a Tooth Hunting.

The Captain of the Elephants with only one stroke of his Trunk, fell'd down the Tree, with our Hunter, to the Ground, threw him up upon his Back, and in great Pomp carried him to a little Hill, where there was Ivory in abundance. There, says he, this is our burying Place, there are Teeth enough for you and your Neighbours. Break that murdering Instrument there and fill your Warehouse. You sought to destroy us, instead of killing you we only put you into such a Condition that it is no longer your Interest to hurt us.

The wise Man should endeavour to revenge himself after this manner.



The



The TURNIP.

F A B L E XIX.

WEST Country Gardiner turn-
A ed up a large Turnip, the like
 of which had never been seen; it
 was a Mountain of a Turnip. In
 his Surprize he was thinking he
 should make his Court with it to the King;
 away he runs to the Palace to offer this Pot
 Phenomenon to his Majesty.

And like your Majesty, says he, I hope
 you'll pardon a Body. This Turmut here,
 you mun know, graw'd up in our Garden,
 and chad zoo much Impatience, look you
 dee zee, to shaw it t'ye, that chave tooken
 Opportunity hauld by the Vorelock, as the
 zaying is. Vaith the Thing is noo grot
 Matter, but your Majesty have a Mort of
 Goodness, and don't let Things goo unre-
 venged. If then a Body be free to give it
 ye, 'tis because it belongs to ye on account
 of the Rarity on't. Such a Turmut, such a
 King.

King. And soo the Lord have Marcy upon ye, and presarve ye, that's all.

This was the Harangue of our Country Man. The King was pleased with his Dialect, valued the Turnip worth a hundred Guineas, which he ordered immediately to be paid. This dazzled the Fellow's Eyes, for he had never seen so much in his Life before, and he went home to his Village about his Business.

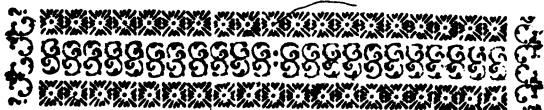
This came to the Ears of the Lord of the Manor. Ah, ah! says he in a surprize, a hundred Guineas for a Turnip, his Majesty is a brave Man ifaith, by Jingo my Fortune is made. This said, he mounted a fine *Spanish* Jennet he lately bought, admirably well strap'd, and as fleet as the Winds, which like a rapid Torrent traversed the Country. He soon came to Court, and offered his Majesty the Horse. Indeed, says the King, this is a noble Present, I must generously reward it; here, bring me my fine Turnip. There, take it, says he, for as your Horse is the finest of its kind, so is this Turnip.

His Majesty did well thus to punish such a disloyal Present.

SC

THE WORLD IS FULL OF
SUCH COVETOUS GIVERS

The



The B O N N E T.

F A B L E XX.

IT is for our Peace and Repose that
we do not know the Hearts of Men.
Let us rejoice at this our Ignorance.
We should all be too much hinder'd did People speak to us what they think.



A CERTAIN Fairy was one Day chang'd to a Mouse, the fatal Order of Destiny had so decreed it that she should take on her the Grey Habit. A Cat who watched her, and had a mind to feast himself with a little Mouse Flesh, accordingly sets upon her.

A Man pass'd by, and either through Caprice, or Pity, runs after the Cat, and delivered the trembling Prisoner. The Cat
gave

gave the Man a thousand Times to the Devil, but the Mouse took him for her greatest Friend. The next Day she appeared to him not a Mouse but a Goddess.

You have saved my Life, says she, I must repay the Benefit the best I can : It is not in *Dulcetta's* Power, for that's my Name, to be ungrateful. Ask then what you'll have, it is in my Power to do all Things : You have no more to do but ask and have.

Why then, Madam, says he, if your Ladyship please, open to me the Hearts of Men, and let me see the Secrets of their Soul. It is done, says she, I consent to it. You have nothing else to do but take this Bonnet and wear it, it is a Fairy, and with it you may see all you desire, and you'll find People do not think at all of what they tell you, and you'll entirely know the bottom of their Soul. Much good may it do you, adieu, I must be gone.

We shall presently see our good Man and his Bonnet talking to People.

I think it an Age, said he, till I make my Experiment, and I'll begin with my dear Wife.

O how I hate you ! says she, in a close Embrace (it was very pleasant to observe the strict Agreement between her Words and Actions.) Yes, I hate you mortally,
and

and have done so a good while, especially since I began to love my dear *Alexander*. Ah! How slow is Death in not ridding me of this Plague! if she makes me wait thus long I shall take other Measures: My Lover presses, I cannot longer resist so many engaging Charms, I must yield to the lovely Youth. As she spoke this, you must know, she was caressing him after the fondest Manner.

The Wife thus known, he addresses himself to his Children. In spite of them their Mouth spoke Truth: They wanted his Estate, and did not care how soon he was gone into the other World, for it was an unreasonable Thing that People should live so long.

Thus the Man with his Bonnet went about, discovering the secret Thoughts of every one he met with. In his Friends he saw nothing but Hearts governed by mere Interest, full of black ingratitude under the most obliging Out-side. Did he make a Visit, they told him he was very impertinent at the same instant that they held his Hand with all the Marks of a sincere Friendship. If any one commended as ingenious what he said, it was all Hypocrisy, for his Heart told him at the same Time he was a Block-head, and had not common Sense. Thus every Moment he met with a thousand Dis-

guists,

gusts, nothing pleased him, but every Thing made him mad, insomuch that our good Man seeing no Sincerity in the World, threw the Bonnet in a Passion into the Mill-Dam. Take thee who will for me, says he, I've done with thee.

F I N I S.



